

False Reality

Dizzy Wright

You get what you get, nigga
Ay freeze, give me that lighter bro
Go ahead and light something up
Vibe with me

Never letting this entertainment business drive me (drive me)
Never will I let being famous make me cocky (making me cocky)
So I watch out for these bitches
Cause it'll take them thirty years for them
To try to tarnish your name like Bill Cosby
No paparazzi all in front of my steps
Sometimes, we brothers, we just do that shit to ourselves
We learn from it with a little help in a major way
I'm just hoping we don't fuck around
And make the same mistakes (okay)
But look I'm back here in the same spot that I left in (that I left in)
You don't know me, cool
I'm making my very best first impression
Been blessed to send yall a message
For every time you get into the mood
I'm here for the grown folks to youth
Your family and boo and you
I'm talking everybody
You can accept it at your own pace
But we can't keep screaming racism
If we killing our own race
Not only are we against them
We against us
We been fucked up
Cause this rap life is a fucking false reality

If I could make a living keeping it real with y'all
Keeping it real with y'all, keeping it real with y'all
Then I could go to the grave knowing I did my job
Did my job by not promoting a false reality
Touching the world, got to make this music live forever man
Live forever man, live forever man
Never let someone make you feel you don't feel deserve everything
These false realities ain't everything (I know I'm right)

She was dying on the outside
Baby was growing on the inside
Bringing a new life into this life
How did it get this way?
Dealing with these petty thugs
That rather hit every club
Instead of giving they baby mama belly rubs
Childish things
Lie about a lot of these things
Like trying to get close to bad bitches
Not knowing we putting down our queens
We don't even notice all this drama we cause
Look, if you don't know nothing about how to love, brother
You don't know nothing at all
Thinking like what if fifty years ago
They had what we got?
These cell phones or the Internet

Would have been divided by color
You all can't even prepare us for this shit we dealing with now
So the newer niggas gotta be able to help their younger brothers
And love each other
Cause the people still talking
The soul of Doctor King is still marching
We dealing with these everyday tragedies
Kids wrapped up in the rap life
That's false reality

(No I don't got to bring up race to know this country was build off it, I'm just saying)

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