

## Brick Blues

MIKE

Yeah, yeah  
Boy, it's been (Hard to admit)  
Yeah, yeah, uh

Boy, it's been hard to admit it, I left my soul in my writtens  
So now my body be tripping, I pray the future bright  
Although it probably isn't, this a gift and a curse  
You seen the lit and the worst of me, niggas spit on the curb  
I've been a loner since nursery, couldn't hiccup a word  
I've had some talks with myself, I need to pick up my worth  
I guess y'all listen and have fun, when I listen, it hurt  
We all stars in the sky, despite who glistening first  
Y'all always hitting my cell, I need a minute to work  
All my lyrics in hell, before it end in the dirt  
I'm in school for 9 hours, just pretending to learn  
I put my head in that furnace, when that medicine burning  
We spend the bread on some food, I can't remember the earnings  
Fuck it, I'll earn it again, trust me, I'll earn it again  
As long as I murder that paper and get that verse through the pen  
Couple niggas shitted on me, I ain't heard of 'em since  
I know they watching me, nigga, that's why I smirk when I win  
These ain't tears in my eyes, just this dirt in the wind

Just this dirt in the wind  
Uh, yeah, uh, dirt, ay, ay, ay  
Dirt