

I found a melody that spoke
Only way to see my teeth might be telling me a joke
Play the track then I start to float
Took the rope off of the dock and started the boat
I'm from the very west side of the West Coast
Anything further I'd be surfing in my dress clothes
Sunday service in church they on confess mode
I never understood it, dipping mid for the best tone
The best leave with no announcement
Not making a statement and just bouncing
Beyond a doubt, beyond a shadow of a mountain
Where Wil's killing skill and emotions killing talent
Don't sweat me if my point is valid
Don't sweat me if I never broke a habit
That I said I would
Still getting while the getting's is good
Still getting what I said I could
I heard people say that making a sequel is not needed
The weed that grew from cracks in the streets is top seeded
Started cold and got heated
Pressure made me stay in control and stop bleeding
I'm on my own again

Below broke his overdraft
To me a heaven's on the freeway overpass
I tried but I never got over that
There's no way for me to go fast and try to hold it back
Sometimes I wish I didn't know the ledge
I got my finger right below the razor's edge still edging
Still a good person to my brethren
I'm still upset if I'm referred as legend
Rather be referred as missing an action
And then they try to hit us with divisional tactics
I'm still original and active
I'm just a minimalist who's still massive
I need to check and them paying respect
Having notes with no additional text is not a flex
We all know where it ends
Until then I place my bets and hope for the best
I'm on my own again