

This my metamorphosis but I ain't on my back and shit  
Fading off the one foot like Dirk, your boy a Maverick  
The kid in terry cloth knit, Fendi print the patterning  
Prada crep, patent-leather, stepping like I'm gathering  
Many come and go but I don't fold up under pressure  
Nah, spirit but a cell phone connect my upper echelon  
Stationed in the crib when I get the call  
Is it really life if it ain't death involved?  
Headstrong, string dial, ticking like the metronome  
Grew up in a blessed home, my father was an introvert  
Learned I was empath and felt all of my sister hurt  
Lit the herb, I can't be the one to solely mediate  
I'm keeping faith intact but I admit that I ain't seeing straight  
Skewed like the truth when you teeter on a razor-edge  
Baby legs, couldn't stand a chance against the days I met  
Hurting for a purpose, I was searching for a sign or some'  
Then I grew content with what I feel and who I will become  
I guess it's in cards, the damage my memories done  
Headie One, plenty nights grappling this gripe  
Issa knife like 21  
25, got a lot I'd like to set aside  
Reminiscent of them better times  
Brother, where you at?  
I know you clever, just send me a sign  
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The globe is full of souls  
The All-knowing sees it all  
My forever home is up above and not within a host  
I'm learning from the fall, I get up and I go  
The totem heaven-tall  
This life is short so live it slow  
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