

Give it to em Real

Dizzy Wright

Back on my booth let it flow
So I had to let them know let it go

We in some complicated times
With information and social media combined
Changed everything it took away the drive
Made it easier for kids to want to stay inside
It's like they being scary tryna to hide
Wait y'all niggas ain't coming out yet
I see the shit these niggas is coming out with
They slowing us down taking us a back a few years
Cleaning out rappers I'm about to vacuum in here
I got that Ray Charles natural ear
Eyes closed but I can feel when there's no passion in here
Showing us signs
It ain't no secret they shooting us from behind
I know your kind
The type to try to pull 2Pac down in his prime
We all human coming in different shapes and size
They tear you down when you tell people don't be blind
But I

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Knowledge is power that's your secret weapon
Don't let them knock you down in to no deep depression
Yo speak your mind that's called a speaking lesson
Everyday I wake up feeling like a sneaker head
That got a sneaker fetish
I don't know I'm just happy to be the freshest
They try to relate 'cause they know they ain't living it
But you don't got to live it to feel the message
That's how good it is
Aye yo she twisting up the wood again
Like baby this is where you could've been
We vibing vibing
Always got to check the I.D
'Cause these little bitches thirsty they drinking poison ivy
Hoe don't try me I'm off the hen
Look where do I begin
I been on a journey let me take you for a spin
Only fucking with her if she wants to see me win
But it's hard these days it all is

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Positive
Fuck the opposite
Nigga we built this way
Reveal yourself
Showing all this love might get me killed one day
Fuck it I did my thing
Brought my vision alive for sure
I got legends popping up at my show
I got
Fuck all that I ain't hear to brag
I want to inspire y'all
But they steady bringing me on down like Bone and Mariah dog
Throwing fireballs
Nigga hating throwing shots at me without a dialouge
The journey exciting y'all
Born in 1990 let me tell you a story about me
3 bros 1 sis single mom my house was rowdy
So you notice in house now they rising up to the occasion with niggas withou
t me
And the homies looked out
I ain't had no clout
But the ghetto surrounding me
Now the lot of opportunities shadow me
Thankful for the ones I got though
God knows and I know
Almost lost a eye like Sons of Anarchy Otto
Hospital lobbies is full of locker room convo
I knew then
My tough skin
It's for my tough times through but I came with revenge
This life don't blend
Until the end we living day by day
Positive fuck the opposite
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