

Unspoken

Phora

This album was inspired by the people across the world
That had a voice
But it was just never heard
I speak for y'all
Y'all forever in my heart
My only wish, my only goal
Is that my music and these words guide you to be a much better person than I
've ever been
Today I turn twenty-one
Never thought I'd make it here
Even back when I was young
I was never scared to face my fears
Like, what's the deal out here?
Summer time come around its getting real out here
Niggas is playing for keeps in the field out here
These streets cold, they don't care how you feel out here... for real
Cause everybody wanna be with it
Out here they taking lives for they team on your fitted
All they worry 'bout is money and bitches
All these rappers ridiculous they dividing us not making no difference
But yo, I used to want an Acura used to want a Benz
Used to want bad bitch to show off to my friends
Now all I want is my homies out of the pin
My pen touches my paper I'm reminiscing to them
I mix my Henny and gin
Never needed no chaser
Never chase for no women that comes when you chase the paper
Realist shit I said play it back and you'll thank me later
I've never seen a cat make a mil off being a hater
Look
My niggas smoking in the tinted truck
All limo but we never roll the windows up
Riding through your city so they know wassup, in Yours Truly we trust
Man I give a fuck 'bout what a hater got to say about me and my team
You call your lady a bitch, I refer to mine as a queen
Hang around nine lazy motherfuckers, you the tenth homie
So how you smokin' but ain't pay your fucking rent homie?
Yeah, you know, that's just that real shit
Sometimes I feel like I don't want to feel shit
All the stress that I'm tryna deal with
I try to keep the family together, but yo they still split
Our generation is blinded, I blame the radio
I blame TV for making it cool to call ladies hoes
I blame these rappers for acting like they got straps
And teaching our kids to put kids in caskets for the sake of making dough
I, I probably never know why
The fucking system don't try
My niggas getting so high, my niggas getting so high, you know
And thats probably only cause we feel so low at times
We just looking for something to lift us back up
They said I'd be a junkie, said I'd be a thief
Said I'd be a no good vandal running the streets
I just want peace, everybody want beef
Done dirty by my family, my friends, enemies, even police
Ain't no love in these streets, ain't no trust in these streets
Lost too many friends homie, I can't fuck with these streets
I don't know what's more important

If they love me or they fear me
Got a lot to say and I want the whole world to hear me
Yours Truly