

40 STOPS

MIKE

I see it in you, I see a God
City of song, city is dark
Insidious saw, gritty as puss
Black as revolvers that tear me apart
Pack me a soda and marry a carton
40 stops, then I depart
40 stops, then I depart
Straight from the park
Uptown bound
Nigga, don't touch that ounce
My niggas gon' dust this pound
I'm feeling perfect now
Could've went to Purchase, wow
Blade made the purchase sound
As I hurt this clown
You copy your mans
You got worthless clout
It ain't really worth shit, bro
You cleaning your purses outchea
You ain't really outchea
Hell is still coming but this time the sound there
Coming for all of the people the ground share
Manhattan or Brooklyn, but nobody coming around here
Nobody coming! Nobody coming around here! (yeah, yeah)

40 stops, then I depart
40 stops, then I depart
There's more to this world
Why would I shoot for the stars?
You looting it all
40 stops, then I depart
40 stops, then I depart
There's more to this world
So why would I shoot for the stars?
You looting it all, you looting it all
40 stops