

Open Letter

Phora

I had to do this for my city once
This for my Anaheim niggas rolling blunts
And I can't forget Santa Ana
Cause it not about where I'm at
It was always about where I'm from
From a place where they quick to snatch your life
Put your feet in my shoes and you couldn't last a night
These rappers are rapping like claiming savage life
But me, I know the difference in real life and rappers life
Why team and a team is back and strong
They thought they was killing it, that ain't last for long
These rappers talk guns and these kids rap along
Stop lying, you ain't in the dope house, you at your moms
That's not the boy she raised, how dare you disrespect her
Swear I feed off these niggas like I was Mr. Lecter
Watch my words eat away at their ego's
Cause you can have all goons in the world
And they can't protect ya
You live a fraudulent life, you was never real
I'm dropping that fire just like I said I will
To the rappers that keep it real, man I see you
But you need to come to Yours Truly records for a better deal
So fuck what they say and homie I got enough
Now I ain't tripping, now listen I'm quit to call your bluff
And I'm killing these rappers, its all for fun
Cause I don't hate not a soul in this world
Except for Donald Trump
Keep the hate mail coming, that shit just motivates me
The thought of me making it probably drives you crazy
I'm hitting one-eighty, how can you blame me?
And I always keep a smile cause even a bullet couldn't take me
They the type to follow, bitch I break the rules
Boy you know you ain't no thug, you should've stayed In school
I guess I'm the one to break the news
You need to spend less time on Worldstar
And more time making moves
I ain't got shit to prove to a fucking soul
Middle finger to the world, watch me fuck her slow
Sitting here like what the fuck happened to rap?
Man, it used to be music
But now its just a muhfucking puppet show
It's gon' be a minute before we finish nigga
You telling stories, not living it, there's a difference nigga
Most of these rappers whole lives is rented
Why you say in a Bentley when you really in a Civic nigga?
Yeah, I could tell, I could tell when they fronting
Yours Truly, ask around, they gon' tell you we coming
And I tried to tell 'em not to push my buttons
Now we taking over, no room for discussion
Muhfucker whats up