

411**"Who Is The Realest"**Visit "[Who Is The Realest](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Talking]

Pain-pain, and I'm the realest motherfucker breathing

[Yung Ro]

I will fucking promise God, that I would give him my best

Got off my knees and took the proof, to get some shit off my chest

Now I don't sleep too much, I was born to grind
So much to do I'm always late, but they ain't got enough time

But I gotta go, got a call for a show

Plus I got a in-sto', they say my cd running low no

G'yeah, y'all can't understand my structure

I am a conductor, motherfuck ya

Just open your eyes, I'll show the facts

With no proof but in the booth, I'm so relaxed g'yeah

How that sound, me lose

I'm a ignorant cocky dude, that keeps some'ing to prove

You got some'ing to prove, well fuck it call the boy out

I be ready no doubt, er-a what you talking bout

Yung Ro, my big bro J-Mack

Until the Clip is Empty, do you like the sound of that
Bu-busting niggas heads, just to make em pay attention

Tried to tell him not to fuck with me, he wouldn't listen

But, me not scared to go to war

Look at this face, you see my scar motherfucker

I'm smoking weed, to take the pain away

Pain don't never go away, pain stay so Yung Ro pray

Uh, nigga I'm on another level

Trying to get my life right, slap boxing the devil

And when I was a child, he use to get the best of me

Took what was left in me, then I made myself love me

Nobody, the realest rapper alive

Lord knows how hard I try, who the realest

[Talking]

Yeah, they call me Mr. Pain around this bitch

Know a nigga did a movie named Pain

On my next underground, I'll be like pain nigga
Yeah, who don't feel pain

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