

# Open Letter

## Phora

I had to do this for my city once  
This for my Anahiem niggas rollin blunts  
And I can't forget Santa Ana cuz it not about where i'm at  
It was always about where im from  
From a place where they quick and snatch  
Your life put your feet in my shoes and you couldn't last a night  
these rappers are rapper like claiming savage life  
but me I know the differences in real life and rappers life  
why team, Man team back and strong  
they thought they was killing it that aint last for long  
these rappers talk guns and these kids rap along  
stop lying you aint in the dope house  
you at yo moms  
thats not the boy she raised how dare you disrespect her  
swear I feed off these niggas like I was Mr.Lecter  
watch my words eat away the E-goes  
cuz you can all goons and they can't protect ya  
you live a fraudulent life, you was never real  
I'm dropping that fire just like I said I will  
to the rappers that keep it real i see you  
but you need to come to yours truly records for a better deal so fuck what they say  
and homie I got enough  
now I aint trippin, now listen im quit to call plug  
and im killing these rappers, its all for fun  
cuz I don't hate not a soul in this world  
except for Donald Trump  
keep the hate mail coming  
that shit just motivates me  
the thought of me making probably drives you crazy  
im hitting 180  
how can you blame and I always keep a smile  
cuz even a bullet couldn't take me  
they the type to follow, bitch I break the rules  
boy you know you aint no thug you should've stay In school  
I guess im the one who breaks the news  
you need to spend less time on worldstar  
and more time making moves  
i aint got shit to prove for a fucking soul  
middle finger to the world

watch me fuck her slow  
sitting here like wtf happened to rap  
It used to be music but now its just a mf puppet show  
its gonna be a minute before we finish nigga  
you tellin stories not livin theres a difference nigga  
most of these rappers whole life is rented  
why you stay in a bentley when you really in a civic nigga  
yeah i could tell when they fronting  
yourstruly asking when they gonna tell you we coming  
and i tried to tell them not to push my buttons  
now we taking over no room for discussion  
mf wassup

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
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