

# Connor McDees

Christon Gray

Swear I suppose, there's nothing left for me in here to expose  
Ain't an accolade alive that I ain't claim on my own  
I been crowned since forever, been in here with the stones  
June bug with the plug, how I weight out the goal  
It's nothing new, almost to the point where I be bashful  
Double entendres are wondering what the mass do  
Double high, caught em and wonder if that'll catch you  
It's summersault slaughter so the flow is only natural  
Like no shots to it, more so in sense  
But I'm less about that, and more so bout a Benz  
I'm more so bout a win, and more so bout the end  
Being more than we can count, moreover your ten  
Talking Russell in the huddle for a W  
Instead of serenading the parade, but not enough for attempts  
Know I may hear the beat, like the end of the speech  
Like the only protocol of what winning should be is right here

They gave Langston Hughes a pen, Coltrane a saxophone  
Gave me this mic but they ain't give me no chaperones  
Just me, just the ghost and the alphabet  
Nine years old watching Spike Lee's "Malcolm X"  
Yeah, I'm on some different type of energy  
Whether hot or cold better save them extremities  
Man, the jab got you running like Floyd  
If it's money to be made, then the summer got a joint  
I ain't running for the coin man I'm tryna keep my promise  
Cause if I keep it G I'm selling honesty as product  
And it's piracy, all this airing out keep messing up my privacy  
Now I'm writing rhymes on papyrus leaves  
It's hometown hero, not a hero in my own town  
Got my own sound, I experiment with Mo-Town  
Yeah, that's the offseason  
You fish outta water and we coming after Caesar

Nah we ain't done  
I don't turn my nose up when evil stalks  
I can smell em coming, yeah I know I can see it all  
This the Ghost Protocol, call me Ethan Hunt  
Leave the wicked with a broken jaw, they can't even talk  
I tell the Pharisees to each its own  
"Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin", read the wall  
We all fallen, no desire to embarrass dudes  
I offer them a parachute, they trade it for a pair of shoes  
Prepare to lose, I ain't claiming the belt  
You could never win a game that keeps playing itself  
We the fighter and we don't wanna fail  
So we put ourselves in prison  
Every Christian needs bail, Lord Jesus

I'ma give a little more, I just wanna let go  
Give it to the Lord, I'm just gonna let go

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