

scarred lungs vol.1 & 2

MIKE

The feeling when you got robbed
Somebody playing with my mom, I hope it's not God
Somebody laying in demise, I hope it's not ours
How I'm staying in the grind and got my pops sour
Gotta state it every time you try to pop off
It's not a hot hour, bruh, I got it locked off
Staring at the clocktower, wonder what my moms on
I got power, and I got a harsh tongue
All of me is not coward if you tryna start some
That's how my heart thump
On stage, I'm praying that these bars count
For a large buck, wasn't chasing stardom
Starstruck, I disregard love
That's why my guard's up
Dark year followed by a hard month
What a far lunge, scarred lungs

Sitting with my head in my hands, hold it in
Missing, I can spread it to gang, ghost as shit
Tripping, why my eyes always damp? Roll a spliff
You shitting me, we right to the bank
In the kitchen, I be writing my thanks
Then, to abyss, tell me that this life isn't damned
I resist
Feeling like I died but the sand ain't hit the pit
Probably you should ride with your mans
I hit the crib, it's time you start revising your plan
You like a jit, I know it that my mind in a web
Do I exist, how I get behind every step?
Then I slip, smother up my line with regrets
'Bout to quit, my mother tongue hide in the stress
I couldn't spit, another lung fried in the sess
Lost your kid

The rest of the world
Break apart in slow motion