

2 Real

Lil' Flip

(187, 187, 187)
(Who's next?)

Screwed Up Click
You know what this means, right?
Clover G! Let's go
Yeah, I'm too real to be an actor
Ya dig?
You know who you are
You be home, you behind the mic
Not me though

"Nigga's a threat, too real to be an actor" -
This ain't a movie, this more like a screenplay
Cause on the real I went to the block each day (for real)
The G way, so hit me on my three way
Look if you want to live, you better take it easy
You jump, fly with me, I clip your wings off
You violate me again, I infa beam y'all
This H-Town, the home of the trunk poppers
Oh and I'm on that kush nigga, I'm a funk doctor
I make hits in the streets and in the booth
So keep playin I'll put one on you (YOU)
I'm tatted up, cause I love takin pain
I give my artist's a cheat and tell 'em "keep the change"
I ain't petty player, I buy the whole thang
My work pure since you want to talk blow man
I got that shit that made Len Bias overdose
Yours truly, the King of the Third Coast

Yo, it's Koopa baby, uh
Jackers pay attention and don't get the script confused
Cause I promise Black & Decker ain't gon' miss you with the tools
Better duck before you lose, like McDuck or Mr. Scrooge
I ain't givin away a golden cent or nothin to you fools
Clownin on the camera, tryin to get you on the news
Sometimes the cloest ones, the ones who tryin to see you lose
They say that "Family Matters" tell Urkel that I'm the truth
Cause I'm a be a "Family Guy" 'til Stewie get it misconstrued
Scratchin off the serial, materials get thrown away
For jackers I got that cereal, I'm pourin out the Special K
Don't get blown away, plot and you will bowl away
From no one just with a Cheerio size hole to stay
Homie it ain't no debate, some Pirelli's known to hate
So I had to motivate a set of O's to hold my swangs
Tippin on my rollerblades, head to toe way on them thangs
Tickets just get thrown away like I was supposed to pay

Look, aye it's way too late to try to make peace
Just be glad they didn't find your ass on the streets
First they said H-Town wasn't gonna blow
But we proved 'em wrong, even Bun B went gold
I'm Michael Phelps, the way I swim up in your wife
Look I'm the reason her juice box ain't tight
(Who the King of Houston?), y'all better say me
Cause Def Jam Vendetta is the only way you'll play me

NBA Live 2006, only way that they'll play me
I was born to be a boss and you just a trainee
In money that we trust, so you can trust in me
Cause I am money, you should see how much I clutched this week
They say that money talks, so you can trust this speech
It's Barack O'Balla baby, let's do lunch, let's feast
Landlord of the H, let's discuss this lease
If you in Texas and you leanin, then adjust your seat, for Pimp C

Hey, we too real man
For real, yeah
Too real to be an actor, man
(187, 187, who's next?) 187, who's next?
Hahaha
Hey Cham man
It feel good to be amongst the platinum elite club baby
Hey let 'em know
The grind don't stop, Flipgates, Chamillionaire
It's Volume 4, right?
Hey Cham man, let these niggaz know man
I'm fuckin with these beats now
682-561-8900