

People Talk

Devin the Dude

As I lay down on this beat, I pray that my soul release,
All of the answers that people need from me, deep in me,
Hopefully I can clear the air,
By layin it in this,
And shut all the gossipin cause I put in a lot of work,
Just to improve my ways,
And show how much of me changed,
Preoccupied a lot of times, just tryin to do this rap thang,
I've gained a lot of legitimate dope, from lyrics and beats,
To where I don't care about, what you gotta say about me,
You think I'm trappin, I'm practicin actin, picking up different hustles,
Keepin a clean slate, so I'm so far away from the struggle,
Prepped for you chitta-chatters, and bloggers on websites,
Who wanna go to war with words but ain't got their money right,
My priorities are in line, consistantly on the grind,
You waitin on my downfall, you'll be waitin a long time,
I'm surrounded by real niggas, go gettas, and go git it,
That share the same dream I share,
When we make plans, we down with it,
My unit move like we religious, teaches in packs,
And make sure everything we do is intact,
So muthafucka fall back,
And let the chips fall where they may,
Cause I'ma continue to represent that One Four K,
In every way, and every day, until the lord calls me home,
I'm gonna keep doin this until I'm gone,
Fuck you, you think I'm dead Wrong,
Then trust me I don't wanna be right,
Cause I've been through the stormy weather, chasin after the sunlight,
Cause I know, I know
(Devin the Dude)
People talk, they lie and look, they gossip and shit, that how their time
Is took,
Keep doin ya thang, don't rest your case,
You fucked up before, but don't trip on the mess you made,
Keep goiin, You'll get there(14K)
Ya'll don't know the half of it,
You can get satisfaction,
I'll make it I'll get to actin,
With words instead of action,
You want lets get it crackin,
Go on with the yappin,

Cause gossin like a bitch, will get a bitch slapped,
Swag so dash,
And words so outlandish,
Personality smashin
Outspoken to madness,
White tee blue fitted,
With the stripe matchin,
Gets a lot of tail,
While you leavin with a passion,
My time ain't here for waistin, but makin paper lets git it,
Man I take your opinion, and I wipe my ass with it,
My past is somewhat shady,
Maybe sometimes I was crazy,
Lately it's been fuck you pay me,
Baby that shit there don't faze me,
Daily, I be bout my bread,
I spend more time gettin head,
Than I spend, walkin round, worrying bout some shit you said,
Ain't nothin picture perfect,
But I don't explain myself cause really, I don't think It's worth it,
Cause you gon feel how you feel, regardless of what I say,
And look at something good about me in a bad way,
My people say I'm the shit,
My kids say I'm the king,
My fans know when I get behind this mic, dog I do my thang,
And if I did give a dam, bout a whispin as nigga,
It just ain't no way I could be out here fakers,
You busy tryin to light my matches, now your life in ashes,
I'm just tryin to get ahead, while you worried bout me crashin
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