

Living a Dream (feat. Trae tha Truth)

Rittz

Damn shawty
Got damn living it up ain't you
All that designer shit man
You know what I mean
Got damn you living a dream bruhMy shades more expensive than your J's
My chain indicates that I'm paid
My lady say it's time to get engaged
She say I go on tour and misbehave
Our bills are never late
On the stage rocking like I'm Jimmy Page
But fuck swag, I ain't dressing up like Kid 'n Play
Trying to snap on every track like Eminem on Renegade
If you ain't heard of me then you been living in a cave
Or sitting in a grave, or listening to Drake
Any minute the shit will disintegrate
This music business is fishy like penetrating a bitch who didn't bathe
Wanted on the streets like I went to prison and escaped
Fuck the police, these authority figures get disobeyed
In the broad day bullets be grazing and ricochet
No games, only participating in pistol play
I rap and I shove the crack in the side of a creme br  le
It's like I'm pinned against a cage, fightin' in the MMA
Bitch
It is what it is but it ain't what it seems
People thinking that I'm living a dream
Ohhh ohhh yeahh yeahh
When I roll through in my old school Cut' Supreme
They be thinking that I'm living a dream
Ohhh ohhh yeahhhhhhYeah
My older brother's a teacher, one of his students asked
If I ever game him money, it's funny, people think I got stupid cash
If they only knew the half
Hoping I got loot to last me to June and it's April
Afraid to go and do the math
Covering my emotions, hope they don't see through the mask
From the outside looking in it's different, looking through the glass
Me and Tech ain't Bernz and Wrek, me and Wolf ain't Snoop and Daz
Cause the truth is that this music crap is difficult to grasp
That's why you never see me go on interviews and bash

Other rappers, I'm not the dude booin' while you [?]
Cause I still got a pill problem
My dollar bills still got a film on 'em
Feeling like some loser trash
Homies clueless asking questions, "When they sending you a plaque?"
Explaining how budgets work, recouping and how I'm stressing
Cause I never see a check from selling 50, 000 records
But
It is what it is but it ain't what it seems
People thinking that I'm living a dream
Ohhh ohhh yeahh yeahh
When I roll through in my old school Cut' Supreme
They be thinking that I'm living a dream
Ohhh ohhh yeahhhhhhYeah
I'm sick of people speaking for me like ain't a day I was stressing
Why the fuck I'm living life somewhere lost in a thousand questions
Every blessing got me grateful but these haters got me hateful
So I take it 'til I'm permanent resting, but they don't see that
All they see is that I'm a trip
Fuck 'em, I'd rather kick it and dive inside they woman' lips
Yeah this whip I ride is nice but why you worried 'bout the price
What about they days I walk and hustle just to starve for nights
And that's for real
Why are they acting like they was on side of me
They don't remember when everyone lied to me
Left me alone and that was cool back then
But now that they looking they acting like they was the one that was doing it
Telling me they was my people
They thought they had me fooled back then
Not Trae, no not today, I'm living for me
No opinion got me in shackles, shit I'm living life free
And everything seem to be a dream, I tried to tell 'em wake up
But instead they'd rather hate me getting cake up
Shit

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

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