

Terrace Martin

"It's Real"

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Iâ€™m costing, all zoned out, love in my heart
Plenty in my pockets burnt out
Sunny day now it ainâ€™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 â€¦ 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 thatâ€™s all that I see, wake up yeah around 78
degrees
West side to the east side, yeah thatâ€™s me
Pick up my socks and let me play for you
Let me play for you, you, you

Hey yo, Iâ€™m cut from a different cloth, flossed in my
own toss
Iâ€™m on another frequency, top dog underboss
They say we sworn the secrecy, the blood or forsaken
Donâ€™t take miseducation, itâ€™s decorated with hatred,
Iâ€™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 doorâ€™s crack, of course youâ€™re feeling left out
In fact, we used to watch you in example of not to do
Quite my mood, I guess Iâ€™m feeling some sort of way
The bright side, sunshine, itâ€™s a lovely day
Iâ€™m thinking high power till the death of me
Hustle like youâ€™re broke, till your e got the recipe
Itâ€™s real, itâ€™s real

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