

## That's Real

AZ

I holds it down for the convicts that live in a box  
And them little grimy niggaz that live in them spots  
Venimous plots, real nine glocks  
Spin with the drop  
Hammer cocks, sent you a shot  
Brooklyn motha fucka, we blend with the blocks  
Live niggaz, type to spend 10 on a watch  
Face lift it  
Hit it straight nuttin' to taste wit it  
Fuck shots  
Cop bottles, whole case wit it  
Street war  
Niggaz don't beef no more  
See the kill for real or don't eat no more  
Sleep no more  
Hollow tips'll eat you raw  
Straight through the right cheek of your jaw (blaow)  
Lets get it on  
With the guns drawn  
Ride or die  
No whats wrong  
Gettin' shitted on  
My reply  
Cut you up with some shit that'll tear your soul  
Wrap up if you feel the cold  
That's real

My' spit from my block men  
Everyday ya upstate gettin' boxed in  
Stick a (marriage?) through the gate when they locked in  
You can hear 'em when they break when they boxed in  
That's real  
My spit from my street men  
All day, smuggle yay pull ya Jeep's in  
Never play where you lay we ain't sleepin'  
Spot clean, FED's dumb let 'em creep in  
That's real

I break laws when I want to  
Jaws when I want to  
Everybody, get them on the floor when I come through  
Know the rules not to move when I come to jam you  
Two hammers  
One in my hand one in the tan room  
The General  
I could care less if there's ten of you  
I'm built for stress  
Do what few men can do  
Send a few into you  
Injured you, you injured two  
Mack 11 ya hit your Chevy  
Sent it off in his inertubes  
Mack pop the pistol well  
Cop fish scales  
Used to pop a pistol quick  
Cock that shit  
Gun still on the missile tip

Hit that main tissue shit  
Kidney, lungs, heart, spleen, brain tissue shit  
I hit you niggaz where it hurt at  
Where you little niggaz they dirt at  
Where they pump they work at  
Recognize when the motha fuckin' truth in here  
Beanie Sieg hottest thing in the booth this year  
That's real

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That's real

Ya little mind and the things that it conjure up  
Even worse when you Henney'd and Ganja'd up  
Could see it now  
Feet duck taped, arms in cuffs  
Your conscience fucked  
Pissey be on your bluff

I roll with niggaz that'll clap you up  
Get locked and wait for you to get knocked and whack you up  
Stick a motha fuckin' sword in ya  
Make everybody on the motha fuckin' block see the broad in ya

Arm the Niggaz need to bomb wit us  
Dawn wit us  
Bust of they chronic wit us  
Quiet Money, Roc-A-Fella nigga arm your pups  
Play the game before your palms get touched (nigga)

I (spiffin?) niggas doin' a long time  
All day, could see new spades and keep a blade on a phone line  
Keep the guards payed so they got they own line  
Hustle on the block still make they own wine  
That's real

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My spit from my street men  
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