

Say What's Real

Drake

Why do I feel so alone
Like everybody passing through the studio is in character
As if he acting out a movie role
Talking bullshit as if it was for you to know
And I don't have the heart to give these bitch niggaz the cue to go
So they stick around, kicking out feedback
And I entertain it is if I need that
I had a talk with my uncle and he agreed that
My privacy about the only thing I need back
But, It's hard thinkin in polite flows/
When Stephano Polato suits are your night clothes
And Jordan sweat suits are you flight clothes
And you still make it even when they say your flight close
Eyes hurting from the camera phone light shows
Life was so full, now the shit just been lypo'd
Always said I'll say it all on the right track
But in this game you only lose when you fight back
Black diamond bracelets, showing you the basics
I can't live and hold the camera someone got to tape this
I make hits and like a bitch that's married, I ain't miss
24 hours from greatness, I'm that close
Don't ever forget the moment you began to doubt
Transitioning from fitting in to standing out
Los Angeles, Cabanas, or Atlanta South
Watch Hov's show, embarrassed to pull my camera out
And my mother embarrassed to pull my Phantom out
So I park about 5 houses down
She say I shouldn't have it until I have the crown
But I don't want to feel the need to wear disguises around
So she wonders where my mind is, account's in the minus
And yet I role around the fucking city like ya highness
Got niggaz reacting without a sinus
Cause what I'm working with is timeless
And promoters trying to get me out to they club
And say I have fun, but I can't imagine how
Cause I just see my ex girl, standing with my next girl, standing with the girl that I'm fucking
right now
And shit can get weird, unless they all down
And so I stay clear, we from a small town
And everybody talks, and everybody listen
And somehow the truth just always comes up missing
I've always been something that these labels can't buy

Especially if they trying to take a piece of my soul
And Silvia be telling Taz damn Drake fly
And he just be like silly motherfucker I know
That was your bad, how can you pass up on 'em
He just take them records and he gas up on 'em
Wayne would probably put a million cash up on 'em
Surprised no one ever put your ass up on 'em
Oh they did Po, at least they tried to
And that's what happen when you spitting what inside you
But slip up and shoot the wrong fucking video
And they think they can market you however they decide to
Nah, before they told me to 'do me'
And don't listen to anybody that knew me
Cause to have known me, would mean that there's a new me
And if you think I changed in the slightest could have fooled me
Boy, and to my city I'm the Two Three
Drug dealers live, vicariously through me
I quit school and it's not because I'm lazy
I'm just not the social type and campus life is crazy
Understand, I could get money with my eyes closed
Lost some of my hottest verses down in Cabo
So If you find a blackberry with the side scroll
Sell that motherfucker to any rapper that I know
Cause they need it much more than I ever will
I got new shit, I'm getting better still
Little niggaz put my name in they verses
Cause they girlfriend put my ass on a pedestal
Future said cause it's Ye shit you better kill
And I think this got that making of a legend feel
Problem with these other niggaz they ain't never real
Yea, it's all I can say

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>