

## Written

Mike G

I'm going all out to say, I treat you like kids send you all out to play. I gotta handle my biz or you end up with nothing work til it's more than enough

Man it's really something to see everybody hustling  
If you focused with no direction, it starts with self respect  
And gaining the foresight to see what comes next  
Follow me if you copy, see this is more than a hobby  
I went overboard with confidence it's obvious you have to get used to this  
I'm a symbol of love to women like Cupid is  
Shooting through the hoops you miss  
I know the new outlaws and they stay in saloons  
I roll with Japanese broads all bad as sailor moon  
I just want what I'm worth, maybe more nothing less  
And it's green for the money real niggas know the rest  
I learned you Accept  
My crew exceptional with no exemption, I know what to expect  
If you don't listen then it's written  
Vintage jewelry give history lessons  
Lookin' at these Greek frets on my neck  
Still feeling odd bout these texts from my ex  
The king come in the room and demand your respect

Sleeps the cousin of death but fuck if you just know the cousin  
Respect me while I'm living don't be friendly cause I'm buzzin'  
You know what it is, you know I'm finna get what's comin'  
Trying to get it for myself how I'm supposed to give you something?  
It was written, it ain't that niggas looking at you different  
It was written, niggas had to work for what they getting  
It was written, took risk, we deserve it how we living  
It was written,.. We ain't trippin' it's gon' come cause it was written

I'm going all out to say I treat you like kids send you all out to play. I gotta handle my biz or you end up with nothing, still nothing is enough  
And we just kick back while everybody frontin'  
But man you need patience cause of all these people hating  
When all I ever stressed to you was you could be great  
But still they envy, I'm fly and spinnin' lyrical 720's  
As I land stand tall as the Statue of Liberty  
Make some noise clap-clap if you with me  
At half speed I span half of the city  
At a 100 miles an hour I can run my hometown  
Tear the place down, turn the bass down just for now  
I been so busy I skipped trial  
Still running the streets and sticking out  
I been on the top of the world screamin' look at me now

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I've seen sights for which people would kill  
At the end of the day I need something to feel

I can deliver the deal signed and sealed  
Where we go from here only time will reveal  
I've had experiences that make life surreal  
If I rap anymore ruthless it may land me in jail  
If it wasn't for music it would be hard to excel  
If you think you wanna do it know you gotta do it well