

Say What's Real

Drake

Why do I feel so alone?
Like everybody passing through the studio
Is in character as if we acting out a movie role
Talking bullshit as if it was for you to know
And I don't have the heart to give these
Bitch ass niggas the cue to go
So they stick around kicking out feedback
And I entertain it as if I need that
I had a talk with my uncle and he agreed that
My privacy about the only thing I need back but
It's hard to think of them polite flows
Mr. Fano Poloto suits are your night clothes
And Jordan sweat suits are your flight clothes
And you still make it even when they say your flight closed
Eyes hurting from the camera phone light shows
Life was so full
Now this shit just being lipo'd
Always said I'd say it all on the right track
But in this game you only lose when you fight back
Black diamond bracelets
Showing you the basics
I can't live and hold the camera
Someone gotta tape this
I make hits unlike a bitch
That's married I ain't miss
24 hours from greatness
I'm that close
Don't ever forget the moment
You began to doubt
Transitioning from fitting in to standing out
Los Angeles Cabanas or Atlanta South
Watchin' whole show
Embarrassed to pull my camera out
And my mother embarrassed
To pull my Phantom out
So I park about 5 houses down
She say I shouldn't have it until I have the crown
But I don't wanna feel the need to wear disguises around
So she wonder where my mind is accounts in the minus
But yet I'm rolling round the fuckin' city like your highness
Got niggas reactin' without a sinus
'Cause what I'm working with is timeless
And promoters try to get me out to they club
They say I have fun but I can't imagine how
'Cause I just seen my ex-girl
Standing with my next girl
Standing with the girl that I'm fuckin' right now
And shit could get weird unless they all down
And so I stay clear

We from a small town
Everybody talks and everybody listen
But somehow the truth just always comes up missing
I've always been something that these labels can't buy
Especially if they tryin' to take a peice of my soul
And Sylvia be tellin' Tez "Damn Drake fly"
And he just be like "Silly mother fucker I know"

That was your bad
How could you pass up on 'em?
He just take them records
And he gas up on 'em
Wayne will prolly put a million cash up on 'em
Surprised no one ever put your ass up on 'em
Oh they did Po
At least they tried to
And that's what happens
When you spitting what's inside you
But slip up and shoot the wrong fucking video
And they think they can market you
However they decide to nahh
But Forty told me to do me
And don't listen to anybody that knew me
'Cause to have known me would
Mean that there's a new me
And if you think I changed in the slightest
Could of fooled me
Boy in my city I'm da 2-3
Drug dealers live vicariously through me
I quit school and it's not because I'm lazy
I'm just not the social type
And campus life is crazy understand
I could get money with my eyes closed
Lost some of my hottest verses down in Cabo
So if you find a Blackberry with the side scroll
Sell that mothafucka to any rapper that I know
'Cause they need it much more than I ever will
I got new shit
I'm gettin' better still
Little niggas put my name in they verses
'Cause they girlfriend put my ass on a pedestal
Future said 'cause this 'Ye shit you better kill
And I think this got this "Making of a Legend" feel
Problem with these other niggas they
Ain't never real
Yea that's all I can say