

Wings

Vic Mensa

(Wings, wings, wings)
P, this shit beautiful
(Spread my wings, wings, wings, spread my wings)
Just let me think about my life
(And fly, fly, fly, fly)
Where I wanna go, and where I been
(Fly, fly, fly)
Turn the headphones up

Take me away from all the drama man, I miss the old days
With all of these backstabbers I feel like The O'Jays
I wanna open up my parachute but it's cold playing this role when you never
been the type to role play
There's something about this game and it fucks with you mentally
Like football players leaving the league with traumatic brain injuries
And eventually, you'll never be the same as you were
Then you look back at your life and everything is a blur
Like did I really turn 23 and see a mill before 24?
Did I really blow it all like a hand grenade in the middle of a civil war?
Am I still down with the same niggas that I came in with? Do they value my f
riendship?
Or do they just love the attention?
Not to mention my girlfriends, what went wrong?
Did they do me too right?
Am I the same as the snakes? Is the past coming back to bite?
Did I waste too many days? Did I fight too many nights?
Will they love me when I die? Will I ever learn to fly?

Spread my wings (wings, wings)
Use my wings (wings, wings)
Spread my wings (wings, wings)
And fly (fly, fly, fly)
Fly
Fly
Fly
Use my wings

Introduction to Victor, not Vic Mensa
The one you never meet in a XXL issue
I got so many issues, I should be my own publisher
The beat is my therapist, Skateboard, paint the picture
A portrait of the artist formally known as Vic
I read the signs I was close to overdose like Prince
Picking pill pieces up out of the bathroom sink
Like an armored truck ride in the rink
I'd probably be a vegetable if not for medical attention
My self destructive habits have me itching like Tyrone Biggums
In the cyclone of my own addiction
The voices in my head keep talking, I don't wanna listen
"You'll never be good enough nigga you never was
Nobody fucking needs you, you should just jump off the bridge
You hurt everyone around you, you impossible to love
I don't want you to live, I wish you were fucking dead
I wish you were never born, we would all be better for it
I don't love you I don't like you, like a fucking metaphor
Fuck everyone song you ever done, you lie to everyone
And ask them to tell the truth when that's something you never done

You a fucking embarrassment, how dare you win
Nigga, you let the devil in
You're still a drug addict, you're nothing without your medicine
Go and run to your sedatives, you can't run forever Vic"
Climb the tallest building and spread your wings

Spread my wings (wings, wings)
Use my wings (wings, wings)
Spread my wings (wings, wings)
And fly (fly, fly, fly)
Fly
Fly
Fly
Here's my

Jumping, jumping, jumping, jumping
Falling, falling, falling to the sky
(The answer to the questions that wings are)
Jumping, jumping, jumping, jumping
Falling, falling, falling to the sky
(The metaphor for birds is eternal)
Jumping, jumping, jumping, jumping
Falling, falling, falling to the sky
(Spread my wings, and fly)
Jumping, jumping, jumping, jumping
Falling, falling, falling to the sky
Jumping, jumping, jumping, jumping
Falling, falling, falling to the sky
Jumping, jumping, jumping, jumping
Falling, falling, falling to the sky (spread your wings)
Jumping, jumping, jumping, jumping
Falling, falling, falling to the sky (spread your wings and fly)
Jumping, jumping, jumping, jumping
Falling, falling, falling to the sky
Good Evening