

# Real And Fake

Lil' Keke

Southsi' for li', Young Don in the building  
My nigga C. Weezy, H-A-Dub this how we do it man  
This for the hood, for the traps, for the blocks, for the set  
Get your hustle on, check me out on this one  
Get your money mayn, yeah

The real keep it real, the fake keep it fake  
I got rocks I got bricks, I got pies and cakes  
In the hood posted up, triple beams and weight  
On the block at the trap, cause it's money to make  
(2x)

I was born in the hood, I was raised on the block  
I got love for the streets, and gave it everything I got  
So fuck what ya heard, nigga the kid go off  
I need a half or a thang, but it gotta be soft  
If them Ricans got it cheap, then I get it for what it's worth  
I done came a long way, from shooting marbles in the dirt  
In the trap got lights and water, just to cook to work  
Cutting chunks out the duck, rock stars go bizzerk  
Southside Houston Texas, my niggaz that's where it's at  
From fifty packs to dro sacks, to quarter ki's and all that  
It's weight by the freight, this the cocaine state  
You know it's heavy heavy cake, if it's Texas plate  
Big cars big trucks, parked in front of the lot  
Come up short more than once, and get the glock in your vault  
You know it's open court, so we running fast break  
In the hood posted up, cause it's money to make yeah

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We got hood control, we on hood patrol  
While your hood's flooded with silver, our hood is gold  
Plus our hood's fa sho, we got weight by the pound  
But instead of waiting around, we moving that weight around  
With jugs of that slotted purple, is how we raping the town  
So many stangs for thangs half the time, we ain't breaking 'em down  
But the very second we do, go to rocking it up  
Watch the fiends, cause that's when we go to locking shit up  
You see I'm coming through here, looking like Mike in that Thriller video  
Acting real silly for do', (for real) really though  
They'll be standing on they tippy-toes, dancing and shit  
Open your trunk on, to see how faster than hands that they hit  
Now it's a fact, most of 'em love sucking that glass dick  
While the rest love that black tar, to shoot up they tracks with  
So therefore I'll be at my trap, in or out and about  
Going hard without a doubt, stacking up clout for my vault cause I'm a hustl  
er

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See the fake keep it fake, and the real keep it real  
Got drank weight and pills, at some hell of a deals  
I'm trying to get mills, trying to get that Coupe Deville  
With chromed out wheels, and catch up on a few of my bills  
See whatever I got, gon sell  
I got clientele, male or female that want it wholesale  
Whether its' Hotel or Motel, or Holiday Inn  
I want mo' mail so go tell, all your friends  
I want money and the power, pic-mix and flower  
Hard white or yellow, or you can get that powder  
My hood (my hood), is infested with thugs  
Infested with drugs, niggaz moving pints and jugs  
We busting them slugs, got doctors pulling the plug  
And we talk face to face, cause the phones are bugged  
It ain't no love, we feuding like Crips and Bloods  
And to keep a level head, I gotta smoke good bud

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