

Praverb the Wyse

"Perfect Intro"

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This goes out to the peeps that felt me Before I
dropped a song or classic LP This goes out to the
peeps that felt me When I was feeling depressed, a tad
unhealthy This goes out to those feeling my material
Whether they be atheist or living kinda spiritual I don't
rap about gats or whips So it's a miracle that I don't
have to rap like them I'm not a criminal; I never held
packs of O's With this music, I be serving up that crack
fa' sho I'm not talking about that white powder I'm
talking sixteen tracks that you can listen to until the
night hours I don't like to give the radio credit I'll be the
first rapper played without a radio edit Because I don't
curse, I got the flavor you sweating And yes I spit truth,
I'm trying to make it to heaven I'm not trying to be
trapped in a prison Giving thanks to those who be
passing that wisdom You're never too old to learn or
too young to die I'm tired of seeing these youngings
die Tired of seeing mother's cry All we can do is be like
Kanye and Touch the Sky Yeah, I just want to let these
words connect So I can be real and get it off my chest I
live in the States, I be dealing with stress But my fan
overseas be dealing with death Rockets fly, troops
probably occupy his space He doesn't have time to stop
and cry

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