

Ours

MIKE

Yuh

Before my heavens in the sky, my demons need to fall
I guess I seen it all, I need a shoulder I can lean towards
I need help or whatever that may mean to y'all
You may be rich, but that sound, sound the cheapest dog
You say you living I can tell you never breathed before
My nigga this ain't chess, this a sport
Imma say it from my chest boy you pork
Niggas think they eating with no bev or a fork
It make no sense to put a pen in this war, I cut my palms
And then I write these lyrics with a sword
You can see it in my spirit aye, see it in my core
Nigga I ain't here to share a plate or do another nigga chores
Out my negatives away, and put that euphemism forward
I been pedalling away so I could move the movement forward, get
ting shitty drunk
And now I'm looting in the store, its so confusing to be poor w
ith rich minds
My nigga get behind, you missed yours
My nigga get behind, you missed yours
How I'm supposed to thrive in the city?
What's a MIKE to a businessman named Billy?
Grab the mic, keep spitting and then chants came quickly like
"MIKE keep spitting"
Like "MIKE keep spitting"