

# Say Whats Real

## Drake

Why do I feel so alone?  
Like everybody passing through the studio  
Is in character as if we acting out a movie role  
Talking bullshit as if it was for you to know  
And I don't have the heart to give these  
Bitch ass niggas the cue to go  
So they stick around kicking out feedback  
And I entertain it as if I need that  
I had a talk with my uncle and he agreed that  
My privacy about the only thing I need back but  
It's hard to think of them polite flows  
Mr. Fano Poloto suits are your night clothes  
And Jordan sweat suits are your flight clothes  
And you still make it even when they say your flight closed  
Eyes hurting from the camera phone light shows  
Life was so full  
Now this shit just being lipo'd  
Always said I'd say it all on the right track  
But in this game you only lose when you fight back  
Black diamond bracelets  
Showing you the basics  
I can't live and hold the camara  
Someone gotta tape this  
I make hits unlike a bitch  
That's married I ain't miss  
24 hours from greatness  
I'm that close  
Don't ever forget the moment  
You began to doubt  
Transitioning from fitting in to standing out  
Los Angeles Cabanas or Atlanta South  
Watchin' HOV show  
Embarrassed to pull my camera out  
And my mother embarrassed  
To pull my Phantom out  
So I park about 5 houses down  
She say I shouldn't have it until I have the crown  
But I don't wanna feel the need to wear disguises around  
So she wonder where my mind is accounts in the minus

But yet I'm rolling round the fuckin' city like your highness  
Got niggas reactin' without a sinus  
'Cause what I'm working with is timeless  
And promoters try to get me out to they club  
They say I have fun but I can't imagine how  
'Cause I just seen my ex-girl  
Standing with my next girl  
Standing with the girl that I'm fuckin' right now  
And shit could get weird unless they all down  
And so I stay clear  
We from a small town  
Everybody talks and everybody listen  
But somehow the truth just always comes up missing  
I've always been something that these labels can't buy  
Especially if they tryin' to take a peice of my soul  
And Sylvia be tellin' Tez "Damn Drake fly"  
And he just be like "Silly mother fucker I know"  
That was your bad  
How could you pass up on 'em?  
He just take them records  
And he gas up on 'em  
Wayne will prolly put a million cash up on 'em  
Surprised no one ever put your ass up on 'em  
Oh they did Po  
At least they tried to  
And that's what happens  
When you spitting what's inside you  
But slip up and shoot the wrong fucking video  
And they think they can market you  
However they decide to nahh  
But Forty told me to do me  
And don't listen to anybody that knew me  
'Cause to have known me would  
Mean that there's a new me  
And if you think I changed in the slightest  
Could of fooled me  
Boy in my city I'm da 2-3  
Drug dealers live vicariously through me  
I quit school and it's not because I'm lazy  
I'm just not the social type  
And campus life is crazy understand  
I could get money with my eyes closed  
Lost some of my hottest verses down in Cabo  
So if you find a Blackberry with the side scroll  
Sell that mothafucka to any rapper that I know

'Cause they need it much more than I ever will  
I got new shit  
I'm gettin' better still  
Little niggas put my name in they verses  
'Cause they girlfriend put my ass on a pedesteele  
Future said 'cause this 'Ye shit you better kill  
And I think this got this "Making of a Legend" feel  
Problem with these other niggas they  
Ain't never real  
Yea ... that's all I can say

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