

# Unlearning

## Evidence

I woke up  
Put the phone down  
Put the mic up  
Said the first thing that came to mind  
Like I don't write much  
That's a lie, we all know it  
Making beats, doing it so I could show my people that I'm growing  
I don't cry much  
I love my people when I'm in their presence  
Nothing like community  
I don't lie much  
And that's a present  
Gift  
I'm unwrapping  
I'm unlearning  
Trip  
Jazz cigarettes  
I'm never done burning  
I get the one turning  
Start a new chapter  
And that's a testament  
A little lesson for the rest of them  
Running off an old model  
Trying to get some new results  
I unfollow  
A slow flower  
A go-getter  
Never been a no-shower  
Said this verse with my eyes closed  
And smell the scent through my nose  
I don't practice  
I rehearse it at the live show  
A young Miles, but what do I know?  
I don't know much  
I go through a lot  
And I ain't blowing up the spot  
To throw it all away, you gotta know what you got  
A lot of secrets that escaped me  
Living up to my potential where it takes me  
We all scared of the top  
We all scared if we flop  
We won't be riding these breakbeats like H-Street  
I need a lease for the next ten  
Feel like I'm destined  
Need a bird as my best friend  
I buy the book so I could follow the plot  
It's not a follow-up to Weather Or Not  
This its own shit  
Pistol grip pump with the chrome grip  
A lot of people tripping  
I tell 'em don't slip  
I tell 'em don't get shot  
I tell 'em Freestyle Fellowship, "Bullies Off The Block"  
The streets are watching and they hot  
Watch what you say  
The jealous watch when you drop  
I don't know much...