

Make My

The Roots

I did it all for the money Lord
It's what it seems
But in the world of night terrors-it's
Hard to dream
They hollering cash rules everything
Let's call it cream
Cause when it rises to the top you get...
The finer things
Ocean fronts, rolling blunts
With model chick and saying grace over lobster and steak
Like please forgive us for riding Benzes with camera plates
Too busy looking backwards for jackers to pump my brakes
For help sign to symbolize the live that hunger takes
Addicted to the green if I don't ball I get the shakes
I'd give it all for a peace of mind for heaven sakes
My heart so heavy that the ropes that hold my casket break
Cause everything that wasn't for me I had to chase
I had to take
[Chorus:]
They told me that the ends would justify the means
They told me at the end, it would justify the dreams
That I've had since a child, maybe I'll throw in the towel
And make my, make my, make my, make my
Departure from the world
Tryna control the fits of panic
Unwritten and unraveled
It's the dead man's pedantic
Whatever...
See it's really just a matter of semantics
When everybody's fresh out of collateral to damage and...
My splayin got me prayin like a mantis
I begin to vanish feel the pull of the blank canvas
I'm contemplating that special dedication
To whoever it concern... My letter of resignation
Fading back to black... my dark coronation
The heat of the day... the long robe of Muerte
That soul is in the atmosphere like airplay
If there's a heaven I can't find the stairway
[Chorus]
Oohs