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 lota 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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