

Loggy

"The Real"

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I like a little white on my collar,
And ya I wish I was just a little bit taller
But hey, if I beg then you know I can't choose
Cuz a chooser can't take what he chose to lose
So I'll take to the grave just chosen few
Of the facts of my life that I can't show you
Cuz my past is my present, just a year behind
Ya I got your message, but I got bad eyes,
So I'll never be able to read between the lines
Finely tuned rhymes, from a finely tuned mind
On the tiny blue lines ya the summer school kind
And loose leafs blind cuz my summer pool shines
Not a real cool guy, but chill describes
My pill divide, but don't kill my vibe
Cuz I ride on the beat, like a cruiser ride
Not a car homeboy, a beach cruiser bike
My whole worlds just a block to the right
And I walk just to feel what my shoes are like

Hello to my friends
Hello to my family
Hello to the music
Hello to the real

It's not the bank I make, it's the hands fill shakes
And if it takes 10 takes to make my shit great
Then I'm glued to the tape for 8 straight days
They say rhymes don't pay, I'll find out today
Cuz my words real heavy, ya they flatten the page
But I'm a long way away from what the radio plays
Wont take the fitted caps, just the velcro type
And I curve the bill, so I keep it tight
And I'll wear high whites, if the time is right
But no fist fights, pacifist for life
Bright sunny and warm are three of mans best friends
I got electric feelings so it's time to pretend
That I could redo my teens all over again
But I'll keep makin songs and tryin to set trends
Recieve or send, I got some high tech shots
Blue book bought to collect my thoughts
You look hot but your friend does not

So I'll twist the plot cuz lovin's what I got and it's a lot

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Lifes goin to fast like it's killin me off
I never click delete, I'll only hit the pause
The contract I signed, came with a no shit clause
It referred to the words that I put in my songs
No mainstream no ice and no cars
No stackin chips or throwin cash at the bars
No popping of the bottles or mÃ©nage Ã trois
No running trains or smoking cuban cigars
No using millions of metaphors
No murders, grills, guns, asses, tits, or whores
I'm twenty years old, I heard it all before
And I may not headline any national tours
But hey I choose to kick it with some poetic force
And ya I'm still in school, and I know it of course
And my mind is still growing, and so is yours
So I never half ass, I go hard to the finish
Somboddy call guinness, cuz the last 4 minutes
I set world record for the most fun livin
And that's a given

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