

You...

Yeah, microphone check 1, 2, yo  
Who's the one that's been running the race? Me!  
Who's the one that's been running in place? You  
And who's the one you tried to find, so tough  
But the whole time, was sitting right in front of your face.

I'm on another level, I mean another label  
Players don't die, we try our luck at other tables  
And when I lose, I learn, I'm still winning major  
I jump forward and back, into the missing stages  
A perfect day to make a perfect entrance  
A perfect sentence? I can't perfect,  
But I just keep pushing pencils, no fake trace stencils  
And do it all by hand so they have respect.  
I know the feeling when you're dealing with accomplishments  
Wishing they would diss you, instead they give you compliments  
That's what made you who you are, not what you became  
Part of being a star is getting burned in flames  
Kind of I'll, the mind's a trip  
20/20 when we broke, but blind when rich  
I just see it as a sign, but kept rhyming instead  
And keep lighting up these pads like Simon Says

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One's a lonely number, two's the first loser  
So how the fuck can you win? Become a drug abuser  
Slapping these beats, I'm no snoozer  
6 million ways to die: go ahead and choose one  
We from the same block, but all we getting is the same guap  
I think one of us needs to shine  
Only room for one, one of us needs to go  
Sink a boat and only one'll survive  
Caution at the wheel, Westside when I drive slow  
First sign of tidal waves, when you see the tide low  
Wanted for murder and theft, they said I'm liable  
I shot the sheriff but didn't steal his rifle  
I can't define what's real and what's imagination  
Since I signed that deal before my graduation  
I went from running track and feel the tracks  
With feel the Grammy's with Ye before Late Registration

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Fast-forward, no kids, one card, no Rollie  
One crib, trips to Chile with Kush in the Philly  
Every turn starts with one step: that's on me  
One foot in front of the other like "come on feet!"  
One life, one love, bat a G for one glove

For Mike, rest in peace, shot a bullet from one slug  
I keep it pushing as one does, you only get one shot  
One glance, one chance at one buzz  
One never knows of hopes and dreams  
The farther we fly, the closer it seems  
Back to the one square, all I need in this life is one snare  
One mic direct, fly tonight, one Airs  
One of a kind, still one to my grind  
One time for your motherfuckin' mind  
When I flow, let the rain soon comes  
See you might win some, but you just lost, lost...

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