

Real Life Music

Trip Lee

Yea, look

Eh, they say hind sight is 20/20, well they right it's behind me
Back for the third time, you know where to find me
Hanging on the coat tail of Christ who designed me
Keep me off your brain, in other words don't mind me
The Lord keeps me low no matter where them folks fly me
Message so timeless, the beats so timely
Spittin for my boss like He signed me
Usually roll with a group of brothers like the Isleys
We came to spit it for the King that you can't erase
We give you facts over music, call it databass (yes sir)
We press forward to the prize hope we ain't astray
No fallin back from the goal, no fade aways
Pour my heart out when I write till it pumps on the page
Beats over the beat, and it jumps on the stage
Cries out for the souls that are hurtin finna lose it
Here to lift you up call it elevator music

Eh, this that real life music
Get dem hands up for that real life music
Eh, this that real life music
Getcha mind ready for that real life music
Just wanna give you somethin real
Ain't comin atcha neck, no we ain't comin atcha grill
Eh look we know just how you feel, but we just wanna give you something
real

Look, eh too many spit that fake rap that most just can't relate to
They ain't got no maybach, they don't get to make rules
They not tryna make stacks, they just tryna make due
Waitin for that payback, for all the work that they do
We ain't in a dream world, we spittin that real life
We live in the real world, and know just what it feels like
So we pressin in like steel spikes
To stand in a fallen world it don't feel nice
Eh, even if you're rich or you gotta lotta cash
You still not exempt as everybody on the map
We all feel the pressure heavy burdens on our backs
Everyday it's still hard, but we learnin like it's class
In this cold cold world, where them scammers be
And so many lost they footin, like an amputee
We know that everybody wonder why the worlds gone wrong
Got some real life music fo' ya dome, gone

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