

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