

It's the end of a day
And I made it this far
But what will tomorrow, bring for me-eeeeee?

Further than they ever thought
I made it this far learnin what they never taught
Fingers is permanently curved, they forever crossed
The cloud said I'm not alone if I ever walk
But it's easy to fall victim, harder to brush it off
When any dream you dreamed will probably run along
Time flies when you starin at the stars
But time dies when you clear away your heart
And f**k seein facades, none of that is payin
Neither is complainin, just thank God you made it
But what if you didn't make it? What if this whole time
Everything that you made, was a product of closed eyes
And by the time you wake, the time that you had prayed
Will still be on your side, took the time to fly away
And before you even get to reflect
The minute hands is walkin and you missin your steps
Huh, it's ironic ain't it? You could try to wait it
But there ain't enough colors for you to try to paint it
So tryin to explain it to anyone'll get 'em lost
And points don't exist if they don't ever get across
Mama said it's up to me to keep the lights on
I said "cool, long as God keep the mics on"
I could speak the right song or sing the right poem
And I could find a way to light home

I maintain, I maintain, I maintain
I just maintain

I maintain, I maintain
As long as I could open my eyes, I maintain

The sacrificial lamb, the carrier of loads
Who showed no pain 'til he was carryin 'em home
Who showed no gain but if you added up his growth
It would show, that it was off balance from the go
And from the go, chance wasn't nothin that he knew
Nothin that he was given or nothin he could have blew
And the road was too dark that he wanted to lead
But he said he saw better when his son was asleep
So he starts footsteppin and he saw another set
On the right and then he saw another on the left
And every night, he's judgin off a coin toss
Clearin the way so that nothin throw the coin off
When a decision is decided, he's either tryin to hide it
Or lookin for somebody that he could ride with
Slow breathin, goin for evens tryin to break the odds
So close to a murder he could taste the charge
But, people's lives depended on what he scribes
So now his pen move differently and in time
The pad may fill but the pen'll never drive
So as long as there's a wall, he could penmanship his mind
It sort of like coppin
You only get half of what you wanted when you asked but you can't seem

To stop it
I told 'em it's just the problems we face
Sittin on a stoop, starin up at God everyday
But I felt like I was talkin to someone who couldn't hear me
Until I looked up and I saw that the one near me
Who was lookin for advice was in common
I just wasn't lookin at 'em right and his problems
Was similar, too similar, way too familiar
Lookin into his eyes, was lookin into a mirror
Tryin not to break it, along with who I be
Saw that the whole time I was arguin with me

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