

Never Die (feat. Yasiin Bey)

Golden Rules

I got to feel the sunshine
I got to feel the thoughts of your mind on mine
Then I'll never die
Beneath the darkened sky Excuse my babble, I talk until I got lengthy
Certain topics get the best of my interest don't mean I'm friendly
Running like a leaky faucet
See we toss it to the side throw it in the closet
Very rare for me to lose my cool
We in a school full of stools
Sitting at a table dissecting these facts like they ain't true
Who told you you can get away with telling these lies?
Before you swallow oxygen look me in the eyes
Reflection in the mirror we don't recognize it
Paint a canvas in my image, put a frame around it
Don't even hang it 'cause I'm looking like, this supposed to be me?
Analyzing every logistic how can I fix it?
Changing everything but what I need help with, see now I'm trippin'
Now I'm fishing for a crack in the ceiling so I can ditch it
Rules golden like the mouth that I speak with to bite the tension
Count on me to let you down cause that's realistic. Rules I got to feel the sunshine
I got to feel the thoughts of your mind on mine
Then I'll never die
Beneath the darkened sky I started reading notes I wrote a couple months ago
Still the same dude, same angle, what you rushing for?
'cause every second in the hour count a lot
Pencil for my test and had a lesson you forgot
Nobody owe you nothing, we tardy, show up with dozen
Should be on my shoulder weight, and like bussing tables or something
The fact you listen mean I'm doing well
Did I mention you could change the channel by yourself?
This a station, no commercial, gotta ping your spine to hurt you
Better late than never, follow me, gon' miss your curfew
Plain open like a busy Monday
Days closin' like your favorite bakery and it ain't making money
I'm kind of funny if you like to laugh
And people vent when they see me, I soak it up like bath
Never one to judge another when I have to use a mirror
? That you looking, they appear to be linear I got to feel the sunshine
I got to feel the thoughts of your mind on mine

Then I'll never die
Beneath the darkened sky
They say the chief of the tribe took a handsome bribe
Now his face is everywhere but he's hard to find
Super prime, on the grind, in the modern times
Gains from the game in exchange for a sober mind
And young'un you can hug the block, but it won't hug back
Until it do, and it squeeze and your spine go snap
Like feet chasing paper then his lungs just collapse
Ain't no freedom at the trap, it's as simple as that
Pay a hater no mind, because that don't matter
Why whip slaves when you can just kill master?
Slaves getting brave to guard masters' interests
They too shall feel it once we snap the clip in
So no threats only oaths, get well or catch hell
Shop open get dosed, medina hours baby, we never close
And how ever the banks go this balance don't broke
Salaam folks I got to feel the sunshine
I got to feel the thoughts of your mind on mine
Then I'll never die
Beneath the darkened sky

Songwriters

DANTE T. SMITH, ERIC LAMAR BIDDINES, JOHN C. ROODE, PAUL MICHAEL WILLIAMS

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