I worked too hard for this I worked too hard to quit And they said I'm the best yet Just 'cause they heard Ed Sheeran And Nick's year came But I was still here, but the Wretch knew Uh-uh, the best newcomer Wretch true, other than three-two None of them seemed true And I just sing on that And the contracts are Santa Clauses Merry Christmas, but whenever Is this quite the prison But I got the gift, I am the present So when you unwrap my CDs You're unraveling history And you're traveling with me That's the hardest-working Artist person that's hardly earning I'm t wo CDs past deserving And like I ought to I'm gonna bring my family fortune So we're past conferring I spit sick, music's my descendent Like Jesus Christ, I'm independent Oh my soul, approached my goals And learned my role So don't approach my throne Or there'll be hell to pay 'Cause the heat's too cheap And expensive ways, intensive graves I'll lyrically end your page And that's literally meant in ways I'm most physically meant in great

Have you ever been tired
Or ever got fired, or just
Had the strength to keep on going
If you've ever retired just keep on going
Blood still flowing, keep on going
And you'll never retire
I know it's hard, dawg, but you don't quit
No, you keep on going
Have you ever been tired, got fired
But just had the strength to keep going
You never retired, just keep on going
If your blood's still flowing, keep on going
Never retired, I know it's hard, dawg
But you don't quit, no
You keep on going, no

How can they say that the sea's dead When I've had more weekdays
And two out of seven weekends
I grind, I'm great, my life's about paper
I sleep on sheets, I breathe from trees
And eat off lines, I was so in the game

I held back and left my team on the side The dream's alive, we can do this In our sleep, but just 'cause Music's where the heart is It don't mean it makes me pleased I don't believe in make-believe I'ma do whatever it takes I'ma make this me, me, I'm so unique So to speak, I make grime, so clean So you see, I'm everything I'm Supposed to be, supposedly They work harder, but my son's got the right To say that I am the worst father 'Cause I put all of my time in all of my rhymes Each day I feel like I'm falling behind But it's all in the mind, so daily I write, like, four different times My endurance is high My performance is light The one that can't be performed is my life I take it all in my stride So not one thing and I'll call it a night There's not one thing that'll Call this a night, sleep Sleep is the cousin of death And I don't have any relatives I promise you, I swear I do not believe in quitting Quitting is the biggest sin, now I'm gonna Put everything I've got into this for everyone Who's ever supported me, I refuse To leave or to give up, I swear I will die the best, and I will be singing

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