

Endgame

MIKE

How does one illuminate a dark and muddy sky?

There's only one thing left to do

You gotta ram at the darkness with your rhyme

They be checkin' for the

Oh

Alright

Uh

Yeah

They be checkin' for the drip, we the template

Was in the ends of made chips on the m-way

I was kickin' for a bit, but the rent paid

Had my mental on abyss, not the endgame

Was a rebel to the kids on the sunset

I couldn't settle, couldn't sit, since fame

Started messin' with the spliffs, intense pain

Used to bezel it with grins when the friends came

Want the bezel with glyph in my neck chain

No one special let me script for my left brain

Don't resemble they be ehhhhh with less range

I started gettin' into whips to be less strange

I be stressin' over shit but it reflect age

How you fetish over grimace and expect grace?

Stay invested in the mission, 'fore I rest pray

For the with and ammunition for the next day

To be a witness of the riches and neglect made

Respect change

I gotta praise my intuition, 'cause it's debts paid in this death race

I gotta cling 'cause niggas listen when they press play

I gotta state that niggas isn't what the press say

My obligation to the rhythm 'til my chest break

I dropped the weight and now the writtens in the best shape

I been holdin' it down for years, you know what I'm sayin'?

I been holdin' it down for years

I haven't been in NYC, you know, the entire time that I've been holdin' it down, you know what I'm sayin'?

And when I call it NYC, live in NYC

It's based on maintainin'

Not droppin' nothing along the way, you know what I'm sayin'?