

For Real

Scarface

I got this coffee pot of white soap
stuck my hanger down the center
when I entered I spent it cause it was like dope
But on the real-a he was jackin' me for scratch
cause out of 36 ounces this motherfucker brought me 20 back
I'm slanging 20 sacs cause I done lost 16
and these goddamn streets aint going to bring me back
Now could it be the southside big baller
Bolo rock slanger stones done got slaughtered-damn
I'm going up on my whole thangs
And stepped on don't go runnin my clique cause it's a old game
And all I ever wanted was some hundred stacks
I went from slangin' o-z's to movin' hundred sacks
Gotta make my money back
Cause I done came too far up in these goddamn streets
to get my money snatched
I'm so for real about this motherfuckin skril
that any obstacle obscuring my paper is gettin' killed
For real

(scratching and mixing)

All I have is this small skrilla

I know this nigga run this game of life
So motherfuckin sheist that at night he got to sleep with lights
Cause he done come across with shit so shade
that mutha fuckers comin with clips to locate him
Aint no waitin and once they spot him they gon' sure face him
and once the got him they gon' sure waste him
This aint no mutha fuckin joke nigga it aint worth it
and even if your mother gets in it you cant surface
It was all purpose
just like that bullshit you was serving it was all purpose
We all chipped in nigga and we all hurting
I gots to grind just like in eighty-nine
when a niggas 25 cent pieces look just like baby dimes
I'm on the corner selling whole eights
I don't remember being this fuckin paranoid since I sold weight
I went from 50 sacs to 50 packs
And all because this motherfucker got jipped he wants to jip me back
But when I find him I'm gon finalize him
Just to let a nigga know I'm for real and down to die for mine
And I'm for real about this mutha fuckin skril
that any obstacle obscuring my paper is gettin killed
For real

(scratching and mixing)

All I have is this small skrilla

Game made to be swift since eighty-six when I started
Seems like niggas with hustle got outsmarted
Cause now they wanna analyze they homies for scratch
Catch them when they sleeping come down and up scrap
And even though I plotted hittin' niggas for ends
I never took out straps and shot gats at friends
It was all about being for real where I was from
Where very few niggas came real but I was one

I dedicate this to my homies stuck in battle
Living life being caught up in this mutha fuckin' gamble
The game made to be changed but the niggas still started
Cocaine seems to be blamed for the niggas gettin slaughtered
How many times you had your homie shot
By the same mutha fucker whose game came from your homies block
Niggas get caught up in the paper chase
and lose respect for the game
that was honored before the cake was made

(scratching and mixing)
All I have is this small skrilla