

Return Of The Real

Ice-T

Yo, what's up with all these niggas
On these muthafuckin records talkin all this bullshit
(Man, I don't know about these niggas out here
Them other sucker-ass niggas, them old fake-ass bitches)
I ain't tryin to hear that shit, man
These bitches ain't players, man
(Yeah man
You know these niggas out here been fakin for years, man
I'm glad my nigga Ice comin with that HP shit
That high-powered shit..)

Peace to my street niggas movin that weight
Much love to my comrads who's out in upstate
Mad connections from the bottom to the top of the game
Street fame, I got much that's in touch with my name
Got a overload of guns to unload on a lame nigga trippin
Wake up my posse, interrump the Rummy-sippin
Four in your back and keep bailin
Listen to the HK wailin and your vital signs failin
Everyone that ever met me knows
I work bitches like niggas, pimp niggas like hoes
Command a mack that's immaculate, your girl's naked
You think she ain't been hit, kid yo, you best to check it
For ten years I been connected to the top of this
Hold your breath, kid, I'm never droppin this
Too busy rollin off them fat chrome rims
And niggas who trip get sung hymns
We crash clubs and security shits
Cause they know they got size but they know we keep clips
Crazy muthafuckas lickin shots in doors
Leavin suckers' bodies bleedin over nightclub floors
You don't want none, son, stay gone
Break north when I come and you might live long
Yeah, my face kickin treble, you're just a pebble
You're gettin rocked, yo E, cock the glock
And let these niggas know, yo, that the west don't play none
Fire shoots out of my strap like a ray-gun
You broke ill and you cold fucked up
Now you're bleedin through your fingers while you're holdin your gut
For real

So get your money how you want to, friend
But when it's time to count the chips only the real will win
(Return of the real) the game of life is only fake and true
But it's all about the dollars when the day is through

(Cause the pimps don't get no bigger
Than these here niggas)

It's the return of the real

(These muthafuckas best to get to recognize
Before I gets to chastizin
Cause see, the shit all ties in
It's just some of that pimp, player, hustler shit
Ice-T been around for a while now
Nigga was gangbangin when gangbangin wasn't even cool, nigga

What you know about that shit?)

I go deep into the street life's anatomy
A nigga take me out - yo, what a upset that'd be
And if I fall I fall on cushions, ???
Hittin niggas up with the Tec and watch the blood gushin
I see your videos, a 100 niggas in it you don't know
Framed in the lens, bought friends
Who really got your back, nigga, check it out
You really possess like zero street clout (think about)
The only place you're safe is in the studio
Yellin in the mic, you'se a bitch, that's right
I take a nigga like you and make him prostitute cute
So what you got a gun, punk, you're scared to shoot
You front hardcore, but I don't feel ya
Kids from my hood'll take your punk ass and peel ya
Let me check my Rolex quick because time's money
Squintin from the Pavet face because it's kinda sunny
Skinnin the top back, flossin the rag and the thing
Feelin the sun, backin off of my pinky ring
Hittin the 'Shaw with my niggas and clown
Lift the ass, hit the switch, raise the front off the ground
But most of the time you can't see a nigga
Deep in the archives parlayin new ways to get my bank bigger

So get your money how you want to, friend
But when it's time to count the chips only the real will win
(Return of the real) the game of life is only fake and true
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(As I slides up out the do'
Gots to give a special props shout out to that nigga the O.G.
Got muthfuckin Red in the house
[Name] and the muthafuckin ringleader of funk, DJ Ace
Hot Dollar's up in this muthafucka
If you didn't know
Count your muthafuckin blessings and handcuff your hoe
You know what I'm sayin?
It's all good for my hood
Comp-town in the muthafuckin house
Nigga don't know well I tell ya like this
West Hollywood Hills
That's the deal, fool
You know I know the rules..)