

Phyzical Thurapy "Motivation"

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(Intro - Phyzical)

Yeah, we got another one...
Aiyo...Thurapy, just let it run...
Let the beat run baby...
Let's Go, Check it...

(Verse 1 - Phyzical)

I stay motivated, I ain't tryna be like you,
but I get money... I live and breathe this rap shit dude,
I'm a hustla... workin' 9 to 5 to survive,
and I got two daughters so I'm tryna stay alive,
Phyzical Thurapy is blowin' up and gettin' famous
(famous),
now everybody wants to know our business,
all of a sudden we got 99 cousins,
dozens and dozens... I'm like fuck it! I ain't budgin'...
I went from givin' out CD's for free,
to blowin' up on Myspace and mp3's,
my ex-girlfriends try to contact me,
they tell me that their boyfriends are jammin' my beats,
I ain't tryna follow in the footsteps of my dad,
I'm tryna give my kids the life that I never had,
a message to my father... You can kiss my ass!
cause I'm the fuckin' definition of a real man,
my blood, my sweat, and my tears go into rappin'...
from bein' in the studio to non-stop hustlin' (hustlin')...
and this is what I do for a livin'...
if you gotta fuckin' problem, write it down and go
frame it!
I'm a lyrical scientist, a mother fuckin' genius (genius),
the entertainment industry, I bleed this (bleed this),
I went from pushin' pallet jacks at Wal-Mart,
quit my job, bought a studio, and now I'm livin' large,
none of this rap shit came overnight,
I worked so hard, and dedicated my life,
so what you know about that? Tryna make a livin'...
I know all about that, stayin' motivated!

(Chorus - Thurapy)

Yeah!
I'm too focused to fail, I'm too right to be wrong,
I'm too brave to just bail, I'm too live to be gone,

I'm too loved to be hated, I'm too hated to be loved,
But fuck it 'cos nothing is gonna stop me! (Yeah!)
And that's the motivation I walk with thru the door,
I live my life on the road,
When you been to the bottom theres only one way to
go,
And thats where I'm heading tomorrow!

(Verse 2 - Thurapy)

Yeah...

You see homey I gotta succeed I gotta do me,
'Cos workin 9 to 5, Monday thru Friday thats not me,
I been hustlin' since 1987 to present,
And I ain't stoppin til I'm ridin tinted black like a
president,
From rags to riches, From good girls to bitches,
From no food to dishes, From broken bones to stitches,
I done been thru it, lived thru it, But that was in the past
man,
Now it's time to blow the music scene like the Taliban,
I told you all before we livin life in the fast lane,
Bitch we been broken up for years but you still
remember my last name,
I'm on a money makin mission with no time for drama,
I keep my peaces like a Buddha.... like Ramachandra,
We be stackin doe like "whoa",
Ridin to the bank yellin "fuck a label",
We be independent still we all over the internet,
So damn straight we be capable of major checks,
I remember back when, They would tell me back then,
Why the hell you rappin, It ain't gonna happen,
They tried to tell me I'm not being practical,
Well I was passionate now who looks like the asshole?,
See I'm no stranger to doubt I've dealt wit it all my life,
Even my fuckin faggot father deserted kids and his
wife,
I hope that stupid prick is hearin every word that I say,
And if you hear me just know on this line I'm flippin you
da bird... HEY!
I never been a hater so I don't know what it feel like,
I know what I'm doin wit my life it just feels right,
Everybody has a set purpose on this Earth,
And if mine is makin music then for me that works,
Playa I am the auction and you are just one sale,
You see I am the prison and you are just the jail,
What I'm tryna say is I am kind of a big deal'a,
And I'll kick your ass like Anderson Silva!

(Chorus - Thurapy)

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