

To Me, To You (feat. Jay Electronica)

PRhyme

Niggas be askin' me like, "Man you took all that time off
I understand you had to get your mind right or whatever
you was doin' but I'm just curious to know
how you, how you gonna approach the next shit?"
Say it's the same way I always do, not givin' a fuck Million dollar maker, not a faker, try to call me over the hill
It's probably cause you saw me chillin' beside a pile of paper
Life's a Picasso painting, psyche, my life's more like an obstacle, ain't it?
Like it's somethin' in front of the drop, and I gotta ride around it
On my way to make me another child support payment
From humble beginnings, though we live lavishly now
And what we couldn't afford to get, we would have it somehow
Stayin' at grandma's, puddled in front of the open oven
Rubbin' our hands together like Baby with cameras around
Manic depressed, drawn to my tool
Genetically predisposed to be a mechanic or less
I handle my failures way better than I ever handled success
And I let you boys be the loudest, holdin' my 44
From '94, on my retro kick before I let you let go clips
I'll let Michael Jordan be my stylist
I'll rock one of them baggy ass Tracy McGrady suits
I've been poppin' since I was 5, that was in '82
Believe that, a nigga been knockin' more lady's boots
Than Kanye critiquin' at Steve Madden
I'm just a LOX fan with childish thinkin'
The last time I got pulled over for drunk drivin'
I took the breathalyzer out the cop's hand and tried to drink it
That's what I do for my community
Your boo told me what she wanna do to me
Before she dropped on two knees and then blew me like an opportunity (To me, it's what I see
To you, it's what you do)
Phryme!
Ha ha ha-ha, if I could make niggas as real as me
Ha ha ha-ha, I'd ask, "how come niggas ain't real as me?"
(To me, it's what I see
To you, it's what you do)
Phryme!
Ha ha ha-ha, if I could make niggas as real as me
Ha ha ha-ha, I'd ask, "how come niggas ain't real as me?" Multiply, multiply
That's what the real niggas do

Multiply, multiply
That's on a real nigga Your favorite rapper's up at LIV
While I'm on controlled substances, search around my crib for a fuck to give
But I couldn't find it
My notebook should be made of a wooden binder
Cause that's what my albums be sellin'
But I don't give a fuck about nothin' but good vagina
Long as these niggas call me GOAT
If I don't get through to you the call failed
Cause I was probably on that Wolf of Wall Street boat, I'm a hard sell
Maybe too lyrical for 'em
The Lord gave me a choice to either be king or give all Hell
I chose the latter like a fireman climbin' up to a charred rail
In front of Miley, starin' a giant wreckin' ball
Miss me with your mollies and your Tyrese wisdom
I don't connect with y'all and these antics
Today you give your life to the game
Tomorrow you be posin' in pictures, lookin' like Steve Francis
You ain't turnin' up, you're bein' backhanded like Pete Sampras
About that, I missed my uncle's funeral to go to South by Southwest
You ain't gotta appreciate it, but you better respect the fact
That I'm a real rapper and nothin' whack done came out my mouth yet (To me, it's what I see
To you, it's what you do)
Phryme!
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Ha ha ha-ha, I'd ask, "how come niggas ain't real as me?"
(To me, it's what I see
To you, it's what you do)
Phryme!
Ha ha ha-ha, if I could make niggas as real as me
Ha ha ha-ha, I'd ask, "how come niggas ain't real as me?" Me and Pharaoh is like Dorothy and Toto on the brick
road
Crossin' at the crissroads
The valleys and the alleys where the gods switch to bitch mode
I came through, the Harley pipe was loud like a lion
The title on the marquee said "Child out of Zion"
Contemplatin' on another plane, hoverin' down lover's lane
Won a great debate against the state about the mother plane
He called me by that other name, I called him by his other name
The lightnin' struck the internet like a screen door in a hurricane
Jay Electricity, baptized by Felicity
Where he been the past three years? It's just a mystery
If it ain't come from one of my peers, it ain't a diss to me
I'm a thousand leagues under the sea, niggas can't get to me
The F in my middle name with the period stands for "Victory"

I came from the bottoms of Hell with Jezebels
Sniffin' blow with her friends in the dens of iniquity
When I was young, I was confused, I thought God was a mystery
But everything I knew since the time I began to grow
Was taught to me by the wickedest men, who twist the histories
Who pulled out the cuffs of deception and and hitched their wrist to we
Now all praises due to Allah, we seein' crystally
The Pyramids are there to bear witness to the gods
So when the angels heard me spit, they bit their lip, this shit is hard
Utterly unstoppable, in high school I was voted most popular
By the unpopular, phantom of the chakras (To me, it's what I see
To you, it's what you do)

Phryme!

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Songwriters

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