

Last call for alcohol  
Never like when they hit the lights, but shit you had a ball  
More than you assumed would ensue  
But what you knew was if you was late to the room it still came to you after  
all  
Everything I did was with you in mind  
And there was always a mirror attached when I threw a line  
As long you're doing fine, then my shit is duly lined  
Depending on how you spell it, I took care of you and I  
Or this was all expected, properly tied I was defined  
When they was geeking son I was beefing with property lines  
I gave you more, came here to paint the store  
Added happy trees where bodies decorate the floor  
Rest In Peace to Kelly and the homi's that came before  
And shout to all the broads who bought a body to make it yours  
I was writing records that embodied what they endured  
As well as who be loading up a shotti to paint a wall  
Along with who was ignoring the part where they aim at y'all  
Like somebody got through to them, so what else could you do to them?  
I'm comfortable including them, when everyone was losing them  
I was out pursuing them, feeling like I'm crew with them  
So none of this is new to them, they been in the loop with me  
From every which a way but shit it came together beautifully  
Fit you all suitably, and it was worth the kitchen time  
Petals on the window sill, you're overdue to give me mine, for real

I gave my all, I gave you my all  
But was my all ever enough  
The pain outweighed the pleasure  
But is my purpose above my plight?  
Gave you life, dropped gems and pearls  
Took this all around the world  
Truly yours for as long as you need  
With all that you need, until I  
Came to realize  
You closed your eyes and still wanted me  
Your eyes wasn't soft enough  
To see what you needed to see

So last year I was writing my retirement speech  
Looking back at all the grounds that I'd aspired to reach  
I called Phonte and we kicked it for an hour or three  
Brotherly love, he put a little fire under me  
He said yo you're one of the few, shit is obvious B  
So how you talking bout retiring? You outta your bean  
I said bro you got a point, that's why I called  
He said don't let these mu'fuckas say when you're time is gone  
Look who you inspired dog, I started to take a peak  
And counted all these greats that they be praising that came from me  
Humble brag, I was too busy tryna save a culture to double back  
More hands than I'd ever known, but still I juggled that  
Shoulders like Kiyan dad, the 7 with me  
So whoever bet against me, tell em I spray back  
Single handed, other hand was playing 68 olympics  
Stretched out, from Tommie to John, gave it distance  
Justice to poetically speak on whatever mattered  
And gunning for the rest to believe it because it happened

You're free to be on your Kappa, that's whether Kaepernick  
Or Kappa's passing the stick or capping back with the blick  
The perils of understanding them all, my hand involved  
Bill Withers grandma hands how I hand it off  
In search of Nirvana I'm honored to tread it carefully  
Room full of reasons why, singing make it clear for me

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