

**D-Pryde****"12AM In Chinatown"**

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This isn't real to you, is it?  
On the roster of Lolla they couldn't say I ain't did it  
Pointing out blind facts about how I haven't been killing  
it  
All because I let go of an image that wasn't real to me  
Always had motivation, every check might be my last  
paper

Tell them bitches I got a deal out the flash player  
Ain't even got a blue check up on my twitter page  
But I could pull as much views as major artists do in a  
day  
How did it feel when you saw that blast on those  
websites?  
Got a masters in publishing deal and I got my set right  
And I shouldn't be bragging but this one is for my  
haters  
Once you saw I signed to BMG I wonder how it felt like,  
what  
Two mix tapes gold on the net  
Now these artists try to mimic the formula that I used  
But I made a cult of kids that were waiting hard for an  
idol  
Bitch, I taught you indie labels that this was just more  
than views  
My skin tone has probably been a weakness  
But bitch sit down for this prophecy I'll be preaching  
Trigonometry hasn't been relatable to my being  
'Cause I never had a co-sign, I made it here with dope  
rhymes  
Made it here by who I know, higher than a doobie roll  
Tryina play with millions when I used to play with Yu-Gi-  
Oh  
Haven't been home in so long, but still my city go  
strong  
Toronto, the underrated town you should take notes on  
Hoe, 10K was made in a month  
And I'm a little Asian dork with no radio buzz  
And I don't have anything else that I should say to you  
punks  
But get your head up in the game, get your felacio up

Pause, you can laugh and say my style is PG bound  
But say it to my face 'cause all I'm hearing is meows  
Pussy ass artists who sat and stayed there in denial  
Are the same assholes I look at and say look at me now  
Major labels they slept, sat and worried about debt  
It isn't 'bout the spot I'm in, it's about the spot that I'll  
get  
And you tell me that he's better, you tell me that he's a  
threat  
Then that's cool, I got a sniper, I'm aiming right at his  
head, pop  
This one's for Stai, Phil, Den-Z and J,  
James Arcara and Niel, I do this all for my people  
Mad Ryan and Rik, Josa, AZ and Gnyus  
We build this team from the ground, a business related  
fetus  
I'm here  
Looks like the kid is well on his peak  
Mad speculation to how much I'mma sell in a week  
But I'm fine, I know the hearts of my competitors beat  
But I show no heart, my shit sound acapella to me  
I'm being real, I don't got to buy a table at the club  
Or tell you I'm on the guest list  
All that shit is petty when it all falls down, it's numbers,  
money and music  
And the only phrase I'm going by now is get rich  
You wanna talk about the fact you hit my wife first?  
But you worked for that ass boy, that shit to me was  
light work  
While you at the crib tryina text her and tryina write her  
She ain't answering 'cause she's with me, enjoying  
better scenery  
Some people act like I don't hustle and breathe this  
Some of you see my ass as the second coming of Jesus  
Well, my third time's coming, you seen how I kill a  
remix  
You think all this shit is dope? You'll see how crazy my  
EP is  
Prizzy

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