

Years/Alone

MIKE

Ay, ay, ay, ay
Ay, ay, ay, ay

I know your soul in the dirt, I know your head in the clouds
I know I'm rolling it first, shoutouts for holding me down
Holy, I'm holding the crown, it's funny you know of me now
Hopefully you understand, it ain't shade, I just needed a band
Shoutout Jodi, that's my man, y'all niggas just needed a plan
Shoutout Nicky, that's my dab, you should try running my life
You should try breathing this gas, it's hard trying to get to the future

I found that I needed my path, why do you stare 'cause I'm black?

Why do you care that I rap? (If he been knew for some years, fuck)

Why you not giving me daps? Y'all niggas is funny, I laugh
Press, he said Sunny the path, Boolie need money to bag
He need a crate off the slaps, I should sign up for some paths
Too many hills to re-climb

Yeah, ay, yeah, ay, yeah
Yeah, ay, yeah, ay, yeah

I swear my papa know his kid the best
Believe I kept my promise, I ain't touch a cigarette
Bottom in the cess, I ain't into stress
'Cause that shit gon' bring you down when they intersect
Thanking backs on what you winning next, I did enough
I copped a sweatsuit off of Riverton
Watch us in this bitch, sweet like it's licorice
Watch the liquor dig, deep when I'm sipping it
'Til my speech like gibberish
On the weekend, act a fool but the weeknights innocent
We was going even when the green light isn't lit
L train, if you try to meet my syndicate
Remember all them sweet nights in a grip
He go hard 'cause the weak lines isn't him
And I'ma spaz if the feline isn't here
Each time, rhythm blare, deep mind, vision clear
5 train, knees bound, switching gear
We cooking up until we burn the house down
Every course is like the fucking last round
I stand up, I don't fucking back down