

Sandra

MIKE

In one of the parts of the meditation, she goes through an obsidian mirror
And she has you visualize an obsidian mirror, look into the mirror
And then eventually you walk through the mirror
And it just touches your heart and so I knew I had to
I guess that's just how it is
Uh

I guess that's just how it is, right?
Did some shit that didn't sit right
Still feel the same, told my pops I'm tryna get right
Don't need no fame, just a dollar
Make it get by, do the shit again
I got traumas, spent them midnights reminiscing pain
Told her "Holler when it's midnight"
Where them number plates?
Niggas walk around with big pride, barking when it's fade
Ma' made sure me and my sis right, gotta do the same
That's just how it is, right?
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I be cautious how I live life, I know niggas prayin'
How I thought didn't give like caught in different flame
They be talking out a limp like, it's not okay
From that squad I'm getting kid vibes
Nah we not the same, shit
Shit it's Big MIKE, lawless in my veins
From them bars I'm fetching big lies, ballin' for acclaim
For my dawgs I do this shit twice
For my darling I don't quit like, all or nothing name
Through the dullness and the grim times, harness didn't break
I been walking cross the thin line, regardless of my fate

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