

## Realm Reality

### "I Just Want To Be There"

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My fam like perfect photography  
The way we laugh the poverty  
You would have think my pops is a fan of comedy  
Honestly, I would be chillin pomposly, spittin polly seats  
Poppin shit to a proper piece, pissing on niggas' party  
seats  
Palium, pocket in profits all for the products  
My partners pass to me  
Polishing promises that I'll pop it if it's lie to me  
Slice done watches, prolly my mama's jordans stop it  
You street diggers deenin the octo profit  
The cream of the planet rockin the cream in  
grandma's garage  
It's a dream we made it out with clean colors  
Without the laundry, from lotto tickets to lobster dishes  
Life be feeling loft, they gotting me, gotting me like my  
god  
Is when I be gwapping guadalupe  
Guacamoli, guatemala and ganja  
Still nothing come between king and queen  
Kid and his mama, you can spit and wipe your kicks  
But don't nothing wipe off the shina  
When you see me home with it,  
You told me, that's for your mama nigga

Give me the mike, I have no reason to write  
I should work in a sperm bank yeah, seemin I'm nice  
Big truck, ...your girl should see me tonight  
I'm bustin round with a chess piece now, give me the  
knife  
Niggas on your block see me on tv, they tight  
Think it's wrong when I cop cops wanna read me my  
rights  
I spit songs with a strong flow  
That old sitcom, I had to blossom with a long nose  
All those hopin I foul, you speakin up  
Haters, hope you took your viagra, just keep it up  
Far as this party, doesn't matter  
I'm diabetic and I'm fighting the sugar, I'm all  
haggler  
I just wanna be there, whenever we there

Hope yâ' all not playin with wiiâ's, nintendo wii there  
I just wanna be there, whenever we there  
Hope youâ're not playing with yâ's, fred the god, yeah

Kiss my mother I love her, Iâ'm barely in new york  
Forgive me for the complications in communication  
Got a wifey you havenâ't spoken to in 7 years  
Do the several tears to my father  
Thatâ's buried deep in fears  
Iâ'm bout to be a father  
Plus Iâ'ma be a husband  
Hopefully the crees a deep discussion  
Brign belief and hugging  
Except the mark for who he is  
And how he wants to live  
Itâ's all a son needs, heâ's just seed  
You gotta let him be  
My mama stubborn, as they coming through theâ...  
She kept me out of trouble, through the blockâ's a push  
And daddy had to hustle  
And posin a state of mind, cause we on new york  
Despite the way we talk, what we hunger itâ's not the  
side of fork  
I pop the cork and raise the glass, you the shit mon  
Forgive me for my cursing but I swear you the shit mom  
How well I pusâ...storn as ever  
God is great, the finer trace you finally figure 8  
Meaning we infinite positive jewel symphony  
So trakc the issue, just balance out the sublifmatic  
I may consider it insensitive the other needs  
What the help I give, I donâ't expect the size the love  
for me  
With my day 1 niggas the taste is bitter  
Who would figure when the judging my loyalty for my  
twitter  
Maybe Iâ'll paint the picture that drives inside me  
Could use a licence  
Thatâ's when it hurt, when I told em I deal  
All I got was silence  
But those my niggas, if we never do a song again  
May the lord keep us blessed, feeling stronger than  
Mi disconnection with my family, my strongest flaw  
Long as I can call them, and talk it  
We can conquer all

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