

## Real with Yourself

Tech N9ne

Pull up, I be stuntin' keep it quiet, not public  
Turn your phone off, he ain't calling, I does this  
Get your body drippin', stop playin', I know what to do, oh, yeah  
Baby I don't play no games when I'm in it  
I go deep, so deep, girl, I'm swimming  
He don't love you like I do, he don't keep it real with you  
Fuck him!

Bet you he don't do it like I do  
Catch him outside riding I shoot "pop, pop, pop!"  
Girl, come back to the crib  
To the bedroom, baby, I shoot "pop, pop, pop!"  
Girl, you know where it's at  
Keep it real, girl, he don't deserve you  
He not in love with you  
Girl, I'm in love with you

Tats all on your body, won't you get undressed, ooh yeah  
Let my charm go down until there's nothing left, ooh yeah  
Come from Saint Louis, they know 'bout my city  
Lick up on the candy shop like I'm fifty  
Look your girl, she went on ride like I'm Jigga  
She wanna cuff me then cops gonna get me  
You and me in a fantasy, off in Venice, oh so sexually  
He don't love you like I do

Aye, aye listen here, little nigga  
I know what you doing with my woman when I ain't with her  
Keep on wolfin', I'm a hit you with the chrome in ya iron liver  
Give it a moment you'll be floating, ya folks'll be crying rivers  
Who are ya thinking put her together, me  
No matter who's punching we will forever  
B-L-double-O-D, so roguely, how you dissing, don't know me  
Hoe chose me, and I think it's funny you think she your trophy  
What's up, MO, dirty  
Fucking with the real you get hit with the 30-30  
Not because you gets the wet, miss the Tech  
Gotta make you hit the deck, cause of disrespect  
Now who you gonna run to?  
When in the pack of a gun dumper  
Some thunder, will be coming when I confront ya  
Some want ya, cause ya flashy they come hunt ya  
And you don't even know I sent her to you, dumb youngster!

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So chop it for real, one when you shoot (Keep it real with yourself)  
Baby, stop playing, girl you know I do you right  
Go ahead and dim the lights, paparazzi lights flashing every night  
Maserati swerve, swerve, swerve on your curves

What's the word, word, word?  
If he wants beef let me know how you want it served  
From Saint Louis, we just live like it is a purge  
Uh, I ain't scared of nobody, I got them guns in the lobby  
No one can stop me, hit everybody  
I promise I'll do it for you, only you  
Leave his body with holes, with I-V tools  
It's getting tight, lubricant, don't know why I  
Do this shit, roll down that window tint and see that barrel spit  
I swear, I, God if he want it I'm rushing with pistols busting  
I leave his body in public, and drop it for getting nothing! (Gah!)  
(You all mine, oh, oh!)

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So chop it for real, one when you shoot (Keep it real with yourself) [x5]