

# Yung Ro, Realest Rappa Alive

(Yung Ro talking)

Yeah, nobody, you know I like this here, give me a chance to vent ya know  
Give ya me, not all the bull shit ya feel me, listen look

(Yung Ro)

Nobody thought Yung Ro would flow like this  
Used to have to leave the Southern region to get a flow like this  
So now that I flow like this, they all feelin Ro  
Thankin nobody damn you killin' em Ro  
With that young prophet soul, real spiritual flow  
And at that moment nuthin' is alive what you hear in ya soul  
You are, hearin' the Ro shh peep when I'm rappin  
How ya chest tingle that mean sumthin' major gonna happen  
Ay, I speak the future niggaz gotta feel me  
Cuz curious bitches gon bop then jealousy gon kill me  
But I be kickin it wit Jesus, relaxin, havin' a toast  
Laughin, cuz you never really feel what you really hated most  
The truth, and that will forever live  
Through every person that I touched and every good deed that I did  
I am nobody cock sucka, face the nine  
You can't kill nobody son ya wastin' ya time  
It ain't me, and this gift is a hand me down  
But hatas gonna leave blue blockers in order to stand me shine  
Older catz watched me close and say I was way too cocky  
But pretendin' to be my friend and feel the oppurtunity stop me  
Watch me, do my thang real is all I flow  
Because speakin' the truth and shit talkin' is all I know  
And all I flow is do-do, we got me so high  
Oh no, Ro-Ro, don't tell no lies  
So I, was paint the picture for the dead to see  
But those who sleep through life awake focus, listen to me  
Lyrics like kodak film, I snap life when I tell it  
Give it to you, let you plan it way before you feel it  
I bin the, best of the best even the worst of the worst  
So you get my pain, tears, and pride when I'm spittin' a verse  
So every pin-stroke I live both wisdom and truth  
Not what I seen, heard, or read daddy my livin' is proof  
Live in the booth or on the set of art or porto lies  
So through my words of expressions I remained immortalised  
Ya artists, deaf ya mortal guys  
But of course, theres more to lies  
Than rappin' to bull shit egos gettin' rich from recordin' lies  
And any man recordin I understands he's a point of history  
I meditate you hit the beat nobody's the mystery  
I'm legendary remember then heaven dared it  
How I did it for the movement and remained secondary  
And with every second carryin it with the weight of the world on my back  
While dodgin' jumpin' obstacles and still remainin' on track  
I spit for niggaz stuck in deep thought  
Take heed to what them streets talk  
They know, because the streets talk  
Speak truth, none of that sweet talk  
And we rock, every bit of the streets in us in this music  
And I worked hard to feel my rappin' and my pride won't let me lose it  
So when you pick up a CD and theres a feature wit Ro on it  
Get nuthin' but real, no gimmicks and ain't no shit that's a promise  
To be honest I don't even like rap, just expressin my thoughts  
The rap game cludded with foolishness and very unnessisary talk  
But fuck that, to the hide on my flow is fuck them politics  
Still workin' on radio shit my curse done stuck on knowledge  
But trust me, Gyeah see I know what I'm doin'  
I am destined for this I am the future of Houston  
Nobody nigga please, Come on  
I'm the realest rappa alive till y'all prove me wrong

Do you believe?

(Yung Ro talking)

Gyeah, Gyeah, nigga, Yung Ro

One, Paid in Phull, one and two

Yung Ro, on the three to the who want it?

Wait for my album cousin, self entitled Nobody, the man who switched

Yo, cop that shit