

AFC

MIKE

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Smoke 'til my brains fried
These demons tryna take a nigga life, tryna play God
Crack flow, I'm talking 8-ball
On my Ps and Qs, see my enemies on the radar
Proud black like my nigga Akon
Mike Tyson flow, take your face off
I was OT, I was gone for a minute
I go hard for a living, I go long, I go the distance
Play my role, running back my position
Hit the hole like Le'Veon, I got 'em missing
Haven't seen mama, yeah, I miss her
The love unconditional, she brought me into this earth
Blessed me with a brother and two sisters
Yeah, yeah, gotta leave my mark before I leave Earth
Kill the old me, then I rebirth
Find the true knowledge through research
Third eye open, smoking reefer
Yeah, yeah

Walk with my feet in the mud
It's difficult to talk while all I see is disgust
Miserable, this heavy when I'm bringing it up
Playing closet, wasn't dealing with love
Made scars, I been dealing with cuts
I heard they shoot 'em like stars or they land in the clubs
I maneuver, en garde, and the planet is sus
Niggas been planning, what's up?
Too many messages, abandoned for months
I tried managing, but honestly, my managing sucks
This depression been damaging trust
I be worried 'bout my feats before I scavenge for bucks
Uh, who handlin' us? Y'all niggas manic and stuck, uh

One, two, three