

# The Major Leagues (Instrumental)

## Atmosphere

[Slug]

He started running down the middle of the street  
Bare feet, looking like he needs a little to eat  
Broad daylight, the school kids are laughing at him  
It doesn't matter, he's battling a traffic jam  
A Pacman tryna come up a quarter  
Joystick, put your score in the corner  
Running from the ghosts till you get that pill  
Gotta hit the wall when you wanna stand still  
He's used to sell crack, years back  
I remember it was him and his weird fat cousin  
The last ones that you would've guessed at it  
Soundtrack was "Black Planet" and "Sex Packets"  
A long time ago in a hood  
that is still relatively close as the crow flies  
No time to grieve or bleed  
Tryna find a way to fulfill those needs[Chorus: 2X]  
Such temptation, what's the basis?  
Cutthroat rages, tuck the razor  
Stuck in a phase of must get paid here  
Blood rush, raised up to the majors[Slug]  
I was living at my dad's crib  
still a kid, when my best friend began to drift  
So I guess I was a lame  
cause I wasn't with the game, motherfuck cocaine  
Yeah I know you didn't want to be broke  
It's a common excuse for those that sold dope  
If your momma had knew, I know she'd throw blows  
Y'all moved here from Chicago to grow  
You got a tool up inside of your coat  
And you got no clue why you decided to smoke  
I never even said goodbye to the bloke  
I would see him around but never try to provoke  
But here we are two decades later  
I'm curious to see what the kingpin's days made of  
You never got to be Scarface  
Caught between a rock and a hard place  
Maybe he got something to say to me  
I have to patiently wait and see

Hoping that heaven has a vacancy for dope fiends  
Cause I know he never made it to the major leagues[Chorus: 2X]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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