

EXIT 9

Killer Mike

Oh-oh-oh-oh

Whip my '69 Firebird from the curb
I done had to work it like a square and had to serve
I'm listenin' to BIG and Dre and crumblin' on herb
I'm pushin' down MLK with a quarter pound of herb
Passin' through the temp', I say a prayer for fallen soldiers
Rest in peace to Bruce and may God be with DG Yola
God bless the dead, that's for Boonk, that's for V
And God protect the livin', that's for me and that's for Sweet
(Yeah)

We done made it up from shorties drinkin' forties, livin' lawless
(Oh-oh-oh-oh)

Today shit finna flame, diamond flawless and I fault this (Yeah
, yeah)

Thank the Lord I ain't a junkie, ain't an alcoholic (Oh-oh-oh-oh)

The pride of Atlanta, Michael Render studied ballin', all in

Let's bring out the champagne, roll up an airplane

Life is a rare thing (Life is a rare thing)

We rise, we fall, even when back to wall, I find a way I can maintain, yeah

Treat MLK like my memory lane, ain't no feelin' the same, hope you feelin' my pain

I put my blood, sweat, and tears in the game

Ain't no feelin' the same, hope you feelin' my pain

I remember them days, makin' minimum wage

I was tryna maintain, look how far I done came

Pop champagne for the pain, I'm campagin' for change

All the progress we made, bigger things on the way

Hoppin' over hurdles into my Chevy converter (Yeah)

Swerve around them haters that don't wish to see me further (Oh
)

My campaign for champagne could've ended with my murder

Miss Betty say, "If you ain't saved in Jesus name, it's worser"

I had to be my own boss, not somebody else's worker

I know the prayer she prayed for me still served as my preserve
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I know some of my actions, they was taxin' and I hurt her (Oh-oh-oh)

But Lord, if she listenin', please let her know I heard her (Yeah)

Let's bring out the champagne, roll up an airplane

Life is a rare thing (Life is a rare thing)

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Treat MLK like my memory lane, ain't no feelin' the same, hope you feelin' my pain
I put my blood, sweat, and tears in the game
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