

## Realm Reality

### "Immoral Ventilation"

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[Hook]

Blood, sweat, tears, bruises  
Developing habits of never loosin  
Guns, bang, shirts, stain  
Infamous to the death, we die for this music  
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Iâ€™m bad as ever, when I cash your bread up  
Practice makes better when I smash your head up  
Use total class for shredder  
I got a act of switch a lever, kitchen knife disever  
Better safe than ever, I have a weapon when they try  
and catch up  
My mama raised me with a harsh tone, see a cross  
crowns  
Deeper science achieving the reimpark chrone  
Bishop life, all I saw was my reality  
To be own man and survive was the mentality  
Most with casualties, living wrong but the right type  
To find out he was shot smoking loud on a quiet night  
Runnin the hood like Iâ€™m living on trout men  
Any rapper tryina play cowboy, they scalp them  
Infamous grind mode be the routine  
Fool proof schemes, adapting enemies and dreams  
God forgives but he donâ€™t approves the situation  
When the â€¦disgrace with the immoral ventilation

Been on times on a dead end,  
Embed in the scent, mac 10, 7 15 with the fen  
The gun come with the twin  
The rust with the touch of m  
Itâ€™s rough to men like a hustlerâ€™s skin  
Drunk the hen and I will suck pen  
The underworldâ€™s full of corrupt men  
Mother proolly on the thugâ€™s wrist  
Riding poltant, the rover sees swight like yoga  
My lineâ€™s quoted, this is colded  
Twist wishes, kiss boaâ€™s, script poems

Silked out with the chris loafers  
Still play the park spark, when dance underneath the  
top  
Then he got dopped, the same play the heart  
The large snake ate the heart, I create art  
And rock the cohard sharp  
Iâ€™m a car sharp, bust shots, how to pawn cars  
Listen cars nigga spit bars, mars!

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I seen a man get on his knees and cry tears of blood  
First born in the casket, laying down in the mud  
A product of this environment, a murderer, a shooter  
Niggas start going crazy when he fuck with the budda  
Stood in front of a judge, had the book throwing at him  
Sentenced to 10 joints, now the wolves gonna grab him  
He used to run the streets with me, bunk bed sleep with  
me  
Rob the bull dagger and dippin from the police with me  
No appetite is stronger than that of the concrete  
I can tell you how it feels to find bullets where Â…  
sleeps  
Bumping that ol more deep, living that brooklyn life  
Some niggas took a flight, surroundings werenâ€™t  
looking right  
Older than I look, 50 representation  
Run reality on coroner, immoral ventilation  
We live by a code that wasnâ€™t written in the bible  
The look in my eyes is half peacemaker, half  
homucidal  
My niggas ainâ€™t satisfied until we spending checks  
Our twitters ainâ€™t verified but we could care less  
Cause we be sippin bekcâ€™s and my click a mess  
St infamous, show off le text  
I glow off my rep, with my lost connects  
I sex harvest chicks to hardly make some molly  
Trippin poly with the obvious,  
Anonymous madona miss  
America looking like she turning off the lights  
You can find me in the back, with a pound of dust  
In the ground we trust, by any means we counting  
bucks

See funny rappers is jelly, my click is rich already  
Shot out machete, he knocked a nigga out that was  
pety  
Iâ'm on the block with a heavy coke of bag and Iâ'm  
ready  
To serve any cuddy for money Iâ'm rappin this fety  
Holer at rick, he told me we was runnin the game  
Plus we was runnin the train, told him we was runnin the  
same

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