

For the Town

SonReal

Oh - Oh - Oh - La - La [x4]

Everywhere we go, we hold it down
King of my city but, no, I don't need no crown
Neighbors bitching, telling us to turn it down
So we just turn it up, turn it up, turn it up real loud
For the town

Shits heavy like an O.E - Rest in peace to Doe B
You ask me the game chose me
Got no fucking money, had to make these labels owe me
Backpack to a packed club
Manager need a back rub
Damn, homie going hard all week
Phone ringing, 4am, a bro getting no sleep
West coast time - no co-sign
No slow grind when they say it's go time
We gonna hit em on some We Go shit
The success enough to get you on some emo shit
Some Gambino shit
Sipping champaine chased with some vino shit
09' I was going to go ahead and leave this shit
Drop the ball on some goddamn Marino shit
Best believe that shit
Killin shit with no misdemeanor
In the studio talking about Vince McMahon
Don't smoke weed or watch basketball so talking with rappers is interesting
Psychiatrist said I've lost it
Trying to rule the world on some mother fucking Nas shit
Do a turn up record then I switch it back to conscious
Yeah, a bro got options
Check the way I drop... this

One long day to one long dream
Taking out a record like I'm taking out my laundry
The way we running shit, you'd think I just signed up for Condi
By the time you catchup, check it, we already gone see (vroom vroom)
Baby, I done grew up on that Mobb Deep
So my first record kinda came off a little off beat
Went to get a tatty on my neck my Mommah stop me
Thank God, Mommah
You the shit
Touring like a fuckin' insomniac
I give it 100% with every song I rap
You don't like my shit, that's alright and shit
Go make a youtube account and go write some shit
Dude, Vancouver made me this music bread me
I'm a raise the bar before I break the levy
You can ask any muh flucka out who met me
I'm nice
Fuckin' right
Neighbors bitchin' cause the beats are loud
Stick his head out the window, "Can you keep it down"
I just turn it up I guess we ain't speaking now
But at least I ain't seeing no police around
I'm grindin, shining like a diamond

I ain't really stopping till my record going diamond
I just rhymed that rhyme twice, damn it, I'm wilding
I should probably put this here chorus on consignment

Extra, extra, read all about this shit going down
I turn one long day to one long dream
Now I don't hear a sound, don't hear a sound
Yeah, yeah, it's going down
Yeah, yeah, it's for the town