

JScriptz

"VH1"

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(Hook)

You rockin' with the realest tonight
So gone put your cup in the air so we can fill it tonight
[ha, yeah!]
I said you rockin' with the realest tonight [ha]
So gone put your cups in the air we can fill it tonight
[ha, yeah!]
Cause you rockin' with the realest tonight [check me]

(Verse)

I'm rockin' denim, aint no tellin' what's in them
I be busy on the grind, on my mind, is how to fill them
These paved streets taught me lessons on never
slippin'
They comin' with them weapons, and try and take your
blessins'
But, I aint stressin', I get love where I'm steppin'
Whether that's out of town, or in my hood makin'
rounds
I would reach for the crown, and I aint done enough yet
No sweat, love it when I'm not around
It's goin' down cause them giants up, so put some
drinks in your cup
Toast to the blast, of the past, fill some hash in my
blunt
I used to park far away, now I'm using valet
Exit through the alley, from NY to Cali
To feel the highs, I feel you got to feel the lows
So you can stay up on your toes, know when the world
blows
No hidden bones in my closets, I'm trying to make
deposits
I would of made them keys, but I found rappin' as my
logic
But I did make a couple runs, enemies made a couple
ones
Tell me, where they at now
I'm in and out of studios rollin' sacs now
Girls comin' around and they singin' my tracks now like
"You wit the realest tonight"
So gone put your cups in the air so we can fill it tonight"

The feelings right, I'm soaring towards the stars
But I enjoy the same things; see I don't want the caviar
Never was the school jock,
In class writin' raps, ask Mario how far I go, you know
who know the plot
I was waitin' and schemin', contemplatin' and thinkin'
Fightin' all my inner demons, now the moment is sinkin'
And if rap don't work, I'm still going to make it
I won't take what's not mine, I'm'a be a man and face it
But this rappin' gone happen, the greatest of the latest
You want a feature on your playlist, you finna' fake
some paymants
Cha-ching, the hunger for fast things
They blasting my hits, it's everlasting
My soul will live on, through all these rap songs
Tell VH1 I'm comin' the greatest make it nothin'
From rags to riches, I'll be the last who did it
So posterize me today, you know with em or jay
Or big or pac, or any of them rappers who got shot
And put they life on the line, just to grind to the top
From the bottom, and proved all the people wrong who
doubt 'em
Never shout them out, cuase they don't deserve it,
yeah you heard it
Leave them octopussies, on a low surface
And pay no mind, cause this cashier, hater peer, is
worthless
And I'm more like number one, 'til they can reach
number ten I am done
[Ha]

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