

# Keep It Real

Nate Dogg

Yeah, recognize and realize  
This is serious pimpin goin on  
The game ain't ready, for Nate D-O-double-G  
Lil' M-O, Fabolous  
We 'bout to pimp the damn thing  
like it's never been pimped before, you feel me?  
Yeah, uhh  
From the Westside, to the Eastside  
To the Dirty South, to the Midwest  
C'mon, let's ride, peep game  
Yell at 'em Mo!

I'm gon' treat this game like a hoe  
And this trick better have my money fo' sho'  
I'm a player, gangster, pimp and a rolling stone  
And I ain't gonna let it go, that's why  
(I'm gon' treat this game like one of my pros)  
(Wanna be number one so anything goes)  
(But my tactics they just can't be exposed)  
(Can't be exposed)

Yeah yeah uhh yeah uhh yeah ghetto  
This kid was enforced by strict parents  
Don't flow for nuttin less than a cross and sick earrings  
A Porsche with sick steering  
Never mind the cost to get clearance  
for me, if you ask what I cost an appearance  
I'm a pimp, of course your chick's sharin  
I got lawyers, who never lost in fixed hearings  
I need seven figure offers to sign  
Come out your pockets like your needs will be officer blinds  
I send the Street Family and your offer's for mine  
with blocks, that look like police officer Conn  
Islip's a author of mine, once these slugs is in your head  
Doctors won't be able, to get 'em off of your mind  
How they gon' take me off of my grind  
These yellow and white stones glowin somethin awful in mine  
Even if they don't understand the flow, they understand the dough  
Tell 'em I said they don't get a hundred grand then go!

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Uh-huh, uhh, Icarus, Bushwick, GMG, yo  
Nate got all the chickenheads from Medina on the weiner  
Cause I hide the nina, inside the Beamer  
I'ma treat this game like a hoe on Hunt's Point  
They don't have my dough I'ma snipe 'em gunpoint  
My name Icarus, game ridiculous  
Get in your house quicker than St. Nicklaus  
Me rockin Nate like we need bitches

Come through lookin evil, three 6's  
GMG, king of the remixes  
And music pah is broke we fix it  
And we equipped with (what) heat that if we squeeze  
it'll bring police from three districts  
N.Y. to L.A. we get chicks  
that smoke haze and drink Ih liquid  
Y'all know the flows I be sick with  
Ica the Don, trick I be pimpin

Cause I got this game, right where I want it  
And it better have my money  
Or it's gonna get ugly  
Yes it's gonna get ugly, that's why

The game is to be sold, not told  
The tattletale will always be broke  
You live and learn, just live by the code  
If you, don't already know  
That's what it takes now  
Raise the stakes now  
Don't be fake now  
Keep it real (keep it real)

I'm gon' treat this game (you better have my money)  
Like I beat this game (you better have my money)  
Won't leave this game (I'm a player...)