

# Say What's Real

## Drake

Why do I feel so alone  
Like everybody passing through the studio is in character  
As if he 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 niggaz the cue to go  
So they stick around, kicking out feedback  
And I entertain it is 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 thinkin in polite flows/  
When Stephano Polato suits are your night clothes  
And Jordan sweat suits are you flight clothes  
And you still make it even when they say your flight close  
Eyes hurting from the camera phone light shows  
Life was so full, now the shit just been lypo'd  
Always said I'll 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 camera someone got to tape this  
I make hits and like 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  
Watch Hov's 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 want to feel the need to wear disguises around  
So she wonders where my mind is, account's in the minus  
And yet I role around the fucking city like ya highness  
Got niggaz reacting without a sinus  
Cause what I'm working with is timeless  
And promoters trying to get me out to they club  
And say I have fun, but I can't imagine how  
Cause I just see my ex girl, standing with my next girl, standing with the girl that I'm fucking right now  
And shit can get weird, unless they all down  
And so I stay clear, we from a small town  
And everybody talks, and everybody listen

And somehow the truth just always comes up missing  
I've always been something that these labels can't buy  
Especially if they trying to take a piece of my soul  
And Silvia be telling Taz damn Drake fly  
And he just be like silly motherfucker I know  
That was your bad, how can you pass up on 'em  
He just take them records and he gas up on 'em  
Wayne would probably 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 happen when you spitting what inside you  
But slip up and shoot the wrong fucking video  
And they think they can market you however they decide to  
Nah, before they 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 have fooled me  
Boy, and to my city I'm the Two Three  
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 motherfucker to any rapper that I know  
Cause they need it much more than I ever will  
I got new shit, I'm getting better still  
Little niggaz put my name in they verses  
Cause they girlfriend put my ass on a pedestal  
Future said cause it's Ye shit you better kill  
And I think this got that making of a legend feel  
Problem with these other niggaz they ain't never real  
Yea, it's all I can say

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

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