

Terrace Martin

"Its Real Ft. Punch"

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I'm costing, all zoned out, love in my heart
Plenty in my pockets burnt out
Sunny day now it ain't
Always what it seems
Little homies wearing skinnies, big homies sipping lean
And we stay so clean, white walls, hunned spokes
Halls on the , hottest women and the best dough
Living by the water and we still in the ghetto
Playing miles davis abso and if she her soul
And that's all that I see, wake up yeah around 78
degrees
West side to the east side, yeah that's me
Pick up my socks and let me play for you
Let me play for you, you, you

Hey yo, I'm cut from a different cloth, flossed in my
own toss
I'm on another frequency, top dog underboss
They say we sworn the secrecy, the blood or forsaken
Don't take miseducation, it's decorated with hatred, I'm
patient
But this is a celebration,
you gonna waste it, debating the trills that we blazing
Underestimating your own greatness, this call hating
Just a minor miscalculation
But I can get you back on track,
just follow the paw prints that we left out back
At door's crack, of course you're feeling left out
In fact, we used to watch you in example of not to do
Quite my mood, I guess I'm feeling some sort of way
The bright side, sunshine, it's a lovely day
I'm thinking high power till the death of me
Hustle like you're broke, till your e got the recipe
It's real, it's real.

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