

Mistah Fab

"Speak To You"

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Realist shit I never wrote 6

Okay I came in this game, my hungry nigga
my eyes on big, had dreams of being pocked
my mind don't big, had thinking about some ale,
tryin to rock some bales,
but still it was hard man my bro in the sale,
why said my mama smoking rocks, my daddy shooting
hot,
had nigga stressed out while was sitting on the block,
I picked up me a pen, I got into hip-hop
I never thought that I'd make it, but I give it a shot,
f*ck it on now a nigga made it, so now a nigga fake it,
when a nigga get some paper, that's when them
niggas hatin,
when I put up in that benz, should have seen them
niggas faces,
when I hopped out with that chain, they started seeing
graces,
like a nigga getting money, be the hottest thing in the
hood,
'cause when a nigga broke, ain't nothing ever good,
but I had rats and I had roaches, and I had mikes and I
had flees,
and I had every f*ckin thing that make a nigga till I got
a disease
dad had Aze what a disease, my mama had cancer
man she died, please
I'm looking at God like, what prayer gonna do?
when all my family get and take it, what the man gonna
do?
look at the city f*ck and burnin, like haters gonna do
with all these ngga when you come through,
and you sliding on through, wonder how paid and feel,
I keep feel
I show feel, I guess you feel, I..you feel,
when you had money just to get the mill,
when you'll make it from the city shit get hard
'cause they just want you to give back but you ain't got
it dog,
when you tell em you ain't got it, when they wanna ride,

that's why I keep my mind movin like I'm on a job,
f*ck it, let me talk to this rap niggas in the shit,
they got no idea all the shit that I've been took in,
I lost the deal, lost my mama, lost my brother,
lost my fam, lost my nigga and my homie got killed,
right in front of me, damn,
seen keys get shot, that she hurt my heart,
I see my niggas pop back that shit is smart dog,
I talk and ask the mama after he got hit on the bar
and now she still stressing, here my pain of my heart,
I spit real life shit, gotta go smarter,
slow down a little bit since I didn't had a daughter,
but this game change nigga, make a nigga mind think,
make you feel like a battle because you never been the
sink,
I got my battle ship on, but I ain't talking bout Rihanna,
I think I miss my grandma, damn, I can see you none of
this some old shit,
low shit for the no shit, I used to be a wild nigga
now I'm focused as more I got older, now a nigga 30
tryin to stay clean, got tired of doing dirty,
I slow down and hold down and told nigga to go down,
and know this ain't go down, what a whole pound and
no rhyme,
I had no sound from them niggas with their bickering,
'cause to me most of them niggas just to be bitch and
man
they mad when a nigga see success,
wanna see a nigga see death, but to my last breath,
I'ma rap AF
NF, no family no friends, even though some family act
like friends
even though friends got to act like family,
understand no matter how hard big fab get he still
stanley,
the shit is real, some you could feel with me,
you don't feel me, nigga kill me, f*ck it,
salute me and shoot me, and this is my doobie,
and I was in the streets while you was plan to call it
duddie,
huh, all of these niggas really groupies,
they mad 'cause a nigga get money so they try to say
boosie,
free my nigga boosie, this is how the shit be, real your
money coming juicy
when you eating, when you touching it,
nigga got mad, is got much in it,
'cause my life ain't no will, what they budget this,
huh, I'm on some other shit, damn I miss my mother
shit,
free my niggas and rest in peace so all my niggas that

got hit,
hope they bring retch home 'cause man I miss my
brother shit.

Realist shit I never wrote, part 6
let's go!

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