

# Fucked Up Outro (feat. Michael Anthony)

## Mick Jenkins

Look at this  
Look at this special different girl, oh  
(?) living  
But you're (?) now I am not flawless  
I am not perfect  
I sin in my soul  
I cut through the surface  
Repair, heal, and spread love  
Work to repair the vision  
Then you can see the fruits of living  
And you should (?)  
You'd never expect it from him right?  
Please don't confuse shade with the shadows from dim lights  
I've been bright  
I've been in space as it's dark as it's midnight  
My pen write on both  
My insight on both is skin tight  
In spite of the fact that I'm inside the hoax  
All my niggas got a horcrux or two or four  
We don't die, we multiply but you knew that already  
Shift the culture, we do that already  
If you don't give me credit for nothing but making kids in Chicago drink more water  
I proved that already  
I'm someone with influence who'll use that to better the youth  
And that don't make me better than you  
But as far as this rap shit goes  
If Drake ain't holding down Quentin Miller why the fuck would I ever give any credit to you  
We learning the business  
We keep us some sage  
We shit on these niggas then burn up some incense  
Drop off the album and turn up the interest  
Make 'em pay interest  
Since they was so disinterested before  
Like it wasn't this intricate  
Or we didn't use instruments before  
Check that insolence at the door  
Or, it can get a lot more intimate than you expected  
The underrated and often neglected  
Are often expected to deal with it  
I think y'all niggas got me fucked up  
But I cannot go for that, no  
I think y'all niggas got me fucked up

But I cannot go for that, no  
And as I was saying  
The underrated and often neglected  
Are often expected to deal with it  
Like we in here off a meal ticket or something  
The lack of respect is astounding  
And I refuse to accept it  
Niggas talking crazy  
And you not finna tell me that I'm crazy  
Cause I choose to correct it  
Rather than play unaffected  
Check my demeanor  
Still waters run deep as the love and the serve from Serena  
Balls in my court and we serving subpoenas  
Don't miss this jet ho  
Don't miss this view  
Straight truth, no tricks, no presto  
It's drink more water, don't trip off petrol  
Just sip the kool-aid  
The same wrist that makes this break the best though  
Break bread with me  
Better yet, bake bread with me  
We be so worried about how much we need the dough  
We tend to forget the little things we need to know  
Like how to knead the dough  
If done properly it won't spread so thin when your people show  
It happened to me, I peeped it though  
Before I hit my peak, young Pistol Pete  
I could thread the needle through three peep holes  
I'm four iPhones and two pencils deep at this point  
The cliffs don't seem so steep at this point  
And all I see is wolves and sheep at this point  
No living people  
I think y'all niggas got me fucked up  
But I cannot go for that, no  
I think y'all niggas got me fucked up  
But I cannot go for that, no  
You can wish  
You can wish  
You can wish in your well  
Oh, dreaming it clearly  
It's your world now

Water was just the introduction to the idea that there's this truth.  
Niggas been missin' it, right.

But I feel like people, don't know what that truth was.

I wasn't very specific about what that was.

So...in looking for how to be specific about what that is because there's so much that needs to  
be told to people, you understand what I'm saying.

Uh, love came to me as a, as, what should be a focus because that's the focus of Jesus' message  
on Earth.

You know what I'm saying and if that's what leads my life, which is my faith then it only makes

sense to start there

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>