

## 2 Real

Scarface

I always wanted to be the biggest man in somethin  
had to find my place  
But the world can leave a foul taste on the tongue  
had to dodge a case  
Had to dodge a bullet  
And the nigga that tried to pull it  
The streets is throwed  
If I don't get lean and blowed everyday  
I feel just like I'ma explode on overload and overdrive  
All my life this drive I tried  
I seen a lot of good niggas die  
Cause somebody hated somebody lied or somebody snitched  
Or somebody's a bitch  
I wish I could change the past  
But I gots to live in the present and pray  
that tomorrow this shit don't last, I'm livin to fast  
Shit, my momma asked me who I was like she ain't know me  
But, to tell the truth I didn't know myself  
I found out she had to told me  
Just to show me just how good I had it  
I guess I couldn't see it  
Mild-mannered I just couldn't be it  
But that was just the way we used to G it  
One of the wrongest niggas I see  
Or one of the strongest niggas I know  
Walkin on my tippy-toe cause the life I live ain't long and I know  
So I put weed in the bong and I blow  
Stay cool calm and collected a neglected  
Child that grew into a man that's widely respected  
Too real

I feel no pain  
I can't complain  
Stuck in the game  
Tryin to maintain  
Cause I'm so real

We blow big everyday  
But that don't stop our pain  
Or bring back our homeboys that we done lost off in this dirty game  
Got niggas doin 40  
When you 25 that's life  
I guess when your career is sellin dope somebody got to pay the price  
These bitch ass niggas shife  
Niggas might snitch out they momma  
That's why me and Leroy watch stay strapped and ready for all drama  
Cause we ain't promised tomorrow  
But nigga you promised to die  
Nigga can't you see you gettin to high trippin of that potent fry  
At night I talk to God and try to understand  
How people can worship false prophets and say prayers to a man  
I guess they already gone, ain't nothin gone bring them back  
So I just say thanks for what I got and blow on indo sacks  
I still love my piece of change, wood grain and big head ones  
But I had to realize in life everything ain't always fun  
I guess that's true for some  
But them hoes will never win

Out here just hustlin and grindin  
Tryin to change from niggas to men

My nigga you a ho to me  
Boy you done went off on me  
Runnin round with the fakin and hatin  
I'ma blast if you run up on me  
I'ma do my dirt by my lonely so that nobody can snitch  
This matter coulda been resolved  
if you woulda came clean and paid my shit  
See niggas disrespect the game but boy you'll never last  
Pullin that ho shit sellin your partner out for a piece of ass  
And fool you claim you real but really need to be shot up  
No respect for your family that's dead  
don't write yo peoples locked up  
Damn I miss my dog he was hog to this game  
Unlike bustas these days that talk down on your name  
You boys is funny  
I'm bout my money  
And oh so true  
Mr. 3-2 when I never trusted you  
I'm too real