Sometimes you'll win, sometimes you'll lose, you get back up and you try to choose

Who am I, who do I wanna become, this is the generation of the number one

They came out, side by side

Skates on, with the goggled eyes

Straight up, it was ride or die

Walk away, or be idolized

And in his final strides, it was all on the line

Here he comes, he's up from behind Patrick Meeks, running out of time He done squeaked cross the finish line, he had beat Kuck, and qualifies

Heaven, it's enough, they never gon' keep up

With Emery Lehman, Cause God he flies...

But that ain't the finish line, nah, It was just the beginning ride It was just enough to get by

And legitimize, why he tries to be the winning guy

That's why he epitomize 's, greatness

Cause he never gets complacent in the face of his races

When he's so damn tired that he can't even take it

But he gotta keep going, gotta keep showing the world, why he owns it

And just don't lose focus homie this is your moment

Just go for the gold kid

Sometimes you'll win, sometimes you'll lose, you get back up and you try to choose

Who am I, who do I wanna become, this is the generation of the number one If I believe, I will win this time, I'm chasing ghosts it's my time to shine . Trying to prove myself to me, and leave a mark in history

So he packed his bags with his Blackhawks hat

Reppin' as he board the plane

You're on a, enormous platform

So clap for him, he's at the Olympic games

Transforming an into great, but he's never been into fame

Little did he know that things would change with news interviews and school parades

But, when you're the best, and it's evident

People gonna show you respect and jet etiquette

I just think it's better to end up forgetting it

And not letting it get up inside your head and shit

Cause at the end of the day, there ain't nothing to say

When you put on them skates, the gun goes off

And it's, pedal to the metal with a venomous pace

So Emery, never be anything other than  $\operatorname{\mathsf{Emery}}$ 

And it's cliché, but fuck it, these speed skates are literally everything They're your legacy

Cause they represent...

All of the ice you've covered

All of the nights you suffered

All of the fight, you mustered on up, when you was stuck and just couldn't e ven account for

Russia

And it might just be, the way that I see, but, who would a thought that a ki d from  $\ensuremath{\mathsf{OP}}$ 

Would ever make it to, Sochi

Sometimes you'll win, sometimes you'll lose, you get back up and you try to

## choose

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