

Made

Royce da 5'9"

I was made
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I was made to be zoned out
I was made to get on top
I was made to come outshine
I was made to be on time
I was made

When it ain't nothing but a thang to a real nigga
And that's real talk
Real talk ain't something I be tryna do, I just talk and it's just real
Goddamn, seem like God be doing me favors every year
Every year, seems like another nigga plays himself
And take himself out of my circle
With his own shit that don't match what I be on
Grown men shouldn't have to lie
You niggas putting everything on everything
I was born to get my Isley on
To be alone at the top, you niggas born for the mezzanine
It ain't nothing for a corny nigga to get on
And spread corny nigga syndrome, it's sickening
It's going around with the quickness
Like a Hollywood wedding ring
These bitches in this business belong to the business
They always gon' be looking for bigger and better things
So I just sit back, zone and watch shit
Everything I do in my day, I do on my own recognizance
And everything I got, I own
It's probably a little hard for you to process, 'cause you shoplift
Wonder why you a target cause a target
Putting a twelve pair of socks down in your crock
Your child with you watching, look what you done started
And I was made to tell bitches, "Get out"
Not only do you gotta get out
Your contact gotta be out my phone
You won't try to get me out my zone

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You was made to be stressed out
You was made to feel left out
You was made to be a letdown
If it wasn't for suckas, if it wasn't for suckas
If it wasn't for suckas, I wouldn't look so real (Woo!)

Ain't nothing for a fake nigga to look real
Because he be's with his squad
Really, you only looking real to the other fakes
To me, you looking like peas in a pod
It ain't nothing for a couple of real niggas
To come through there and just bust everybody head
Real niggas don't gossip, we zone out

And say what we wanna say, we don't care how you hear
God made man, woman and child in the eyes of His beloved
Likeness is like this
A lot of people are real and this is why He made suckas
Now, just imagine living inside of a world
Where the whole society's ass backwards
But everybody is solid and all that you have accomplished
In your life and nobody gets mad at it
All I know is that I continue to be eyes for suckas
Been around me since school
I don't want 'em around me but I do want 'em around
'Cause see, I need the fuel
People don't have a need for the paper boy
When they reading the news but that don't mean he ain't on his route
There's a certain velour to being the son of a addict
I was born zoning out

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You know what? I wanna thank you, sucka
Without you, there is no me
So in return, I won't spank you, sucka
I came up with a laugh for all of your nonsense
But it's more like a saying, sucka
Next time you come around a nigga playing, sucka
I'm gonna "sucka, sucka, sucka, sucka, sucka, sucka, sucka"
It's kinda like the Popeye laugh, I pray to God that my kind last
All you niggas sitting in front of your computer hating
I got more Ws than your dotcom has
Nigga, I'm not mad, I'm so happy, I'm avant garde
My wife taste like water, she got agua ass
It's double doors on the crib and I'm pretty sure
I just did the Cha Cha Slide right by the oblong glass
Sucka, sucka, sucka-sucka-sucka
Only people in this world I need is my father, brother, brother
Fuck around with anyone of them, I'll come and slug ya
And I ain't talking like Babe Ruth
I ain't swinging nothing, nigga, I'ma turn your block to Beirut
My mama told be "Just be strong"
So I'm ignoring niggas, fuck outta here, sucka, let me zone

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