

# What's Real

Sir Mix-A-Lot

1977 was a no cocaine in my hood-ject  
The brothers was stuck on Chuck without a mind set  
I got tired of watchin "Good Times"  
feelin like J.J., I'm standin in the food bank line  
My momma was ridin on the bus tryna get to work  
Early in the morn', it's cold and her knees hurt  
She got a .38 sittin in her purse  
Cause my moms was the King County Jail nurse  
So how in the hell could you tell Mix  
That I never lived this, when you was just a snotty nose age six  
Young buck, just graduate  
And your lyin when you say your street educated  
Cause I'ma veteran boy and you's a new booty  
So stop frontin to your friends like you knew me  
Cause you don't and you never did, kid  
So FUCK your respect and the shit you claim ya did  
To all ya real, when ya claimin ya gang bang  
Doin everythin to gain fame and get yourself a name  
But I done seen my homies gettin smoked over dice games  
When you was still at home doin nice things  
Back in the days of turtle wax on Cadillacs  
Life to a brother was hoes and macks  
I had to come up some way  
Pimp daddies and ex-Black Panthers used to school me  
Why moms was puttin in eight to twelve  
I was in the hood gettin schooled on makin mail  
I can't let my moms die a poor black sister  
Gotta make her richer  
So tell me what's real, partner

(Da-da-da-down for mine)  
(You gon' buy me a motherfuckin car?)  
So what's real fool?  
(Da-da-da-down for mine)  
(You gon' buy me a motherfuckin car?)

Back when MLK Way was Empire Way  
I was stuck on broke, but I used to hear pimps say  
Better get what you can get before you get got  
Come up and snatch yours and buy yourself a nice spot  
And that's stuck in my head 'til this day G  
So I apply pimp game to life you see  
But I ain't beatin on my sister in the streets  
I'ma focus on my real enemy, yeah  
So if I'm pimpin, then who's my hoeys  
In D.C. livin in a big white house bro  
Changes his name every four years  
Mr. Carter caught me slippin, but Reagan wasn't gettin his  
I never wanted a hand out young Jake  
I never got jealous over how much a brother makes  
So I was on my own, no love in the school zone  
No blacks in the books, so I'm gone  
And now the only color that I love is green see  
Cause my history books never taught me about me  
I may not like where I've been, but I'm lovin where I am  
Prime rib, fuck Spam  
So tell me what's real partner

(I fought back, then heat check)  
(You gon' buy me a motherfuckin car?)  
So what's real fool  
(I fought back, then heat check)  
(You gon' buy me a motherfuckin car?)

Yeah, I'd much rather be behind the mic, then the gat  
But the simple fact that my pockets is fat  
Means I can't relax, you know what I'm sayin?  
Haha

Criticized by the main stream  
For not bein the house jig and keepin things squeaky clean  
But I can't, so I ain't  
But I won't play the hard role just because you think  
that is real, to say you kill, when you never held steel  
You try to sing when you rollin in cake-ville  
Back in the days you was breakdancin see  
I remember when you had tight pants G  
So Mr. Rap Critic when you trys to check me  
about my cars and my girls, claimin you never could respect me  
You really think I give a damn partner?  
The shit I've been through man  
I used to roll with the hoes  
Hit the Caddy, slam the doors  
Livin alone, cellular phone  
Havin no furniture in my home  
Rollin to Canada, makin my mail  
Givin a trick a piece of tail  
Livin it large, keepin it hard  
Life was kinda odd  
And rat a tat tat with my gat, sat in my lap G  
The Hilton Hotel was my spot, I'm runnin my things see  
I went from hustlin cheese, to double platinum LPs  
But you still can't feel me  
Boy the head don't get fat if you know where your at  
Instead of ridin my back, check your own dat and that's facts  
Now what's real partner

Haha, so what's real?  
Yeah and all you clown runnin around town  
Tellin people me and yous was down  
When I was doin parties at the Boy's Club  
You was sellin match books of weed, partner  
I was about handlin my business  
And you was about smokin your gri-nass  
So check yourself, you wanna see the big head champ  
And that's real to the fullest and I'm out