

Alright, uh

I been fuckin with that bein' out of reach
Word to Dolph, you ain't gon catch me with a leech
I been dragging every demon by a leash
Eye for an eye, nigga, or the story incomplete
See I remember it got gory in the sheets
Quarrels every morning, kept inside that door, ain't make a peep
Dormant when they spoke to me, porridge was the only flooring
I was pouring when I weeped, or wept
Wallowing in sorrow, I was seeing loops of my regrets
"It's gon' switch tomorrow"
I would tell myself, but ain't expect shit
And rope necklace would fit me better than the bezels, full discretion
Young black man just tryn' look for direction
Would fight a million niggas 'fore I fight for acceptance
Never feeling relief for a second just feel like home

And it's bars on my windows
Been a minute since I felt the wind blow
Okay, I been trapped up in this limbo
Lookin' for a semblance of the end, bro
Please take these bars off my windows
Get these fucking bars off my windows
Please take these bars off my windows, bruh

Look
See nonetheless it's strength in where I come from
And it may be some demons tryn' chase
But it ain't shit that I'ma run from
See swimming straight willpower
What you learn when it's sink or tower every man tryn' scour they plate
And every hour I'm late is another pow to the face
So I'm grounded with a watch and I'm watching my fate unfold
And I'm making good timing
Something like a two flat, tell my youngin' keep climbing
I seen two plaques when I sat and closed eyelids
Then I hit Ty and told him we gon' be shining
He believe it, he like me, he cut like a diamond
Plenty changed and I ain't got no time for rewinding
And I keep beating on the drum until I hear it crying
It ain't a scrap they taking from me 'cause they see me trying
I told my brothers sit up straight 'cause they gon' sink reclining

Listen
See I can't fuck with niggas tryn' play the middle these days
I ain't feeling brittle these days
I been thinkin' 'bout the plan
Ain't been thinkin' 'bout a vigil these days
Really getting chiseled these days, listen
See I can't fuck with niggas tryn' play the middle these days
I ain't feeling brittle these days
I been thinkin' 'bout the plan
Ain't been thinkin' 'bout a vigil these days
Really getting chiseled these days, nigga
Uh, uh, uh

Soon as I get home