

Mike G

"OKMG"

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I don't want it to end yet, but I didn't begin yet
I said you're just a fan, you're just not really a friend
yet
Something that I've been said, practice makes perfect
But I'll probably die tomorrow, tell me is it really worth it
I can read the latest books, learn everything I need to
But it seems they'll still look at me like a crook
I'm like, yeah I'm pretty nice, yeah I'm pretty much an
asshole
And they don't understand so it sounds hypocritical but
fuck you
And I'm still the one the young niggas look up to
Imagine what I'd do if I was passionate dudes
Who only look around because they're searching for
the truth
And I'm still searching for a coupe, but only lurking in
this booth
And still more hazardous than you, still a casket fits my
suit
I wonder when my last breath is, life sucks but fuck
I'm really tired of imagining how death is
And Earth is lame, waiting for the moment that I'm
blasting off
I only go hard, I found out that you fags is soft
Your sight is too limited to see my vision
And you never listen so don't tell me OK just to pass me
off

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