

## 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