

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