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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