

## Be Realistic

MIKE

You don't have to believe me, dude  
Refuted it, when I executed it you seemed confused  
The proof is in the cream I brew in the VIP  
Mira, but you can't see my dudes, you looked  
Shit, but you can't see my view  
Ain't the one in the sky, it's me, the sun peeking through  
Sittin' between CC's, eyes is deeper blue  
With a green hue of what the green do  
Reefer make 'em see-through all the bullshit, free from bull  
Follow through with it, lucrative with the schemes I drew  
You looking sick, need y'all soup, need y'all fix  
Need y'all to dip out like, biatch, move  
Even when they leave don't wanna see y'all soon  
They leeches, they eat when you bleed, they grew  
They feed off your peace of mind, what you keepin' too  
Want every little piece of you  
But he can't do what we can do, he bit off a piece he can't chew  
These ideas was conceived as a seed I knew  
In my mom's belly I grew, then I brew  
Different breed, even with the missing teeth I'm smooth  
All the butter pecans wanna be my boo  
So tell me, mami, you wanna see my moves?  
Huh, just throw on a little Celia Cruz  
Go on, tell her my celly and scoop  
Too many to choose from  
Since peanut butter jelly's a youth  
Had too many flows, I had melodies too  
Just ain't blew yet 'cause I ain't sellin' my soul  
And this the solo but the duet ready to go, no  
No, y'all ain't already know, no (Not at all)  
Uh-uh, can't read about it  
When we the ones making the news  
Been in the stand for a minute  
A few more than a decade, improved  
All the scenes I broke through, all the grooves  
Somehow created some wrong and to make due  
But it take more, it take two, it take three, it take four  
It take crew to do what we came here to do

Be realistic, we gettin' older  
See the statistics, must be fuckin' over  
No, wasn't able to stop, pot bubbling  
Stayed with the squad, dropped off the label  
Got new publishing  
Couldn't keep me in, I'm like CP3 and them  
Don't know what you see in him  
Always there when you needed him  
From the deepest depth crept , the ones that kept it real  
Didn't dead him when he left XL, deaded his steel  
Even if they question the different directions that I peel  
But steal the affection that I feel  
Saw my reflection in 'em like a mirror  
They accepted, stay sealed like a letter  
Never severed ties, forever ride together  
Cement to the mecha  
All my efforts are tried when denied  
Like they comply, I didn't let 'em

A metal grip like Cuban link necklace  
A full flex it is  
The letterman I wear, it gotta be leather  
It better 'cause I don't like to do shit regular, I never will  
I will never settle for the middle tier  
There's a higher level, I'm levelin' up 'til I'm there  
I'm aware my vision's impaired  
So I got Cartier's and now I see clear  
Yeah, yeah, you got a foggy pair  
Yeah, y'all A.I, artificial intelligence  
Silicone valley straight sellin' shit  
Fake same as the silicone in their tits  
Everything I ever sold as real as it gets  
I'm A.I, Allen Iverson  
Crossed up off the natural wine in the valentine  
Light up a spliff while I say "Hi" to the kids  
We got Al and Mike in this bitch  
Bitch, just the light that I lit