

It's Real

Brotha Lynch Hung

Hey man, it's real
Knowin that
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I put you up nigga, don't trip
You did your dirt for that mark
And he left you in the dark
Sky-divin' in a bullet-proof parachute
No remorse, left you hangin
Easy aimin, lock down shoot
The Glock sounds tootin
One minute til' I'm in it
Got a business, still they ass to death
And get my scrill up in the corner, none left
Shots out to my nigga in the pen.
Didn't switch, didn't act bitch
Try to stop a nigga from gettin rich
You could dig a ditch, but you won't find shit
Left you in flames, kept the roach
You can smell the shit when I approach
I be off that stanky sack of indo-nesia
It's a evidential
I leave you hungry, eat yo cheese up
Heard you was sweet, like a Almond Joy
And I know you heard of me
Cause I'm a West-Coast Bad Boy
And I'm a sick nigga, "Sicc made! "
It gets real as I pull the pin out this grenade!
"Body Parts" like the movie
Old school Uzi
Rip yo arms out from the elbows
Nigga I smell those green leaves
The six thieves
A twenty-sack of green weed is all I need
I make you bleed, I take yo cream
I know you got it from the "Ice Cream Man"
Before you make that transaction
I need the cash in my hand
And if you don't, we can do the murder-man dance
Under any circumstance, I'm a have yo hands

Brotha Lynch, I'm a make you a deal you can't refuse
My phone tapped
The new code for halves and wholes is t-shirts and tennis-shoes
From the yay, I got the sneakers
Sixty-five for a shoe nigga, if you got the tweakers
Meet me down-south, New Orleans we bumpin
I get this bitch jumpin, you got the money
I got the g's, flip the ki's, and the o-z's
We could blow some weed
And talk about this shit smokin some trees
But watch yo back, keep yo handle bar cocked

Too many Federal Agents pretend to be hustlers, but really cops
Send it across the border, nigga like Taco Bell
Put it in a plane, a boat, UPS, nigga I could get it there
I'm surrounded by cocktails, I mean hoes in mini-skirts
Ain't no free dick out here, it's time to put in work
Put these hoes on a Greyhound, fool if it's goin down
And make 'em bring it back, from my hood, to your town
And it's all good, nigga it's like wax
And we could slang these records like motherfuckin crack
And if they bumpin, we gotta keep 'em jumpin
Cause it's all about the cheddar, the cheese, and the money

A criminal tatted front-to-back
Always 'bout my jack
Doin a dope-deal, forget to bring yo strap
Let it be fact, I blast first
I know no nigga that smart in a hearse
Who cursed, my dope and money life
A Eagle with blood stains in the scope
Be my wife, live yo life
Til' death do us part
Start my gangsta bounce
Thirty-six ounce, to a ki
Got this T-O-D in ya face
Now tell me the fuck else you got free
A thousand pounds of that skunk
Ready to jump, smokin everything I can, huh
Master P, and Brotha Lynch Hung
Let me serve some dick to these niggas with they tongues out
Eighty-five in the south
Twenty-four in the east
See my scrilla, blow like yeast
Cross my fingers, pull my wife
It's hot tonight
A murder case, got away with a hundred g's
And a couple of wild geese, headed west
Capiche?
A hundred clunkers waitin my arrival
Dirty... survival