

Rage

Vic Mensa

Command, we've lost control
The engine's bound to crash
The lightning strikes went bright
Do not go gently...
It's just my luck
You shot my bluff down from a thousand miles
I'm falling fast
I'm falling fast

I want you to rage into the night
I want you to blaze into the light
Before your final flight
But boy, you're fine, you're fine
I want you to rage into the night
I want you to know, know you're right
Before your final flight
Racing, racing, red eyes are burning rogue

I always wondered whether leaving meant something deeper than freedom
To be able to see everything I see when I'm sleeping
Niggas waking up with no job, no mob lynching, we still hangin'
White man telling niggas to ball like Phil Jackson
Pray to Jordan, the play was enough to put up the bail
And a train don't stop and we ain't have to ride the rails
Gas in the tank, hardly enough to make it home
They say home is where the hate is, I'm from where they kill their own
Probably film it on their phone, a generation addicted
To take knowledge and problems we face and so conflicted
To take the burning road and just roll with the punches
Niggas thought I was gone, I Derrick Rose from the trenches
Same fences we jumped as a shorty still in the way
Sometimes I wish I could fly far, far away
Where my sins fall down like pouring rain
I'm on slip my knot, hope I don't fall again
Standing on my feet, feel so small to look into space
It's heavy just to stare up there and wonder what waits
So much we still don't understand, still right in front of our face
I light a match for the jets

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Riding a burning road
Running low, not a soul who could know
It's every man who swept the burning ashes from the road

I put the halloween pistol out the trunk
Inside my mouth, if it was real, but I would dunk
That's fucking dumb

How many thousand of kids would like to have mine?
Without a clue of the times I gave my life to have time
I'm tired of waiting
Tired of chasing pills that I'm tired of taking
Tired of court cases, tired of judges
Tired of saying "Fuck it"
Tired of balling around the President, deciding this shit's a gift
Two shots to life, only got one to live
You could lose it any night
Or down it in a fit
Or win a championship game
As a man, I feel pain
As a king, I feel reign
Ask me how I deal with fame
As I write you from my basement
The cards ain't changed yet
Niggas on 47, still dealing the same shit
Rocks, blow
Ducking cops and clothes
Came into the world naked
Now I'm in all this BAPE shit
Tryna buy a Rolex, can't even face time
I feel like it's all wasted
The underground getting wasted
I spent 1500 on these bottles and this table
I shake it before I pop, I promise I'm not stable
But that boy do got horse power
Ignore hours
These days I lose tracks of days
Been years since I felt this way
Count on me to rage

Before the final flight
Before the final flight
I want you to rage
I want you to know, know you're right