

## More Gifts

MIKE

You there? You okay?  
Yeah, but those flames  
It's so hot, I'm scared

Curses and shit  
More gifts than there's curses and shit  
I'm fineprint, you niggas really cursive as shit  
I tried to scribe it, don't really think the words do exist  
I tried to find it, it's peak 'cause the search is within  
Was by Vernon, I used to go to church and then dip  
To get a verse in, I got to get to hurtin' a bit  
The skimpy burned quick, at times when gettin' herb was a trip  
But now the work in, we all gettin' personal spliff  
When it's a burden, it's worse tryna hurdle abyss  
I slept through sermons, dreamin' how to work through a stint  
I'm never learnin', I mean I never purposely did  
Forever turnin', at least we know that certainty clipped  
To each his own, we earn what we get  
We keep determined, we bleed alone through virtue and stress  
To be assertive, can't seem to hold a purse through the strengt  
h  
To be of service, a leecher in your circle again, uh

More gifts than it's curses and shit, shit  
It's more gifts