

Monday Night

SonReal

Got one thing right
Sipping little juice up on a Monday night
I was gonna write something for radio to play
But fuck it, all I had to say was love me because I'm real
Yeah, love me, love me, love me, love me, love me, love me
Just love me because I'm real
Yeah, love me, love me, love me, love me, love me, love me
Just love me because I'm real

O'Ten I had a thought
What if I say this shit that they don't ever talk
What if I move in a way that they never move
That could open up a door to something they can never knock
My man said don't walk when they tell you march
Cause if you do, then they'll never tell you apart
And plus, you don't move like them anyway, do your thing, boy
, yea go ahead and sang
Boy, and let them fucking haters playing, boy
Cause you know the static just gonna generate a prank, boy
Teleprompters in the black booth, got these uptight dudes tryna act loose
Rat poison in the bird feeder, look appealing to a third wheeler
And you can follow but following only get you as far as the last follower followed behind a leader
That's why I don't change on a meter, just stand a bit longer and make sure I don't get towed
Cause if you came here to dance you gotta stay on your toes
Tomorrow's always been something that today will never know
So when they say that I'll blow I never say that I know
I just keep that shit a secret like
I don't wanna tell 'em if they don't believe me
And I've been an open book when I was there, hard to win it
No, no, no

Love me because I never fucking fronted
I'm sorry for cursing
But I feel strong as a person that wished too many recursions
Niggas still soul searching on a secular device
Niggas still saying yolo, carved in air, will live twice
This is far from a disk, keep your rumors to yourself
Drake wrote the book, Kardinal built the shelf
Socrates built the library, then he built the school
People in Toronto are nervous about tools
Cause the police are killing us dead with no apology
The future is yours, shine bright, no astrology
We slaves to technology
I'm Kunta Kinte discovering Deuteronomy
Heart's too big for your limited cardiology
What would you rather? A hundred dollars or honesty?
How many times I gotta sell you, nigga, honestly
Questioning my name you get killed for curiosity
Repping out north body to mind constantly
Competition is commonly seen as comedy
I wanna be better but I'm far from wannabe child prodigy
Too I'll for modesty, dancing in the street with 2Pac choreography
Spitting on a camera or read in a Bible audibly
Richie, pass that Henney, let's toast to the real

I'm kind of a big deal on my coast

Can you give me something to believe in?

One thing, anything

Can you give me something to believe in?

One thing, anything

If our eyes are open they can't tell us what we can't see

And if we stop for motion

They can't tell us what we can be

I'm singing oh, oh, oh

Can't blame it on the alcohol

Like oh, oh, oh

Can't blame it on the alcohol

Type iguana piper, got that flame without a lighter

Waking up tomorrow night is bumping the fucking Foo Fighters

I'll probably face an indictment, killing everything I'm writing

My old shit wasn't like it, but my new shit got him typing

Wow You are c o o l, fuck running a train, I'll fucking derail

How the fuck he write the songs with so much fucking detail

I just on my retail, all I do is be real, hold up