

## 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 ehhehh 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'?