

# Wrote My Way Out

Nas, Dave East, Lin-Manuel Miranda & Aloe Blacc

I wrote my way out  
When the world turned its back on me  
I was up against the wall  
I had no foundation  
No friends and no family to catch my fall  
Running on empty, with nothing left in me but doubt  
I picked up a pen  
And wrote my way out (I wrote my way out) I picked up the pen like Hamilton  
Street analyst, now I write words that try to channel 'em  
No political power, just lyrical power  
Sittin' on a crate on a corner, sippin' for hours  
Schemin' on a come up, from evening'to sun up  
My man awaitin' trial, misdemeanors we younger  
Courtroom prejudice, insufficient evidence  
Jailhouse lawyers, these images still relevant  
Flickerin' lights inside my project hall  
Sickenin', the mice crawl all night long  
And '87 Reaganism, many pages I've written on  
Writin' songs about rights and wrongs and bails bonds  
Master bedroom, bigger than the crib that I was raised at  
I'm the architect like I wrote the code to Waze app  
I'm driven, black Elohim from the streets of Queens  
The definition of what It Was Written means  
Know what I mean?  
I wrote my way out  
When the world turned its back on me  
I was up against the wall  
I had no foundation  
No friends and no family to catch my fall  
Running on empty, there was nothing left in me but doubt  
I picked up a pen  
And I wrote my way out (I wrote my way out) I really wrote my way up out of 6E  
Develop relationships with fiends, I know they miss me  
Before the metrocards, it was tokens, I did the ten speed  
Never had wrote a rhyme in my life, what was a sixteen?  
At sixteen, arrested in housin', trips to the mountains  
Came right back, trappin' off couches, watchin' for mice  
Only tools we was posed with, had a spot, smoke lit  
The hate is just confusion, pay attention how them jokes switch  
Diadora was my favorite, the Mark Buchanans  
Mama couldn't afford them, I learned everythin' on the border  
That's a big 8, Clicquot parties with private dancers with no mixtape

Bumble Bee Tuna, now we could get steak  
 I persevered, composition, I kept it close  
 Competition near, I'm a Spartan without the spear  
 Three hundred rhymes, it was written before I wrote it  
 Opportunity knockin', might miss it, that window closin'  
 This poetry in motion, I'm a poet  
 I wrote my way out  
 When the world turned its back on me  
 I was up against the wall  
 I had no foundation  
 No friends and no family to catch my fall  
 Running on empty, there was nothing left in me but doubt  
 I picked up a pen  
 And wrote my way out (I wrote my way out) High speed, dubbin' these rhymes in my dual  
 cassette deck  
 Runnin' out of time like I'm Jonathan Larson's rent check  
 My mind is where the wild things are, Maurice Sendak  
 In withdrawal, I want it all, please give me that pen back  
 Y'all, I caught my first beatin' from the other kids when I was caught readin'  
 "Oh, you think you smart? Blah! Start bleedin'"  
 My pops tried in vain to get me to fight back  
 Sister tapped my brains, said, pssh, you'll get 'em right back  
 Oversensitive, defenseless, I made sense of it, I pencil in  
 The lengths to which I'd go to learn my strengths and knock 'em senseless  
 These sentences are endless, so what if they leave me friendless?  
 Damn, you got no chill, fuckin' right I'm relentless  
 I know Abuela's never really gonna win the lottery  
 So it's up to me to draw blood with this pen, hit an artery  
 This Puerto Rican's brains are leakin' through the speakers  
 And if he can be the shinin' beacon this side of the G.W.B and  
 Shine a light when it's gray out I wrote my way out  
 Oh, I was born in the eye of a storm  
 No lovin' arms to keep me warm  
 This hurricane in my brain is the burden I bear  
 I can do without, I'm here (I'm here)  
 Cause I wrote my way out I picked up the pen like Hamilton  
 I wrote my way out of the projects  
 Wrote-wrote my way out of the projects  
 Picked up the pen like Hamilton  
 I wrote my way out of the  
 Wrote-wrote my way out of the projects  
 I wrote my way out  
 Picked up the pen like Hamilton  
 I wrote my way out of the (I wrote my way out)  
 Really, I saw like a hole in the rap game,  
 so if I wanted to put my little two cents in the game,  
 hen it would be from a different perspective  
 (I wrote my way out)

I thought that I would represent for my neighborhood and tell their story, be their voice, in a

way that nobody has done it  
Tell the real story  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>