

## SADE

## MIKE

Yeah

And I ain't never runnin' with the snakes

Man, you better watch your hand you taking nothing from my plate

All I got is this Metro and these problems that I face

Feeling hollow and decayed as I'm walking through the cater

I been feeling lost and misplaced, cause I been chasing after paper

Evading from the fake ones, and you been damaging my soul

And I don't need no cannabis to grow, also I ain't wanna cross you

Find your ankles on the road, and inside I feel a void

I cannot hand your ass a home

It's so hard to face the fact that I'm alone

I be walking through these streets until the cracking of my bones

I'm a- I'm a hard hitter, sharp shooter, the stars glitter, the harsh winter

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Harsh winter

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Went to- went to- yeah

Went to New York, I entered this sport to pin ya, to floss

I came up out of town with Mike, to bring you some noise (bring you some noise)

Not a fake, man you a choice, I gotta say, my ass in hot lava

Saving the pennies boy, and I can't avoid the days I can't see joy

I'm boutta pull out fancy toys, trigger the manly voice

Nigga, hard hitter, sharp shooter when stars glitter, my skin turn pale in these harsh winters

I see em' slither in my path, no breaks on the road

From the cold, running past, all my foes, with my strength

Through the lows, with the gas

Yeah, I see em' slither-

I see em' slither in my path, no breaks on the road

From the cold, running past, all my foes, with my strength

Through the lows, with the gas

Yeah