

Burning House

MIKE

Leave
Yeah

Everybody gotta leave, somebody gotta lead
Everybody want a piece, nobody tryna feed
I step hollow on the street 'cause death follow me
You get bottled in the east, the west swallow dreams
My head bottled in the grief, my chest out of reach
My debt pilin' up with fees, sex, power, cheese
This next album for the fiends, the next sour drink
I'm wrecked, howlin' for my queen, she left, louder scream
The rest doubled on the schemes, regret by the sting
Neglect found us out at teens, the dread tower glee
Reflect, poutin' where I be where dead flowers lean
Respect vouchier than breesh, I'm blessed 'round the G's
My breath drownin' in the trees, collect sound and peace
You sweat, drownin' in deceit, you get 'round the heat
I pressed bouncers, I was cheap, too profound to creep
I set out at seventeen, I wasn't 'lowed to link
Depressed, prouder than I seem with less mouths to feed
Ten thousand what I bleed, the best out the league
Huh, yeah
Everybody gotta leave, somebody gotta lead

Leading our people into the burning house
Because him saying that now was supposed to make us think—
How did, what did he say and do that was making us go into a burning house?
Oh
Going into the white man— Going into the white man—
Yeah, uh

Sometimes you gotta let the work do what hope can't
You perped out, niggas want withdrawal from the smoke bank
My dirt style, only with my paw, my own hands
Burnt out, let a little charm turn to romance
Third round, devil in my arm, slow dance
Was first out, now they stealin' sauce from the whole gang
Curb child, tell you where I started, ain't for no man
It worked, child, but dampened up my spark and my glow
Deterred doubt by throwing shit as far as it could go
Claim we earthbound, they never peeped the heart, how my soul train
Learnt how, how to be apart, not the whole thing
Exert loud, whether it's for art or for slow change
Alert, prowlin', gotta be alarmed to be the most safe
This worthwhile way we takin' long, indeed, a slow race
Versatile, never show my cards, but need to show face
The curtains down, you better pray to God, you tryna show praise
Sometimes you gotta let the work do what hope can't
More drink, takin' in a lot, but never nose play
Most days, pray I never rot until it's old age
More angst, racin' in the spot, it's givin' road rage
I won't wait, racin' to the top, me and bro same
It's roleplay, phasin' through facades like it won't fade
Those hate barely came outside, but the most brave
Home favorite, made it out the tides and the cold wave