

Negro World

MIKE

Man, took me a minute to get here
A real special time, man, renaissance
How much more luckier could we be?
If you believe in that, man
I don't know what to tell you
At the end of the day, you just gotta keep running that race
But for what it's worth
Thanks, thanks for not, thanks for not giving up
Thanks for not holding back
I know enough of us are going to make our way up over that mountain
So I'll see you on the other side
You see, a dream is a race
So, remember those pit stops is just blessings in disguise, and
It ain't the place they give you, but how you hit your stride
And who you meet at that finish line
'Cause at the end of the day, you just racing
And they racing you
And y'all running along that track together
Legs might get broke
And that's when someone might have to throw they arm around you
You might have to throw your arm around someone else
And y'all just, get across that new finish line together
Renaissance of black folk, man
Run around the earth
Building and b-, building and breaking apart, man
Sounds coming back into one ear
But, still trying to hear myself
And to be honest man, we work so hard
It's the mental game that matters the most
Knowing where your seeds is planted
And where you need to put some water at