

I think I gotta get some

Today I realized I didn't matter

Today I found my [?] lasts long after I'm gone

Ashes to ashes and I spent half of my life on my phone

I'm tagging up, God caught me out in left field

Comfy in the flow, fought darkness to the death

Shield our eyes from the light and you might align with the blind, so don't blink

I am the beacon we designed to survive

See it's perfection to death

I'm blessed with finessing my breath, mental

Poisons the media, physicals what they feeding us

And people burning gasses if they don't like breathing, but if Earth

Knew she was feeding us then in turn we deceived her she'd evict us and I submit that you can't change even

Indeed I was heaving like grievance, they was fiending for features

They be reaching for rhymes I don't even know they allegiance

But pieces help me I'm broken, and niggas that can seed it think they niggas that can sew it

Valencia no seamstress I'm a heathen but I'm hopeful

I'm speeding through the seasons don't do people but I'm open

I'm tryna find a meaning non believer but I'm quoting

Don't run up on me and my homie he mad antisocial

He ain't goin' through the motions, nigga

Beacon

That sound like a winner

Let me get that back

Sometimes, we don't see eye to eye

Feels like the end