

Stargate

MIKE

Used to be roofs and brews, now life's confused
Tryna rifle through like a Rubik's Cube
Decipher why in spite I'm nice to view in this spiteful mood
But from the outside, it look like my life improved
My attitude must had to do with how I grew up rapping in New York
If I had moved, might have been a nicer dude
I might have been more average too, it's the environment I was in
If I wasn't live as them I'd try again then (Try again)
He like to battle, I just had to prove
Myself, I was emphatically shy, so I'd have a few casual
Turned into a habit I'd abused
Shit, it had him smacked in school
I had the right to incite the dude
Only thing I liked to do, besides rolling up and writing too
I'm rightfully rude, I'm trying to be the boldest one
If you hold your tongue, you'll get cycled through
Left out to dry, your pride will prune, you well aware
Y'all are well aware of where I spent my formative years
Sippin' forties at the 40th Pier
Getting the groggy, my body impaired, I swear
Everything was foggy for years
Pour the backwash out the glass, saw it all clear

I'm in my thoughts, you could applaud
For them centuries full of long face, I need a charm
I need a strong break, I'm still involved
With niggas who with me long way, you niggas soft
Niggas know what I'm on, gang, I'm taking off
Switching, caught in the wrong lane, we feel the losses
Kisses in every song made, I keep a RAW
The filling, it give the song wave, gripping aww
I'm still alarmed, the vision and the façade fake
I'm still a dog, I still hit the bar
Pissy from getting tall drank (I hear them whisper)
Them niggas is full of soft grain
I felt the odd from this mission, I couldn't call faith
My biggest flaw in my spirit, I should absolve hate
Swear it's like the bigger I saw, the more them walls caved
Hard lil' BIC in the dark, it show the walk way
This ain't no skip in the park, this should be all day
Called us from my mystery ark, this where it all changed
Crawling from the pit of your arms like it's the fall safe
And where do pity belong and will the harm fade?
Product of them immigrant laws, infinite heartache
This the shit we be on, that's how the cards play
(Cards play, cards play, cards play, cards play, cards play)
I promise this the shit we be on, I had to partake
Bottle and them symphonies goin, stargate