

Kyle

"Keep It Real"

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Aight look

Ever since I was thirteen
I been surrounded by her dreams
Them fake n*ggas shoot three shots
But none of that sh*t could hurt me
Police investigations, but the police couldn't chirp me
High school, couldn't nerf me
The new boys couldn't jerk me
Aye!
We're here like everyday
Someone got something to say
They all N.W.A.'s
N*ggas ain't gettin' no play
Not in my city, no way
Go outside, get some sun, grab some shade
Hydroplane!
N*ggas can't keep in they lane
It ain't no thang
My sh*t so biggity, biggity bang!
Yup! Bang n*gga!
K-I doing my thang n*gga
Young boy he done upgrade from that Cavalier to that
Range, n*gga
Best believe I'm that same n*gga
K.I.D but don't play, n*gga
You're lowkey like Japayne, dude
All you look the same, n*gga
Dude, this is the sh*t I do
Filled out 45 n*ggas, haiku
Weak rappers like you, are so bad for my mood
Back, y'all better watch your step
Agent Cadest
I'm coming correct
Really there's no contest
Getting it right till there ain't sh*t left

Uhh, well I keep it real and I don't think I'll ever change
I'll never lie if you can look me in the face
I swear to God that weak sh*t isn't in my veins
I'll never change

I keep it real (Keep it real, n*gga)
I keep it real my n*gga (Keep it real, n*gga)
I keep it real (Keep it real, n*gga)
I keep it real my n*gga (Keep it real, n*gga)
I keep it real (Keep it real, n*gga)
I keep it real my n*gga (Keep it real, n*gga)
I keep it real (Keep it real, n*gga)
That's how I feel, my n*gga (Keep it real, n*gga)
Just keep it real

Aight look
Real n*gga since day one
So f*ck you if you hate me
Been a working n*gga since day two
And a rich n*gga since day three
Learned this sh*t on my own, so
What the hell could you teach me?
Kyle Harvey's no clone, you
Couldn't see me with HD
With a telescope
With a microscope
N*gga in the dark
With a lot of phobes
I'm over rappers who smoke weed with white girls, and
get Emma Stoned
I'm not saying they're weak
I'm just saying that they're not me
And if like, I'm f*ckin' great
I mean like, what else could they be?
Ya know?
They say that I sound like Drake, I don't
You're daughter thinks I'm great, I know
Your motherf*ckin' CD package needs to come with a
bar of soap
Trying to sleep, your verses stink
That sh*t puts me straight to sleep
Even if I didn't have a nose
I could tell that your verses reek
But still with all this sh*t about
Spots you've never been and about
Girls you'll never do and about
Sh*t you never did
And all the n*ggas you killed
And all the couches you've built
Well all you n*ggas are millionaires
So come on, let's be real

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