

armour

MIKE

Yo, yo

Young boy, deep mind, slow thinker, each time
These lines reach my inner purpose, need mines
These niggas weak, I peep through they frail skin
Busy getting hell bent, standing in the pale wind
Holding up myself since, stumble off the L, piss
Crumble when that fog hit, early in the morning
Foot first, eye last, books burn, time pass
Cook work, dodge class, took purse, got back
Know that I see, I been watching
Getting the cold off my conscience
MIKE get the dope off at Tompkins
Tim, that's my brother, I got him
I had some run-ins with karma
I took some blows to the armour
Nigga who farming your food
I'm winning, I'm charging for loot
Look for heart in the truth
I promise it start in the booth
Money, the fame, or yourself
But trust me it's harder to choose
Trust me