

Life Gets Brutal (feat. Heems)

Misteur Valaire

[Verse 1: Heems]

I belong to the heart of the city
The city is pretty but the stress gets shitty
Better than the next man save me the pity
Feed me a pita, gas at the Getty
Or the Citgo, mami just get low
If it's a hit though mami just let go
Mortal Kombat, the beat so Sega
Got a Spanish girl, she look like Vega
Got a Brazilian, she look like Blanca
Japanese dime lookin like E. Honda
Shorty from the tribe she look like Tatanka
Suck it like a lollipop, call me Willy Wonka
Call me Johnny Depp, call me Richard Greco
Lady in the sheets, in the streets she a freak though
If it's a free kick, it's a free throw
You know how he throw like Mark Price with free throws[Refrain]
You belong, to the heart of the city
Why you try to play me baby
You belong, to the heart of the city
Why you try to play me baby[Verse 2: Heems]
I'm Mahmoud Abdul-Rauf
I don't pledge allegiance I raise the roof, like
Like does this roof need raising?
Phylicia Rashad in the sun like a raisin
These sound like porn because I'm whoring myself
Stack for a verse, now I'm touring myself
Yes, I'm fresh from Japan
Call my connect and I pay him in yen
Budapest, Bucharest to Budapest
He who next, you a pest, stupid mess
Stupid fresh, Hima best dressed
He who do the text, I see through you like meh
Where we from, life gets brutal
Bury our feelings in bottles of Brugal
I'm been listening to Sisqo
Remember when our friends use to wild out on [?][Refrain]

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