

Real as It Gets

Jay-Z

[Intro - Young Jeezy]

Yeah, see it's that
It's that Blueprint 3 shit right here
It's that TM 103 shit right here
You ready? You ready Hov'? Let's go! (Hands up!)

[Verse 1 - Young Jeezy]

Allow me to re-introduce myself
At the same time re-introduce my wealth
At the same time rejuvenate the game
It's for my ol'dawg niggas that's used to 'caine

Not what B-dawg said, I respect the game
GD's, vice lords, crips the same
And I know you're 'bout to say this off the chain
Tell 'em fake trappin' ass niggas stay out my lane

See I ain't dead or in jail, I can't complain
And when these fake niggas gone, I shall remain
And if you just tunin' in, let me explain
You know I keep that 47 who ??

These niggas way too far, I played the game
And if you listen hard enough I say some things
And when that sack got low, I shave them things
And put 'em right back together, I made them things

[Chorus - Young Jeezy]

Put your sacks in the air if you represent your click
Money in the air if you ever hear the lick, baby
Put your hands in the air, if you know that you that bitch
Say you looking for the real, hey well this is real as it gets

Hey! Hey! Ohh! Ohh! [x2]
This is real as it gets

Hey! Hey! Ohh! Ohh! [x2]
This is real as it gets

[Verse 2 - Jay-Z]

Wassup, wassup [x3]
I got it Jeezy

Now where the south side at, wassup, wassup
Where the west coast at, put your W's up
Where my east coast niggas that hustle to live
And all my niggas up north that's doin' it big

Oh yeah I'm rare, I'm aware that I'm rare
I rap and I'm real, I'm one of the few here
These other boys lyin', I wonder if y'all care
They stories out this world, I wonder if y'all hear

But don't really matter as long as they stay clear
Clear of the real shit we doin' over here
When my nigga get home, I'm gonna send him a Lear
For all the time he been down, get him right up in the air

With a couple of broads get him right up in the air
Mile high club get him right up in there
Send my nigga some gear like he never missed a year
By the time you hear this song, he'll be standing right here

Real nigga shit there!

[Chorus - Young Jeezy]

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Hey! Hey! Ohh! Ohh! [x2]

This is real as it gets

[Verse 3 - Jay-Z]

A hundred million to the good and I'm still talkin' yayo
At a snails pace I won this race that y'all trail
Uh, uh, Blueprint's for sale
Followin' my footprints you can't fail

Set sail, I used to duck shots but now I eat quail
I'll probably never see jail
Each tale contains more of the truth
Of the statue allows me to go into detail

Uh, close your eyes you can smell
Hov's the audio equivalent of braille
That's why they feel me in the favelas in Brazil
And water-house 'cause real recognize real

Rrraaahhh!

[Young Jeezy]

You know me, I don't need no introductions
Call me make a lil' somethin' out of nothin'
Anywhere you go, we're the topic of discussion
Damn, that's gotta be disgustin'

Err, shit make me wanna throw up
It's big boy music, it should make me wanna grow up
Flows like selvage, it just make me wanna pour up
And is it just me or this makes you wanna roll up

A big fat one, then unpack one
Then unwrap one, peel back one
They use to call me Jizzle when they stamp in the middle
And you can tell the color when it's damp in the middle

Wassup!

[Chorus - Young Jeezy]

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