

Mile High

The Movement

It's the first day of summer in the mile high
Sun shinin' memories they files by
I got my whiskey on my mind
Weed pile high
I leave the past behind
And then I smile wide

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I was thinkin bout blinkin for a second I reckon
I was a mess and I was checkin out of my head
Learned my lesson
Went to prison on a mission to stop my people from listenin
To end my job or my life
I wonder which one was missin
I got kicked out of my old house
Spit out of the cold house
Found out that I will kill
Any intruder with a bold mouth
And not I'm sittin' chillin' with a silent mind
Lookin towards the future
Put my troubles behind

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I was drinking everyday
That probably made me be crazy
Maybe it gave me all my game
But nobody could save me
And still I had to do my job
Play a show on the daily
Maybe they hate me cause I left
But I'm back now
Yeah baby

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