

Hi-Rez

"Gettin' Started"

Visit "[Gettin' Started](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

wassup

yeah

rez

we in here

Black and dairy look

yo

yo yo yo

look

an eye for an eye makes the whole world blind

so I provoke the time boy I'm so divine

yeah I could go define

the fuckin word excellence

I'm nice with these bars but my lethal flow treacherous

Murder beats effortless so witness better not mention it

Biblical bars I'm spitting verses out of Exodus

A mother fuckin veteran

Writing with the paper late

Deligent times deliver rhymes over 808

I ball but don't fade away

Chronic bring the pain away

I'm raps superhero boy I'm fucking here to save the
day

Uh, me and instrumentals just get along

Stuck in the present but my souls in the Renaissance

I'm thomas Edison

Lighting up the room

But when I die all I ask is put a mic up in my tomb

Writing since the womb

The hype is finna bloom

Hi-rez and yes there's a hyphen up in it too

So I let my mind flow

Til the pain disappear

I'm getting hella close to my ones distant there

I look in the mirror

And ask myself why

Homie whats your motivation tell me what's your drive

Do you do it for the money or the love of it

Are you gonna quit

Have you had enough of it

Hell no homie we don't get departed
We been grinding for years but we just fucking getting
started

Hit the smile through the trouble
Overcoming obstacles
Upset my own mom because I didn't make the honor
roll
Schools just something I ain't passionate about
I truly hate it
Not a bit, but an immaculate amount
The fact is that I'm out juts chasing my dreams
Staring failure in the eyes
Truly facing defeat
I'm really anxious as fuck
For being patient ain't me
To have you bobbing your head
All I need's some bass and a beat
Uh, music's my life so I hold that dream next to me
And those who used to laugh at me
Suddenly they texting me
Facebook friending me
Voicemail sending me
Pen to a loose leave
Do you get a lend to peace
Uh, cuz my mind's flowing thoughtlessly
Syllables and metaphors get put together cautiously
Teachers try to call on me in class
But it ends awkwardly
Cuz my reply is IDK don't talk to me

So I let my mind flow
Til the pain disappear
I'm getting hella close to my ones distant there
I look in the mirror
And ask myself why
Homie whats your motivation tell me what's your drive
Do you do it for the money or the love of it
Are you gonna quit
Have you had enough of it
Hell no homie we don't get departed
We been grinding for years but we just fucking getting
started

Visit [Hi-Rez](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.