

# Ghost In A Shell

MIKE

And I got my head straight  
Dropped off the dead weight  
See the pawns in this chess game, declare I'm the king  
It's clear I'm the king  
It's obvious I got a lotta dreams for the team  
Been a fiend for this cream, for I fiend for this weed  
Tell 'em keep this beat if you can't keep up  
Always on my feet so these niggas can't compete  
Niggas accept defeat, hide up under their sheets  
I'll accept the fees for how I'm doin' these beats  
It's the movement of street  
See the traffic increase, but I strung all my way through  
Fucked up when I phase through  
In an hour, what that eighth do?  
, but I be feelin' like I lost it  
Like I lost it, in a dumpster where my mind wandered  
I fucked up my karma and now it ain't no breaks  
Closer to the W with every L I face  
So I'm burnin' and learnin'  
Rap shit like a garden full of serpents  
I'm callin' closed curtains, tell 'em times up  
And tell these niggas get they lines up  
Couldn't spot you in a line-up with six other niggas  
High as antenna  
Tryna get chips, I'mma sip on the liquor  
Pick up the liquor, gonna show that he iller

Fuck all these niggas until my lungs pop  
See me, what I bang put the team on the top  
Need all that shit that they got  
Y'all fold, I will not  
Yeah, fall I will not  
See me, what I bang put the team on the top  
Need all that shit that they got  
Just wanna piss in a gold pot  
Y'all fold, I will not  
Yeah, fall I will not  
You see what I bang, put the team on the top  
Need all that shit that they got  
Just wanna piss in a gold pot  
Just wanna piss in a gold pot, ayy

My hair fallin' out  
My emotions like the niggas who I talk around  
Till' the minimum  
I don't speak my problems, I be coughin' out the synonyms  
MIKEY been a problem since a miniature  
Day to day want the heat, but dishin' out the Indica  
MIKEY always buggin', always plannin' somethin' sinister  
I feel lucky when I'm dishin' the perimeter  
Rigid when ya bitchin', but your vision isn't linear  
I been servin' since Forest was a Whitaker  
This shit if you for a minute  
Ya made more but ya  
Only see it by ya side, it's like you're Horus in division  
Divided by my folks as they order me in prison  
The nine in my holder so I can coordinate my wisdom

And they want the more of me that's hidden  
The pressure put me down and shape my origin when spittin'

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