

Yeah, yeah
Every turn of page, just another issue
Good days is a double-edged blade, Ginsu
I can't count a frame where I didn't miss you
I been outer space, knocking tryna get through
High as fuck as close to consistent, my mental
I been drinkin' under the table, I thought you quit, fool?
I don't think you know 'bout reverence and ridicule
I don't think you know 'bout theft as founding principle
I don't think we'll ever have enough to get us full
I don't think I'll ever fall in love again, I'm cool
I didn't think we'd ever have this budget or this pull
Conversation with the youngins, pulled up after school
Told 'em, got this VVS chain, we breaking the rules
Still got these A's, made my prayers after a jugg
Hella anxious, made space for thinkin' I could
When the city get no cushion I ain't feign I understood
It's a storm, I locked eyes with the eye for some hours
Broke my pride at the height of my power
Confidence ain't common sense, so niggas sour
Don't hate me in secret, give me all my flowers
I hate me in public, 'cause I got a spine
I struggle with trusting, 'cause I got a mind
I mutter my luggage tonnage over time
I been rubbing off my luster with the grind

But, what have I learned?
And what have I burned?
I done took a couple trips across the Styx, it wasn't my turn
But I would find search, I jumped on my perch
I been flying high above for years
I must admit these wings of mine hurt
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