

# Hell

MIKE

Hell, and it's coming  
I see Hell, and it's coming  
Why the hell ain't we running?  
I see Hell, and it's coming  
Yo, why the hell ain't we running?  
I see Hell, and it's coming

Slowly adjustin' into somethin' in the world so deep  
I drown myself when I'm bumpin'  
Sound that spills from one bandage  
I bring more tears then peelin' onions  
I'm building skill in abundance  
And bunsen when they serve the plates, I pump blood that circulates  
My curfew's late  
Swallow the words I think but in late nights, regurgitate  
Something like Grand Central  
They want to terminate the train of thoughts if it ain't makin' profit  
Me wait in vacant pockets  
I came, so wait to all this  
Waves are hard as rays in August  
Hell is comin', Devil's runnin' my noggin  
But I ain't runnin, kinda wanna see bargains  
And with low trust it's hard to see Autumn  
But when them leaves on them tree's falling

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It takes a village just to raise a kid  
And I've been dirty like the rumors that they made me wear  
And I believe in Gods, you must be Atheist  
Cause them the niggas that's beside me must've made the script  
Gully in the city, I could tell I wasn't made for this  
But I still took the trip, my poppa must've paid for it  
Came to the place where cops cooperate with native kids  
At least on telly they ain't oppin' out the negatives  
And them my nemesis, exit out the premises  
Extra pots of relatives, I'm Exodus impressionist  
Cloudy in the head, you cannot enter, press the message quick  
Daddy getting old, he got a bottle of that medicine  
Swallow till' he dead again  
And he stressin', I ain't stressin' it

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And it's coming