

For Real

8Ball & MJG

When hard times seem to find you (yeah, that's for real)
When all your good days behind you (yeah, that's for real)
When there's no sofa to recline to (yeah, that's for real)
And you just constantly have to pay a due (yeah that's for real)
But if you broke shit straight till you make a little money
E'ybody gonna say you done changed
And e'ry motherfucka think e'ry other motherfucka tryin' to find a new hold
in the game

See it ain't nothin' but the real
Niggas gettin' killed for the materialistic
Hoes on the hunt for a quick trick
Ain't shit shakin' but the leaves in them trees
Yo motherfuckin' knees and my goddamn car keys
I know it ain't really shit to it but to do it
But trying I usually go through it
But so we do it like a mack, in fact, I keep my cool
You ask me who my master is, I say my gun rules
It choose only to make moves with a certain pack
The real pack, 'cause them bustas try to hold you back
In fact, I could name a few, but I ain't gon' waste
No precious time talkin' about them on my precious tape
Pussy sucka—in disguise, undercover
Fake brothas—tryin' to come between another
Just like a wedge and some wood
Tryin' to put a split in your shit, slick busta up to no good
As I kick back, smoke a beedi with the needy
Society's gettin' greedy, ain't no future in your peace treaty
They try to label every rapper in the industry
Especially if he speaks of Hennessy and independency
If you're real

When hard times seem to find you (yeah, that's for real)
When all your good days behind you (yeah, that's for real)
When there's no sofa to recline to (yeah, that's for real)
And you just constantly have to pay a due (yeah that's for real)
But if you broke shit straight till you make a little money
E'ybody gonna say you done changed
And e'ry motherfucka think e'ry other motherfucka tryin' to find a new hold
in the game

Who am I?
It's 8-Bizzal
Do you recall?
Mr. Big, Mr. Big
In your trunk splittin' wigs
Mane, that's the same time I could recollect
Young trick in my face asking me if I claim sets
And here's this other fool with dreads growin' from his head
He tryin' to tell me 'bout some shit Farrakhan said
I try to listen cause 8ball ain't the one to knock it
But I can't hear over the echo from my empty pocket
Instead of sweating me, fool, sweat Chuck D
Cause I been true to playa shit since '83
Southern funkadelic preacher, I'm here to reach ya
Don't be so prejudiced, and let my holy words teach ya
I never rap about sets, 'cause I ain't been through that

Even though a nigga did dirt and packed straps
I don't do what you do, and you don't see what I see
Therefore we could not be the same, do you feel me?
I come from Tennessee and love drinkin' Hennessy
Peace to KRS, but here's my philosophy
I got the remedy four seconds after now
Yo my nig', tell 'em who you is

Who am I?

MJG, Pimp Tight

Knock on wood twice, pour the drinks, dim the lights
What I say, is every day, P-O-etry
The R-E-A-L, same shit that I sell
Hell, you gon' do yo' thang, I'm gon' do mine
Fine, I'm gon' sip some wine
You might find some other way to pass your time
It ain't bout where you from, it's bout what you do
And doin' wrong gon' make clues, so trouble gon' stick to you
True blue pimp shit is hard to break
But playa hatin' bustas put the icin' on the cake
Hate to see they own homies with a few ends
And still wonder why they can't get no dividends
A man ain't who he say he is
If he gotta give false information, 'bout what he had and how he live
And don't shit but the truth set you free
So trick, stop all that lyin', get those shackles 'way from me
He who tells the first lie gets the first smack
A chain react on the mack, flossin' fake facts
A freaky naked hoe makes no record deal
Perpetrators, get for real

When hard times seem to find you (yeah, that's for real)
When all your good days behind you (yeah, that's for real)
When there's no sofa to recline to (yeah, that's for real)
And you just constantly have to pay a due (yeah that's for real)
But if you broke shit straight till you make a little money
E'ybody gonna say you done changed
And e'ry motherfucka think e'ry other motherfucka tryin' to find a new hold
in the game

See in my past, I thought it was all in my mind
But in time, I came to find, people are blind
To the fact, I don't give a fuck about your thoughts
Motherfuck the radio and fuck the magazine talk
Walk with the playa down the highway of what I say
Hear what I say is just another way to make me paid
Instead of gettin' sprayed or runnin' from police
I am in the studio, smoked out, bustin' rhymes
And jealous hoes, male and female
Been givin' a nigga hell, now that I am Jealous of the fact that my mack is
not an act
Instead of packin' gats, I'm strapped with my DATs
And all my homies slang dope for a livin'
Or livin' in a prison 'cause they couldn't fade the system
I miss them, but still I gots to get up on my I'm on a mission so the future
won't see me in prison
Niggas come to me with demos of they poetry
I try to listen, cause I used to be that nigga, G
Now do you feel me?
I hope you feel these
Words, from Iz-8-Biz-all, for real

When hard times seem to find you (yeah, that's for real)

When all your good days behind you (yeah, that's for real)
When there's no sofa to recline to (yeah, that's for real)
And you just constantly have to pay a due (yeah that's for real)
But if you broke shit straight till you make a little money
E'ybody gonna say you done changed
And e'ry motherfucka think e'ry other motherfucka tryin' to find a new hold
in the game