

You

The Evidence

You...

Yeah, microphone check 1, 2, yo
Who's the one that's been running the race? Me!
Who's the one that's been running in place? You
And who's the one you tried to find, so tough
But the whole time, was sitting right in front of your face.

I'm on another level, I mean another label
Players don't die, we try our luck at other tables
And when I lose, I learn, I'm still winning major
I jump forward and back, into the missing stages
A perfect day to make a perfect entrance
A perfect sentence? I can't perfect,
But I just keep pushing pencils, no fake trace stencils
And do it all by hand so they have respect.
I know the feeling when you're dealing with accomplishments
Wishing they would diss you, instead they give you compliments
That's what made you who you are, not what you became
Part of being a star is getting burned in flames
Kind of I'll, the mind's a trip
20/20 when we broke, but blind when rich
I just see it as a sign, but kept rhyming instead
And keep lighting up these pads like Simon Says

What! Who's the one that's been running the race? Me
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One's a lonely number, two's the first loser
So how the fuck can you win? Become a drug abuser
Slapping these beats, I'm no snoozer
6 million ways to die: go ahead and choose one
We from the same block, but all we getting is the same guap
I think one of us needs to shine
Only room for one, one of us needs to go
Sink a boat and only one'll survive
Caution at the wheel, Westside when I drive slow
First sign of tidal waves, when you see the tide low
Wanted for murder and theft, they said I'm liable
I shot the sheriff but didn't steal his rifle
I can't define what's real and what's imagination
Since I signed that deal before my graduation
I went from running track and feel the tracks
With feel the Grammy's with Ye before Late Registration

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Fast-forward, no kids, one card, no Rollie
One crib, trips to Chile with Kush in the Philly
Every turn starts with one step: that's on me
One foot in front of the other like "come on feet! "
One life, one love, bat a G for one glove

For Mike, rest in peace, shot a bullet from one slug
I keep it pushing as one does, you only get one shot
One glance, one chance at one buzz
One never knows of hopes and dreams
The farther we fly, the closer it seems
Back to the one square, all I need in this life is one snare
One mic direct, fly tonight, one Airs
One of a kind, still one to my grind
One time for your motherfuckin' mind
When I flow, let the rain soon comes
See you might win some, but you just lost, lost...

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