

Like a Marathon

Skyzoo

He said "all I know is mass start",
And when the gun go off he turns black heart,
'Cause when the running is on we all track stars,
You either running along or you're a past mark,
So either run with it forward or play the past part,
There's no rides for the weary or weak,
It's so quiet you can hear when you sleep,
But so live you can clear in a week,
With no ties, no heirs to the street,
No thrones, no homes, nothing owned,
Nothing promised outside so what you're hearing is cheap,
They say we all in this together,
But something gotta give or somebody gotta give 'til all of this get better,
And if this is forever, & the goal should change,
Then you can't get upset if we should go with our aim,
And you can't see regrets if you're controlling your lane,
You put your hand on your heart, & you solemnly swear to get it,
Driver seat, right side or rear, you're with it,
'Cause shit is wicked on these mean streets,
But where the green be is where we tryna stand so we need reach,
Dirty 'round here so we need cleats,
Lace up now

I see you running, something like a marathon,
Keep running, something like a marathon,
I see you running, something like a marathon,
Keep running, something like a marathon,
Keep running, something like a marathon,
Cause they can only catch you if you let 'em,
So get your marathon on when you stepping,
They can only catch you if you let 'em,
So get your marathon on when you stepping,
Get your marathon on when you stepping

Every step taken is a step gained,
Or a step lost depending on how your step change,
When you step on there's no returns or step aways,
Either step across or fall outta this step game,
Shit is transparent tryna find where the step's made,
If I can't bare it I'm a die where the steps raise,
And I can't hear it when they cry, I'm at a step's pace,
'Cause for the love of everything that we saw,
Everything that we want is everything that keeps us sprinting along,
And the soles on your kicks turn as thin as the walls,
So it's one knee down, both hands on the ground,
When the six shot blows, all hands in the crowd,
Turn parallel to you, but the hands in the crowd

Were really just a mirage, ain't a stander around,
Some look for God, some can't find a cloud,
So they take it to the store where handling is allowed,
The money starts growing as quick as the time change,
Start counting your steps, the line is five away,
Four left, so you ease up with it like "I'm straight",
You approach the third & they throw you a curve,
And everything that you predicted is gone with your words

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