

Tapestry

MIKE

Don't want the Wrath, want the mask and the black hoodie
This not an act, you know I'm back with a sad boogie
You do the math, my brother Naavin get the racks to me
I know it's baggage but them problems in the past push me
Dread and blasphemy, sitting 'laxed in my apartment where's the
se raps put me
You know the mack, he still be ballin' on his last cookie
They still his mans, that mean somebody in his pack pussy
I feel the land what made me heartless and them stabs gushy
We the gas bullies, we in the crib making classics, why the sta
sh bushy
Getting mad kushy, it be hard to make a living in catastrophe
A bit of atrophy, at our darkest, shit be hidden in the fallaci
es
Isn't what it's actually, it's always sparks but that just isn'
t where my passion be
Drifts of agony, they say I learnt to talk my shit too casually
I rather trip, I can't exist too passively, this big tapestry