

## Still Real

Fat Joe

It's so depressing, uh..  
Be the realest shit I ever wrote (Money and cars bitches)  
Shit Is Real Part 2.. (drugs) modern day.. (society yaknow?)  
See what it's like to walk in my shoes  
It ain't all fun and games (ya heard?)

Yo yo  
I'm sick and tired of stressin, every days a different lesson  
I'm free-fallin tryna leave this deep depression  
My son Joey still slow, my moms got cancer in her throat  
My big brother sniffin dope  
Lemme know how many motherfucker want to be just like me  
Screamed at and treated like shit by your wifey  
This hot bitch be sweatin the coke cash  
My baby mother think I grow dough out my ass  
It's like, how much fight I got left in me?  
Niggaz won't be happy till they bring the fuckin death of me  
But you never see Joe look weak or flow off beat  
and Charlie sees the board in four more weeks

You gotta walk where I walked  
Bang where I bang  
Slang where I hang  
To get where I'm going to  
Stay where I stay  
Blaze who I blazed  
Pay dues how I payed  
To get where I'm going to

Uh, yo, the South Bronx, nine years later  
Ain't nuttin changed, niggaz still playa haters  
T.S. the best that's done it, forever live and never front it  
Reminisce of when I used to hold heat and tell niggaz "run it"  
Now we flooded with jewels, hundreds of dudes  
Crowd the Coliseum to hear they favorite tunes  
Then at the time of our prime we caught a sick one  
The angels came down, took my twin Big Pun  
Shit were unbalanced throughout the whole world  
All I could do was try to provide for his seeds and his old girl  
Hope your listenin, tell Ton' that we still missin him  
I'm like a prisoner in jail with no visitors

Yeah, uh, aiyyo the third verse is dedicated to you  
Even though you switched teams, I'm praying for you  
We used to stay up all night countin dollar for dollar  
You was my son's godfather, where the fuck is your honor?  
Can't even rap the shit we did together  
You'd probably have me shackled locked down doin bids forever  
You broke the first code  
I'd like to twist ya wifey till it roasts gold  
Snitch nigga, turned state to sold ya soul  
How could a nigga that was clappin in the streets  
start yappin to the deez, like what I rightly should believe?  
Like ever verse is a charge, for every hurt there's a scar  
I never once tried to hurt cha'll  
I'm just tryna do me, sell a few CD's  
Buy land in Miami and cop a new be come on!

Motherfuckers think it's sweet  
Think a nigga got money and a nigga don't feel pain  
You ain't never feel my pain  
You don't know what the fuck I'm goin through  
Niggaz lookin at me like, "He got it made"  
Like I ain't lose Pun, my grandfather a week later  
My aunt a month later  
Like my fuckin sister ain't in a coma right now!  
You motherfuckers don't know pain!  
Let's get one thing clear; money'll never buy you happiness  
My true niggaz walk with me now!