Closed Chapter (feat. Mr. Porter)

Black Milk

Came from the gritty no lavish life
Came form a city with no flashing lights
And where your casket might drops outta sight
And where niggas keep them guns singing out Gladys KnightWithout the sacrifice I wouldn't be here though
Book shows, tours going throughout the year so
Lemme introduce you to the new improved
So ahead of the class might as well skip schoolBe a minstrel
Got em amazed on instramental
Instant classic for you pass my intro
Tell her get in so we can get ghost
She can tell I got finesse from the way the pen strokes ya
My life, story that I been through
Chapter after chapter, pages you can flip throughMusic by the wayside
It's the game I'm hip to
2005, when he hit 22
First album's alive and ever since then
I been one step ahead of the game like snares
My influence hopefully inspires some peeps
Who are the next up
Getting everything I dreamed forYeah, yeah, still on a million-dollar grind
Hustle til the sun don't shine
Still hustling when the sunrise
On a rise, yeah he doing fine
On a high, I can't even lie
Yeah, he trying to kill him every time
Gotta get it every timeTo grow into a better life
I'm standing here fist up ready to fight
Experience is the blueprint to life
Look at me, I'm doing fineSo I got my new back dropper
Feeling like you not guy
Cash in my pocket so my pants look lopside
See the car drive by fast seeing
Not caring where the cops are
Why these diamonds glaring like a cop car
Fuck being a pop star
I'm trying to be a rocker
Listen to this kid flow
Damn this nigga got bars
Almost where I wanna be

But I know I'm not far
On this elevator trying to make it to the top floorNigga now you showing out
What you call swag
Then what you call me
Cause I'm so better than that shit
I laugh, it's funny how I mastered
What he call simple, these other call advanced
Shout out to JKwan, Knotz, and my mans Madlib
Alchemist, 9th, Crisis and Khalil
Nigga Pete Rock and my Miss Careme Whigs
Money sees bitch
Money schemes big
Wish my nigga Proof was living to see this
Wish that nigga Dilla could hear this new shitShout out all my dream
Shout out all my goals
Wish for a lot of things
Careful what I ask for
Only God knows where this rollercoaster ride goes
But reaching those dreams the only thing I knowYeah, yeah, still on a million-dollar grind
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