

K-Rino**"From the Heart"**

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(*talking*)

Yeah, we gotta do what we gotta do out here man
Gotta make these streets, feed us man
Ain't nobody else gon do it, boys is out here hungry
Trying to get it, anyway they can
So this what we gon do, listen

[K-Rino]

Your boy ain't trying to be the hardest, I'm just trying to
be a grown man
Live prosper and see money, and touch it with my own
hands
Worship God help people, and don't let life defeat me
Show love, and treat people how I would want 'em to
treat me
I speak with such geekness, some question my
streetness
A mistake, if you ever take my kindness for weakness
Hard times I beat that, done took heat and gave heat
back
Been drawn on by police, and shot at by street cats
Discriminate on no money, nine to five or hood money
The rap game done helped me, turn bad money to
good money
Done had sex and made love, ran game and played
love
But right now, a million dollars couldn't make me trade
love
Never sold crack I sold pills, just wisdom and cold skills
But in my city ain't no deals, that should jack cars and
show grills
And that's backwards, the game is getting faker every
year
People base a artist, off of what they see not what they
hear

[Hook]

I'm speaking, from my heart homie
I been trying to keep it straight up, from the start homie
But these evil faces, ripping me apart homie
I'm trying to make people, appreciate my art homie

I'm in this world, still trying to find my way man
Still patiently waiting, on my day man
But I'm running out of good things, to say man
And suicide ain't a option so I pray man, that's what it is
dude

[K-Rino]

Reality I sip from, you want some come get some
They say K you ought not rap so much, about the
Nation of Islam
But kill that, the N.O.I. backs me and I back them
And they don't pay enough money, to make your boy
attack them
You want me, you take my subject matter like I leave it
Me sell out for a record deal, I can't even conceive it
Life ain't all about the money, love of money's our
opponent
If my ties to Islam block me from a deal, then I don't
want it
Whether radio or industry, you fake I'ma attack y'all
You can't black ball, a man that's already been black
balled
All states get slapped on, punks with bra straps on
And I ain't no studio gangsta, trying to hide behind a
rap song
In the park you gotta fight, you a mark get out of sight
Your bark's worse than your nite, what's in the dark
come to the light
Must be crazy, if you think that I would ever feel
another man
The mic be in my left, the murder weapon in my other
hand
And none of these stuck up left females, I been tied
Yeah girl you look good, but you a monster on the
inside
Messed up in the head, frustrated and depressed
Thinking what a man is driving, is a measure of
success

[Hook]

[K-Rino]

I'm stressed out and rolled down, half my dreams to'
down
And 85 percent of the folks I ever met, was low down
No nuts you better grow em, got hands learn to throw
em
And you can hang around a person all your life, and
still don't know em
That's so true, but that's a part of life you gotta go
through

Like being po', and working at a job you hate to go to
I guess I start mobbing, I'm hungry tired of starving
My gal running me crazy daily, now I'm tired of arguing
Need something to uplift me, the game is real shifty
J-Flex is doing thirty years, and Pharoah doing fifty
And Aftermath done did ten, my boy Guy did fifteen
And these cakes is out here acting hard, when they
softer than whipped cream
My enemies unjustly, tell lies when they disgust me
You shocked because I never trusted you, I barely trust
me
Can't touch me, you out there everyday I'm kinda rusty
Say you ain't jealous the way my name is in your
mouth, you must be

[Hook]

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