

Mike G

"Timeless"

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[Feat. Wolf Haley a.k.a. Tyler, The Creator]

[Verse 1: Mike G]

I could spend my whole life tryna get cash
And work hard then I pass like Steve Nash
Breath fast, I ain't tryna hyperventilate
Forgive me Lord, it feels like I commit a sin a day
Then I wait for them days to turn good again
And get the cake, then I'll tell them that's the winners
pay
To win today would just seem like a lavish dream
Know what they mean, everything ain't what it seems
The angels sing and I feel like that's my roll call
And I came with Left Brain, that's my road dawg
Switch lanes? Nah homie I'm a road hog
Brain to the pave look my mind on the road dawg
Said I'm just tryna do this quick like make haste
Don't take more than I can get to prevent waste
My music is like confetti rain when you win a race
And you'll probably lose your mind tryna save face
Scarface, say I got that Montana flow
They know I'm tryna get that Montana dough
Where we go, tell the truth I could never know
I'm just tryna push a Porsche, that's white like Montana
snow
And honestly, just for wings I would give it up
So if it's true '12 couldn't come fast enough
And when it comes I just hope I'm on my way above
The say they're heartless, but I feel them when they
show me love

[Verse 2: Tyler]

I'm sitting on this couch, wrist bloody
The therapist nicknamed me "Kid Cutty", I killed my
fifth buddy
The fourth one, I like to kick around
Ride him all around, when he hits the ground
The third one is mixed, white and black
Minor, flat, major, act like a pitch with a flanger
The second one's a stranger, but I knew her all my life
Since I was born, the other half said fuck it like I was

porn

And the last one, he's in the mirror
With a gun, wish I could see him clearer
But I can't cause my eyes are red, now he's dead

[Verse 3: Mike G]

Aye, hold your head homie, look
I'm a live long through these songs
As long as they're on, I'm on when I'm gone
That's why I rhyme like a poet from a prior century
And I don't wanna be a human, treat me like an entity
I know they fiend for my 8's like I'm a fucking Laker
Tryna find a Secret Garden just like Tyler the Creator
Damn, I'm just waiting for my life to begin
And I can't breath when I'm high cause the airs too thin
I'll let out a couple sighs, tell them exhale
They know they shouldn't touch me like the third rail
Shit, I'm living in Hell, the devil should be scared of me
Nigga ask about me, I am Mike G

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