

VICTORY LAB

MIKE

Uh, Malcolm X in my past life (past life), I'm ahead of my time
Born in '96 from a Puerto Rican queen (Yup)
And an African king, proud of the African in me
Through my third eye I see, I got a bird's eye view
On my quest to save the Earth, but I gotta save me first
That's why I'm soul-searching, nobody's perfect
Made mistakes and learned from 'em
(Made mistakes and learned from 'em)
Demons talk to me in my dreams, voices in my head, I can't think (Nah)
They say I couldn't do it, proved them wrong (Prove 'em)
Struggled uptown in the Bronx (in the Bronx)
But Brooklyn in my heart, that's word to moms (Word to)
On the beat, I'm fronting, I drop bombs (Bomb)
I'm so high, I'm above the clouds ('bove the clouds)
I'm so high, I smoked a spliff with God (Smoked a spliff)
24/7 on my job
24/7 on the grind (On the grind)
Boy, you know the mindset is right
Slummy Slummy Gang until I die ('til I die)
They can never ever kill my vibe
You can never ever match my drive
My legacy forever will not die (Will not die)
May God bless the hustle, that's word to MIKE (Word to)
The next generation just might (Just might)
The next generation will fight (Will fight)
Gotta fight to live, got a lot to give (Got a)

I see chandeliers, but I don't need them
We don't have to joke about the seasons
Show me how to how the reason
I'll show you my smile
I see chandeliers, but I don't lead them
Oh, I see chandeliers
I see chandeliers, but I don't lead them
No

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, uh, yeah
Mom scared by the life I'm living
Time slip when I write these writtens
Nightmare and despite, I did it
How come in the night, I glisten?
Moonlight, when it strike, I'm missing
New times getting bright in my prison
Left school, I don't like that prison
Two nights with the scythe, I'm hitting
Sips 'til my eyes start dipping
Red and blue lights, start dipping
I don't do pigs, bro
Do the most for my kinfolk
Hope God gon' bless my hustle
Regardless of sins though (Facts)
My mind moving too fast
The wind moving too slow, ay
The stars might've flew past
Sky getting too low
Sky getting too low
Sky getting too low

Did it again, hitting the pen
Missing my friends, ditching the end
Spitting this pen, ay, alright
I hear trumpets blaring, I can't see them
I hear trumpets blaring, I don't see them
Who's the girl that give me that reason
To see, see the beauty inside of us
Did it again, hitting the pen
Missing my friends, ditching the end
Spitting this pen
I see chandeliers, but I don't need them
I see disco balls, they're playing that fever
Just sing it to me again
Sing it to me, sing it to me, sing it to me
Sing it to me again
Letting you know that MIKE has no bars
MIKE has no bars, MIKE