

# Mount Rushmore

Ghetts

-live

A long life-longevity has its place (Storm cloud rising)  
I just want to do God's will (Let's go home)  
And he's allowed me to go up to the mountain (I see-)

Mum, I know you cringe when I make out like we was poor  
Like I only had a meal or two when it's really three or four  
You my Donda West, my Afeni Shakur  
Sons hardly live with dads, but who was needed more?  
Dad, I know you cringe when I make out like you weren't there  
Like I only ever saw you Christmas' and New Year  
Men will be men, what I witnessed ain't too rare  
You're my nigga if you care (Yeah)  
Granny probably watchin' over me in disbelief  
Disappointed in me every time she see me  
You know the sayin', "Practice makes perfect"  
Well, I'll be perfect if I practised what I preached  
It wasn't like a TLC that made me creep  
It was a sister with a voice that made me week  
It was a childhood destiny who made me free  
Now, I couldn't stop the sugar babes, it make me sweet  
Have you ever picked a rose just to analyze the thorns?  
Have you ever played chess just to sacrifice the pawns?  
I've see the Devil in the flesh and tried to grab him by the horns  
It's been death after death without havin' time to mourn  
Have you ever been in Hell and given Paradise a thought?  
And felt paralyzed when tryna push the man inside forward  
Growin' up, all my brothers wanted to be filthy rich  
I went legit and got a sanitized fortune  
I got brothers with spare time watchin' the clocks  
I know trappers turn traders, watchin' the stocks  
Dumb bitches with smartphones as common as dogs  
I see them gentrify the ends, demolish the blocks  
And then televise offence, you can watch from your spot  
Hard to recognize my friend when he forgot who he was  
I said, "How can I depend on any plot that's been lost"  
See, every night, I repent and pray God isn't gone  
I'm from the bad block, shootin', stabbings, crack spots  
If bro and dem can't find your team, they'll shoot the mascot  
Pussies can't walk in my shoes, man are Sasquatch  
And, you ain't never bet on yourself and hit the jackpot

Drop sixty on jewels, this kettle Cameron, it's already tripled itself  
Shh, I grew up weird, who was there?  
Question never gets the truth, you dare  
Talkin' in the station wasn't cool unless it's cool offence  
Talkin' 'bout the flavours déjà vu 'cause when the cools' there  
You knew that all this pain up in one room would make us fortunairs  
So many artists backs to wall, it's like the Louvre there  
You can swim or you can snorkel there, sinkin' ain't an option 'round this r  
uthless-sphere  
They grew up square  
If you not been Turkey, teeth out, bet the lawyers want a souvenirs  
I got some readies in my pocket  
Water down your content, got some Skellies in my closet  
Between tellin' and the tourin', know you smell on me is profit  
The only thing that's promised is we'll end up in a coffin

Hope you stood for something or fall for everything  
Just in, just in the top threes if I ain't restin' it, but the creds legit  
That's the vibes, got you all in check like I was Busta in his prime  
Shooters dem on deck, but I gain confidence in these shines  
Man'll loopin' off your necklace, best you tuck in all those diamonds  
Survivors guilt  
I didn't learn 'bout the Bible skill  
But, I know the big man up there blessin' me, but time's a snitch  
'Cause, eventually, time will tell  
Protect legacy  
Worth a couple quid so I can comfortably decline  
Sell out offers 'cause these companies be tryin' it  
Just buried nan, he held a shovel, it was hirin'  
Witnessed my mother be a daughter, weepin' Iris'  
Became a father after nan, he closed her eyelids  
Twelve days before my son, they didn't meet  
After my MoBo speech, I went to watch her asleep  
One day, we'll duppy your white, pour-out beverage  
Brother, look in the sky, that's where Heaven is

Dear Sky, why you take long to reply to my messages?  
All this teenager shit got you movin' insensitive  
Yeah, they say I'm in my feels, she's my sanity, therapist  
But, until you have a daughter, you won't understand anything  
Everyone can run the game from on the side of the pitch  
Niggas tryna call the shots, I'll get you shot for a drink  
If it's a doggy-dog world, I'm on some Doberman shit  
I go realer on you apes and put my hand on your chips  
You ever seen badness in the form of a gift?  
A man will give a man a box so he can rob him for it  
The word ginnals made me know what bein' talented is  
Now, man are gettin' paid for work to make it work in their favour  
I'm out the game  
It ain't about all of the times that I got to play  
The real ones are havin' the freedom to start again  
The business isn't profitin' and Green Machine is the name  
I'm selling weed over the counter, I'm shottin' ounces again  
Argh, full circle  
I ain't blamin' shit on my race, we can all hurdle  
Went from bein' underground in my shell like a small turtle  
Now, I'm Michelangelo and I'm paintin' the colour purple  
My rain can make my mother retire, but that's a job in itself  
She rather work herself to death then let me give her the world  
Already saw the women, King watchin' you father the girls  
So, along as I'm your prince, I give you diamonds and pearls  
The Bible itself is nothing in my life I withheld  
They're livin' for the Queen's head but wouldn't die for the tails  
I'm givin' all my team bread, forgot a slice for myself  
I really had to wear the trousers, had to tighten my belt  
They tailor fit, in the verses, I'm Jadakiss  
I made a flick sellin' Bobby Brown and Taylor Swift  
I make 'em sing like I'm Ghetts with his greatest hits  
Man, this ain't the last supper, this is caterin'