

## Be Real

Lil' Scrappy

If you a thug my nigga be a thug  
if you sell drugs my nigga then sell drugs  
if you gonna rap about it be trill about it  
and don't say shit if you can't BE REAL about it

Comin up as a child all I seen was hell  
My momma was the best soldier, dad stayed in out of jail  
I came robbin and kickin in doors then went from a half to sellin 10 o's  
But ya see shorty, My mom was a G  
she made it real easy for my sista and me  
She did what she had to do, and got out the damn crowd like a nigga would do  
Talkin about pimpin, o she did that too  
I got robbed and this old nigga took all my loot  
And I was just 12 years old on 13 skin and bones thats why I think my heart  
is so cold  
I gives a fuck about none of you hoes  
All you fake thugs think about is grills and gold, and pressin these doors  
(shorty) and cakin these hoes  
Ima pimp, I spend my time makin these hoes

Nobody loves me so I guess I stay to myself  
A nigga thinkin bout change contemplating my death  
Fell my pain as it reigns all over a nigga  
and the only way I can get away is weed and liquor  
Fukin niggaz up on the daily if they didn't pay me  
Niggaz pullin guns on me damn near drove me crazy  
Young nigga went to school just to sell some dope  
A lil crazy ass nigga wit a knife in his coat  
And in the streets broke heathens went through drama especially  
momma swung on a nigga, I stabbed the bitch in her head (nigga)  
I dun scratch my head unless it itches  
an I dun smoke unless I'm bustin at you hatin bitches  
nigga we was bred to die, don't be askin me why  
Ill rather hustle in the cold cuz niggaz sprayin wit fire  
All the childhood fixins wit tha devil inside the kitchen  
Got my mind on my gun and I'm finna pull a pistol

You see the streets, they'll shallow you whole, mind body and soul  
And leave you in a ditch wit no shoes and clothes  
Waitin for the trash collector  
Follow me mind selector to the ghetto sector  
They'll kill you over thirty dollars  
I seen a man cut wit a dirty bottle blood squirted on his shirt and collar  
I heard him holla a sound that I cant forget  
Ran home, watched cartoons and ain't said shit  
And to this day momma thought I was up at the park  
while she was at the church praising the lord  
I made through amazingly unscarred  
She had to be praying cuz I made it by the grace of the god  
I'm proud of my hard times, I spit hard rhymes  
Bible in one hand, the other hand 9  
dreaming of naming streets and boulevards mine  
Grab yo piece of the pie, the other parts mine