

Freud's Theory

MIKE

Yeah, Hold the fuck up, we gon' take this little intermission t
o listen to what the fuck I gots to say, I been doing this shit
for years, holding heat, feeling, usin-
using all kinds of drugs

Pick ya mind out the dirt
Find your pride in your worth
And I don't know who you tryna hurt
But if your soul feeling dark you should enlighten it first
You say you, finding your roots, but your eyes in the turf
You think your, prize is a coup? With them dimes in your purse
You been disguising the truth, with the lies that you blurt
Enterprising your group, from the lines that I hurt
You divine and defying the sky, reach the earth
Oh you flying and gliding, despised all the birds
And my mom was alone, you remind me of her
And my mind shred to bone cause' the rhymes I rehearse
You was right, you was right by the light you despised
When the mothers gets close and I know, and I know

Aye, I don't hold heaters, man I do features
Man I been a creature, at time needing a preacher
Do good you can't see it, do bad I do plenty
Be good I won't be it, I'm going mad with a semi
Yeah these vices too tempting, I'm going off of this henny
Spittin' bars for a penny, I'm too hard for the masses
Going hard for my father, going hard for my bitch
Going hard for my brothers, until I start getting rich
I got hardships, harder than my heart thick
Tryna get up out of my one bed apartment
My niggas living and then the others living
I'm tryna get a dollar, without having any guns here
Living is not fun still
Niggas tryna live, tryna be a hundred
See my kids, kids, kids
But I'm living a mid
Hood shit and struggle so, everyday I'm hustlin', everyday I'm
hustlin'
Yeah