

Marshall Mathers

Kevin Gates

Disassociating three's in the building
How they leave as we flee the scene a brief apparition of my agenda, I'm just being me
Prayers in the seed to an upper being, just free'd the team
On my knees reaching for fire flies, they got no wings
Bitch I fell in love will it meek it
After MILF or meaning [?] she was happy, I wouldn't sell her dreams
Now I'm selling things, with the stamp on it
Teflon wrapper, closed hamper, putting tax on it
Hated on for my inevitable success, still
Dealing with the devil I only know as myself
In the mirror I see God and that only God is myself
Prayers answer, closed caption, mr Mathers no distraction
In the kitchen, no whippin, straight drop is manufactured
For the few that choose to be un-recreative with a habit
I'm recreative with a habit as I resorted to dog food
Discombobulation, which ever way that you call it..

Sometimes I feel like Marshall Mathers
Good heart and prone to fuck up, my family hate me
Emotionally I'm scarred and what I love has betrayed me
Hate to say it sometimes I wish I wasn't created
Begging me to speak my mind, but don't like when I say shit
Still strong surrounded by you Pinocchio's
Feared being exposed by a product out of a broken home
Made believers out of men as I approach the throne
Rappers grab for cover, I grab the cover of rolling stone
(sometimes I feel like Marshall Mathers..)

This goes out to those out there who hate to be alive
Searching for placement is being taken by surprise
Besides, its hard tryna always find the fun in they jokes
Always ended up the butt of they jokes
Contemplation of a ending with this pistol to my temple
Thinking if I pull this trigger will I sin and take my misery away
Or would I just be killing me in vain
Relationship estranged, shorty asking how I deal with it everyday
Magazine filled, single mission or army
Up in the arms with a mini and rip the arm of a target
Two time is talking, one coughing: the coffin called ya
[?]
I'm in the Boston market where niggas beefing from both sides
Detroit's fine, searching for a line, all the dope dry
Talented, ghetto niggas looking for work
Conviction facing, most of them go n get it out on the curb
Absurd...

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