

# False Reality

Dizzy Wright

You get what you get, nigga  
Ay freeze, give me that lighter bro  
Go ahead and light something up  
Vibe with me

Never letting this entertainment business drive me (drive me)  
Never will I let being famous make me cocky (making me cocky)  
So I watch out for these bitches  
Cause it'll take them thirty years for them  
To try to tarnish your name like Bill Cosby  
No paparazzi all in front of my steps  
Sometimes, we brothers, we just do that shit to ourselves  
We learn from it with a little help in a major way  
I'm just hoping we don't fuck around  
And make the same mistakes (okay)  
But look I'm back here in the same spot that I left in (that I left in)  
You don't know me, cool  
I'm making my very best first impression  
Been blessed to send yall a message  
For every time you get into the mood  
I'm here for the grown folks to youth  
Your family and boo and you  
I'm talking everybody  
You can accept it at your own pace  
But we can't keep screaming racism  
If we killing our own race  
Not only are we against them  
We against us  
We been fucked up  
Cause this rap life is a fucking false reality

If I could make a living keeping it real with y'all  
Keeping it real with y'all, keeping it real with y'all  
Then I could go to the grave knowing I did my job  
Did my job by not promoting a false reality  
Touching the world, got to make this music live forever man  
Live forever man, live forever man  
Never let someone make you feel you don't feel deserve everything  
These false realities ain't everything (I know I'm right)

She was dying on the outside  
Baby was growing on the inside  
Bringing a new life into this life  
How did it get this way?  
Dealing with these petty thugs  
That rather hit every club  
Instead of giving they baby mama belly rubs  
Childish things  
Lie about a lot of these things  
Like trying to get close to bad bitches  
Not knowing we putting down our queens  
We don't even notice all this drama we cause  
Look, if you don't know nothing about how to love, brother  
You don't know nothing at all  
Thinking like what if fifty years ago  
They had what we got?  
These cell phones or the Internet

Would have been divided by color  
You all can't even prepare us for this shit we dealing with now  
So the newer niggas gotta be able to help their younger brothers  
And love each other  
Cause the people still talking  
The soul of Doctor King is still marching  
We dealing with these everyday tragedies  
Kids wrapped up in the rap life  
That's false reality

(No I don't got to bring up race to know this country was build off it, I'm just saying)

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