

Closing Credits

MIKE

How you sleep, where you learned 2 hang
I gotta give a lil speech, lil word of thanks
To lil me in this world of angst
What I did to feel free, from mercy hands
A lil scheme, lil certy scam
How we up a lil v, to a dirty van
It's still peace with my early mans
Some cut, still grieve, I deserve to dance
To feel the breeze, feel the earth expand
Feel debris where my burden stand
Some love still leeching in deserted land
A young one had to leave and return with bands
I told V, I had the perfect plan
A come up, a dumb dream, and my assertive glance
Love ease what the burning can't

Somebody take the wheel, forreal
The problem is you still win and gotta feel the guilt
My patna' know the deal, I'm Shaquille
It been hard to keep a few friends, I gotta break the shield
My body felt the chills, surreal
But mommy left a blueprint, I promise to rebuild
Up-top I never kneel, or squeal
It get harder to reveal shit I always kept concealed
Lotta trauma keep me ill, so I keep it billed
The spliff harsher than reviews is, a martyr to the guild
In the Gaza doing drills, like ahki on the grill
I'm getting farther from the meal-ticket, sharpening the steel
Please pardon while I heal, from the thrills
Left the party prolly still spinning, walking on my heels
I pray my matter never spill, over krills
It get darker when you deal with it, gotta pick a pill
Somebody take the wheel, forreal
Everything I feel tinted, hindering the will
I can't escape it still, evade the eels

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