

T. Mills

"Heir To The Throne"

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Lets get in the perspective of with no objectives love
Heckler spectacles riddle the festivals left of us
Collectible surgical medical kit synthetical drug
Intellectual thug is digestin all these vegetable grub
Respectable buzz reputable so there's skeptical fuss,
My best of you doesn't mean you'll find where the rest
of you was,
The rest of you was about as late as the rest of you
was,
Hostility in my hostel and then he gets the new scrubs,
Nigga gyro hero out a hero, an edible sub,
By myself in your sectional club with professional
gloves,
My set of binocular goggles scope incredible slugs...
Congressional fuss aching me to depression too much
And it's taking me to a level few could express through
a dutch,
I walk in a cloudy state of mind with my head in the
heavens
And said to this reverend I wish I was beheaded at
seven...
Instead it's like I jetted from hell, went dead in this
dead end,
A sinister sinner sentenced to get this bread with this
leaded eleven,
1997 I was joyful, happy and bright, 2007 I'm unlawful,
happy despite
Dysfunctional family gatherings for the scraps who
would fight,
Knew I was gifted with the words how I rap what I write,
Drive with a focus on the road, passin the sights,
Sat on the stoop and missed them gun blast massacre
nights,
Ask if it's right point em then out em fast as a light,
Parachute arial assault niggas casket a kite,
Now that I got your undivided one sided attention
I'm different from niggas you payed attention
Now pay attention,
Need I say or mention if I persuaded conditions
Of playin wishes you say is business
I needed a greater pension,

Your late intentions what made all my late extension
What gave to my plate position and state, my fate and
mission it's real

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