

# Make My (feat. Big K.R.I.T. and 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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