

Yung Ro, Who Is The Realest

(*talking*)

Pain-pain, and I'm the realest motherfucker breathing

(Yung Ro)

I will fucking promise God, that I would give him my best
Got off my knees and took the proof, to get some shit off my chest
Now I don't sleep too much, I was born to grind
So much to do I'm always late, but they ain't got enough time
But I gotta go, got a call for a show
Plus I got a in-sto', they say my cd running low no
G'yeah, y'all can't understand my structure
I am a conductor, motherfuck ya
Just open your eyes, I'll show the facts
With no proof but in the booth, I'm so relaxed g'yeah
How that sound, me lose
I'm a ignorant cocky dude, that keeps some'ing to prove
You got some'ing to prove, well fuck it call the boy out
I be ready no doubt, er-a what you talking bout
Yung Ro, my big bro J-Mack
Until the Clip is Empty, do you like the sound of that
Bu-busting niggas heads, just to make em pay attention
Tried to tell him not to fuck with me, he wouldn't listen
But, me not scared to go to war
Look at this face, you see my scar motherfucker
I'm smoking weed, to take the pain away
Pain don't never go away, pain stay so Yung Ro pray
Uh, nigga I'm on another level
Trying to get my life right, slap boxing the devil
And when I was a child, he use to get the best of me
Took what was left in me, then I made myself love me
Nobody, the realest rapper alive
Lord knows how hard I try, who the realest

(*talking*)

Yeah, they call me Mr. Pain around this bitch
Know a nigga did a movie named Pain
On my next underground, I'll be like pain nigga
Yeah, who don't feel pain