

# The Aviator

## Stars Of Track And Field

I walk a mile in my own shoes  
Crown the king, in the name of the father  
Let the sermon begin, hail observant again  
Watchin my mind spin  
Watchin how time can turn enemies into friends  
And friends to enemies, why did he envy me?  
Is it because i M.C. breakin in social scenes?  
How do you mean?  
Of course i miss em  
But i had to diss em all, cuz self-hating's not my mission

Nope

### CHORUS

I'm just a man  
Doin the best he can  
Doin the best he can  
I'm just a man  
I might fall short  
But i look a unseen hand  
Look a unseen hand  
Look a unseen hand  
I'm just a man  
Doin the best he can  
Doin the best he can  
I'm just a man  
I might fall short  
But i look a unseen hand  
Yea, sometimes i ask myself  
I ask late at night:  
Who am i using?  
Who is abusing?

Who is he choosing?

Who am i sleeping on that im confusing?

Who is my muse?

She probably plays the guitar  
Probably forth dimension, or probably liven large  
So many scars, young black boy in my room  
Made my style animated call my style cartoon  
That cha bump

When your drivin up the coast line  
Your closed mine exposed by the sunshine  
Designed, by the most hot

CHORUS

I'm just a man  
Doin the best he can  
Doin the best he can  
I'm just a man  
I might fall short  
But i look a unseen hand  
Look a unseen hand  
Look a unseen hand  
I'm just a man  
Doin the best he can  
Doin the best he can  
I'm just a man  
I might fall short  
But i look a unseen hand  
Do the hustle  
Rain down on me  
Rain down on me

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