

Lost Scribe

MIKE

Think they may have and called you on the phone today (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

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It's a war when I scribe

I've been prayin' to you since like I'm sure it was mine

They tellin' me I'm big, felt shorter inside

But the remainder what I give, what I record in these lines

Just reclaimin' what it is, the unfortunate times

I got to stayin' in the crib, how them horrors had spiked

This aching since a jit, just a quarter of life

I'm twenty-five, still equipped, can't afford to suffice

I need a diet on the spliffs and open more to advice

I know the triumph never quit, the brick and mortar and strife

Relyin' on my limbs, a soldier of plight

Been survivin' through the dim, yeah, the coldest of nights

A broken writer and his fix, fixed on holdin' the prize

All them lies, hella myths, a lot of ownin' demise

Every pocket gettin' hit, any open is mines

Everybody got they thirty-second moment to shine

Anybody with a worthy message lowered the price, I'm on set, yeah

Niggas lower than MIKE and on crack

My chest smoky and tight, long breaths

Pay respects while I'm throwin' the dice, you dig?

Well, Mike, it was only business

I always liked you

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