

# 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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