

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