

Make My (ft. Big K.R.I.T. & Dice Raw)

The Roots

I did it all for the money, Lord
That's what it seems..
Well, in the world of night terrors it's
Hard to dream, they hollerin' cash rules everything
Just call it cream, cause when it rises to the top
You get the finer things
Oceanfronts, rolling blunts with model chicks
And saying grace over lobster and steak
Like please forgive us for riding Benzes with camera plates
Too busy looking backwards for jackers to pump my brakes
For help signs to symbolize the lives that hunger takes
Addicted to the green, if I don't ball I'll get the shakes
I'd give it all for peace of mind, for Heaven's sake
My heart's so heavy that the ropes that hold my casket breaks
Cause everything that wasn't for me I had to chase
They told me that the ends
Won't justify the means
They told me at the end
Don't justify the dreams
That I've had since a child
Maybe I'll throw in the towel
Make my (make my)
Make my (make my)
Departure from the world Tryin' to control the fits of panic
Unwritten and unraveled, it's the dead man's pedantic
Whatever, see it's really just a matter of semantics
When everybody's fresh out of collateral to damage
My splaying got me praying like a mantis
I begin to vanish
Feel the pull of the blank canvas
I'm contemplating that special dedication
To whoever it concern, my letter of resignation
Fading back to black, my dark coronation
The heat of the day, the long robe of muerte
That soul is in the atmosphere like airplay
If there's a Heaven I can't find a stairway
They told me that the ends
Won't justify the means
They told me at the end

Don't justify the dreams
That I've had since a child
Maybe I'll throw in the towel
Make my (make my)
Make my (make my)
Departure from the world

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

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