

Sarah Brightman F/ Chris Thompson

"Realest Rappa Alive"

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(Yung Ro talking)

Yeah, nobody, you know I like this here, give me a
chance to vent ya know
Give ya me, not all the bull shit ya feel me, listen look

(Yung Ro)

Nobody thought Yung Ro would flow like this
Used to have to leave the Southern region to get a flow
like this
So now that I flow like this, they all feelin Ro
Thankin nobody damn you killin' em Ro
With that young prophet soul, real spiritual flow
And at that moment nuthin' is alive what you hear in ya
soul
You are, hearin' the Ro shh peep when I'm rappin
How ya chest tingle that mean sumthin' major gonna
happen
Ay, I speak the future niggaz gotta feel me
Cuz curious bitches gon bop then jealousy gon kill me
But I be kickin it wit Jesus, relaxin, havin' a toast
Laughin, cuz you never really feel what you really hated
most
The truth, and that will forever live
Through every person that I touched and every good
deed that I did
I am nobody cock sucka, face the nine
You can't kill nobody son ya wastin' ya time
It ain't me, and this gift is a hand me down
But hata gonna leave blue blockers in order to stand
me shine
Older catz watched me close and say I was way too
cocky
But pretendin' to be my friend and feel the opportunity
stop me
Watch me, do my thang real is all I flow
Because speakin' the truth and shit talkin' is all I know
And all I flow is do-do, we got me so high
Oh no, Ro-Ro, don't tell no lies
So I, was paint the picture for the dead to see
But those who sleep through life awake focus, listen to
me

Lyrics like kodak film, I snap life when I tell it
Give it to you, let you plan it way before you feel it
I bin the, best of the best even the worst of the worst
So you get my pain, tears, and pride when I'm spittin' a
verse
So every pin-stroke I live both wisdom and truth
Not what I seen, heard, or read daddy my livin' is proof
Live in the booth or on the set of art or porto lies
So through my words of expressions I remained
immortalised
Ya artists, deaf ya mortal guys
But of course, theres more to lies
Than rappin' to bull shit egos gettin' rich from recordin'
lies
And any man recordin I understands he's a point of
history
I meditate you hit the beat nobody's the mystery
I'm legendary remember then heaven dared it
How I did it for the movement and remained secondary
And with every second carryin it with the weight of the
world on my back
While dodgin' jumpin' obstacles and still remainin' on
track
I spit for niggaz stuck in deep thought
Take heed to what them streets talk
They know, because the streets talk
Speak truth, none of that sweet talk
And we rock, every bit of the streets in us in this music
And I worked hard to feel my rappin' and my pride
won't let me lose it
So when you pick up a CD and theres a feature wit Ro
on it
Get nuthin' but real, no gimmicks and ain't no shit that's
a promise
To be honest I don't even like rap, just expressin my
thoughts
The rap game cludded with foolishness and very
unnecessary talk
But fuck that, to the hide on my flow is fuck them
politics
Still workin' on radio shit my curse done stuck on
knowledge
But trust me, Gyeah see I know what I'm doin'
I am destined for this I am the future of Houston
Nobody nigga please, Come on
I'm the realest rappa alive till y'all prove me wrong
Do you believe?

(Yung Ro talking)
Gyeah, Gyeah, nigga, Yung Ro
One, Paid in Phull, one and two

Yung Ro, on the three to the who want it?
Wait for my album cousin, self entitled Nobody, the
man who switched
Yo, cop that shit

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