

## Real Talk

## Outlawz

Now you dun heard a lot of talk about me and my niggaz  
Them outlaw world-wide my figures.  
From triumph to tragedy,  
To right back on top the niggaz still mad at me.  
For pushin that big truck on 24's a square feat in ATL game Man dats what my  
nigga got shot for,  
bein to motha fuckin wrong for dis footballs.  
See the darkness see the light he wanna feel it  
Misery loves pumpin me  
And that's the real shit  
But in 2005 im on some ill shit  
Four niggaz sneak upon my and peel this.  
I'm takin a stand when i get in home killa, like them niggaz in pakistan  
It's simple, gotta git em fore' i die like the old west see how we low tex d  
a ride.

I know mama, you did your best at raisin' me.  
Now your baby dun became a G.  
When i'm out in them streets  
the only one that got me is me.  
I keep my hand upon my heat.  
Cause you know mama,  
you didn't raise no bitch  
so if a nigga wanna get at me  
I be out in them streets, my thang cocked  
Cause really all I got in the game everyday is me  
Real talk.

Everyday is a new challenge  
I'm a savage in my new balance  
A lot of rappers but not enough raw talent  
Blame the machine but fuck it i'm a hustla bitch  
So we start our own label sellin' bricks lajit  
Power to the people  
A lot of power in my pencil  
We da hope for the hopeless  
The voice for the voiceless  
Outlaw soliers, we still in the game  
Years later last members fuckin feelin the same.  
Straight from the heart  
makin em walk  
Live for the day dont wait for tomorrow  
Hatas gettin they wrong  
I seen tha streets rap  
Rounda tough with some niggaz  
I seen put religion in the roughs of some niggaz.  
They say gansgtaz dont live that long  
Too many turn-coals  
Thats fucked up puttin cuffs on your folks  
Coincidental the outlawz instrumental  
And raisin a thug nation we influential

I know mama, you did your best at raisin' me.  
Now your baby dun became a G.  
When i'm out in them streets  
the only one that got me is me.  
I keep my hand upon my heat.

Cause you know mama,  
you didn't raise no bitch  
so if a nigga wanna get at me  
I be out in them streets, my thang cocked  
Cause really all I got in the game everyday is me  
Real talk.

Yea, My mother aint made no suppa  
Raised in the gutta  
I'm a made mutha fucka.  
All I know is get paid motha fucka  
All day motha fucka  
One way or anotha  
And aint no body no where that can stop me  
Call me cachy you tennis im hockey  
Mix a little bit of pocky-ocky with black rocky in my pocks you got me.  
Real tall I never took a shall unless it was support  
Im stressin aint my thought  
And I walk these dogs im a soldier  
dontcha wanna be like me when you grow up?  
A man of honor commer  
Good calma  
Niggaz wants drama I got the problem solva  
Big ass Cig, Thats that shit  
plus the bully that a fully automatic.

I know mama, you did your best at raisin' me.  
Now your baby dun became a G.  
When i'm out in them streets  
the only one that got me is me.  
I keep my hand upon my heat.  
Cause you know mama,  
you didn't raise no bitch  
so if a nigga wanna get at me  
I be out in them streets, my thang cocked  
Cause really all I got in the game everyday is me  
Real talk