

# 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