

Paul

MIKE

Yeah, yeah, ay

Man up, hands rough like my brother hand
Feeling like my father when I'm running through the motherland
Run me up another band
Battle with these niggas, we was fucking up another band
Roasting up in Naija crib, feeling like a summer camp
Niggas swear they understand, they don't even get the shit
Looking where the money dance, shitting on my nemesis
Pissing on another land, skipping through the messages
Feeling like the Summerslam, flipping off the medecine
Jesus brought another lamb, nigga, don't you get the gist?
The reefer make me hover, man, see the undercover
I be preeing through disguises, we was chilling off of 2nd Ave
Jodi drink his vices, Pressy searching for a better path
Tryna get enlightened, I was so depressed from stretching cash
Searching for a dime and shit was on me like some shoulder pads
Protecting me from dying, manned up

You the coyote in the boulder's path, roller skate, rocket blas
t
Roadrunner flow, he holds the ropes and laughs
Looking back down on the piano crashed, the keys might damage y
a
Ivory tea sandwich, nose tickle through the bandage
When it break the jaw mandible, make your face Hannibal
Face it, we all animals, facing a whole hand full of something
random
Damn, this hitting, damn, he spitting, damn, he shitted
Pampers gifted, grandma sipping bowls of Campbell's, damn
John's a old ass man, crushing cans of Camel Crush, this chilly
cold absence
Couple kisses with a trash can and gold's back in
Just need to sleep it off, fist and turn the beeper off
Misses, this is no last dance, a team of gods in the brackets
Burning candles down to ashes, scheming hard in the cabinet
Steaming off with the past, this turns some raps up into cabbag
e
Dreaming off of the glass
Press and MIKE grab the blue mattress
Taka was slacking, yup

Yeaah!