

Keep It Real

Jamal

Yo look who just jumped up on the scene
Pocket full of green but in leather and all
I be's that nigga named Jamal
Mackin' hoes in the tight clothes with pretty toes
Kickin' flows for all the rowdy bros and it goes look
1 2 to the breaker 1 9 9 5
Jamal representin' keep it live
It don't matter how I come on these funk raw tracks with raps
We bout to still make snaps
We got bitches for days, rich as it pays
Damn shits changed since back in the days, get money
And my mouth is where the blunt stays blazed
And I get dazed to kick a phrase to amaze
I'm gettin' busier, leavin' hoes dizzier
Than they even been with the grown men
Is he a straight looney type of nigga
That'll drop the temperature?
Bitch, I ain't really into ya

Chrous:

To all the tramp goldiggers
Keep it real y'all, gotta keep it real y'all
Keep it real y'all, gotta keep it real y'all
To all the misrepresenters
Keep it real y'all, gotta keep it real y'all
Keep it real y'all, gotta keep it real y'all
To all the bitch ass niggas
Keep it real y'all, gotta keep it real y'all
Keep it real y'all, gotta keep it real y'all
To all the tramp goldiggers
Keep it real y'all, gotta keep it real y'all
Keep it real y'all, gotta keep it real y'all

I drop the lines above your mind y'all
When I be comin' on that ill tip
My whole crew pack nines, don't make me have to kill shit
Uh, I bring the flavor to you ear
Smash and trash MC's from the front to the rear
In '95 until, I still kick the ill lyrical miracles
Leavin' rappers hysterical
I keep it raw and when I got the gat I hit'em all
And on the M-I-C I rip'em all
Yeah, word up, this is dedicated to my peeps
on 6-0 and 6-1 on the Illedelphiatic streets
Take it to the recently deceased
H-Town, Tall D, rest in peace
Word is bond, as the beat heat up
Psychotic thoughts starts to lead up
I got the sauce to make the Billboard bullet speed up
Yo, word up, right on, Jamal got's the vibe y'all
And that's the deal on the real, I gets ill y'all
It's Philly's finest behind this doin' damage
No matter how scandalous they can't handle this, handle what?
Underground sound, I stick my dick in the ground
And I turn the whole world around!
And blow the sun up, word is bond, we blow the sun up

Niggas they run up, tryin' to stop the come up and get done up
Put your guns up, I blaze your buns up when I rock your spot
Niggas they all stiff when the red dots to they knot

Chorus x2