

## The realness

Group Home

[Intro:]

Check it out "the realness"-Mobb Deep  
Yeah yeah. The foundation. B&B kid. 183rd.

[Smiley aka The Ghetto Child:]

Yo yo my mind rate metallurgy like a nigga upstate  
That's pushing mad years of crazy weight  
I penetrate the shit that you love to hate  
Time to meet your fate no time to negotiate  
I meditate in my room  
Holdin' on map hopin' that a revolution is comin' soon  
The smoke consumes my brothers holdin' grudges  
Walkin' in courts I and throw ? at the judges  
And my cousin is on the run from '89  
The pigs came to my crib and said they found a bloody nine  
With your fingerprints on the evidence  
Fuck that let's go to the roof and bust off the macs  
I want a Lex and clean sex  
And every apartment furnishin' the whole projects  
I don't regret becomin' a MC  
My only regret the real Ghetto Child memory  
My man Lil' Dap "comes equipped" - Mobb Deep 'Shook Ones part 2"  
Yeah Nut Cracker yo "comes equipped"  
Yeah Brainsick Mob "comes equipped"  
A Mob yo "comes equipped"

[Lil' Dap:]

Yo I've been brakin' you brothers just to reach the top  
Can't stop hip hop running through these veins  
East New York style one love to the streets  
Beatin' down all these rappers like cooks upon the beat  
Chicks like my T.L.C. cause they like the way I Creep  
When your man leave home I rock that ass to sleep  
It's a New York thing mad love from Brainsick  
When we're walking through the ghetto and we're poppin' some shit  
I'm on my way goin' home drinkin' a Heinagen  
Back to the destination where it all begin  
Get these motherfuckers off before I brake them in  
And for you fish ass niggas we're not havin' it  
Yo Nut you know the feelin' when things ain't right  
When these non fiction niggas start to rap on the mic  
I keep shit to myself and keep it real with the game  
Fake niggas hang around but they get no fame  
Check it out uh

[Hook:]

"the realness" -scratching

Melachi The Nutcracker ?:

Let me show you what the fucks goin' on in this so called game  
I'll leave you dead the only thing you feel is the pain  
From the man collectin' elevatin' his stacks  
My name is black if you front get your wig pushed back  
I speak the truth plus I keep it sharf for my fam  
Like Conan choppin' niggas up on this jam  
The beat is cook so stupid niggas open your eyes  
I'm on the rise check it Brainsick Enterprise

I keep it movin' and can't shit hold me back  
I'm on your map I bet you didn't even know that  
Slow your role ease back up don't play bold  
Cause if you see me black the star I got total control  
Comin' through with the Sick yeah we click click click  
Me and my partner Jack the Ripper yeah we on some shit  
And I know you can't hang so don't ride my dick  
Cause I "comes equipped" with that Brainsick shit

[Jack The Ripper:]

I go deep into my mind and then I starts to flip  
Blowin' up ain't shit watch your bitch get hit  
From the brainstorm so let it storm let it storm  
When my lyrics digest and rip through your fuckin' chest  
So while you sweatin' I be wreckin' plus I can't be stopped  
I want to rule hip hop an blow a hole in the chart  
Keep it movin' cause you know Jack do it right  
Flippin' mic after mic then I call it the night  
So what's my destination?  
Yo to make it not fake it  
Livin' in this fuckin' world is like total domination  
To all my niggas in the east yo Ray rest in peace  
Make your heart skip a bet because my sound is unique  
No hesitation because your ass will get hit  
So I will take yours and I will take his  
Now you niggas now what the fuck the real is

[Hook]