

# 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 Knight  
Without 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 school  
Be 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 through  
Music 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 for  
Yeah, 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 time  
To 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 fine  
So I got my new back dropper  
Feeling like you not guy  
Cash in my pocket so my pants look lopsided  
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 floor  
Nigga 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 shit  
Shout 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 know  
Yeah, yeah, still on a million-dollar grind  
Hustle til the sun don't shine  
Still hustling when the sunrise  
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Yeah, he trying to kill him every time  
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