

Bringing Real Rap Back

DJ Khaled

I'm tired of this bullshit
All these lies, all theses fakers, all these actors
I'm offended by these ring-tone rappers
We tired of that bullshit
Getting over, make it worse for the next
Then try to brainwash my people with that, yeah
(We tired of that bullshit)
I-I-I'm bringing real rap back
I'm bringing real rap back
I-I-I'm bringing real rap back
For the Chevy's and Cadillac's
I-I'm bringing real rap back
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I-I-I'm bringing real rap back
For the Chevy's and Cadillac's
I'm officially affiliated, ho's love it and niggas hate it
We the best, we the greatest, book a show, signing papers
S-S-S-Signing like old times, don't even need a whip
Homes for the more valuable, my son tell me I'm the shit
Shawty ain't going down, they let dummy pick and choose
Pass to the oh and boo, she down for that switcheroo
Might-might-might-might catch a switch or two, still the same old red
Chill with them youngins, but got my game from the old heads
Trynna then yall niggas, killed you in college bro
Show's on Myspace, it ain't hard to find it bro
I'm bringing real rap back, for the Chevy's and Cadillac's
Blue red every color and the G's with neeks
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Look, I ain't hatin', I keep it real, I see what they don't see
Radio ain't the same, they play what they wanna play
All 'bout a budget now, fake is the new real
Lie about who you kill, and get you a record deal
Them folks take a chance with it, give ya advance with it
Promote you like hell man, let you make a lil' dance with it
You good for about a year, then you strugglin' to stay alive
The whole world forgot about ya, back to 9-to-5
Put it down all the time, put on my real jeans
Got 'em big, 45, can't wear no lil' skinny jeans
No women tendencies, plus I can really spit
These niggas is really bitches, go 'head, tuck your dick
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I'm offended by all means, everybody rap now
I can't even blame 'em though, the drug game locked down
Determined to be the next, care less 'bout a record sale
Will dummies succeed or fail? Shit, only time'll tell
Glad to be out the sale, glad to be out the hood
Glad I ain't got a lot, I do what you others should
Boy, you're a fucking jerk, loosen up on your shirt
Nigga scrambling out this bitch, and you feeling 'bout all this work?
I know nigga's mad at me, expose these clowns though
Niggas just claim shit, don't even know what it stand fo'
You pussies ain't trained to go, keep bragging 'bout hood dough
Your nuts don't hang low, boy he's a man-ho
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