

# Keep It Real

## Young Bleed

(Master P talking)

Yeah, huh, my boy Young Bleed in here, see-Loc in here, an you know the Colonel MP up in here

[Chorus: Young Bleed]

Nigga we gonna keep it real dawg, hustiln high, 'cause live niggas keep it Real young, can we keep it real Loc? Tryin not to spill no blood, if It's real show a nigga love, nigga.

[Verse 1- Young Bleed]

Nigga it burns for gold that rose before me that was fakin' the funk, Long an behold I come to get it, so I'm takin' it in chunks, out to Lunch for brunch, maggots gonna munch in perpendicular, order money, man Slaughter, I write this shit that's good for you, how many mutha fuckas Must get dealt wit? Before someone kick down yo door, an leave you Helpless, is you feelin' my fear, feelin' my vibe, at the same time, I Dirty my theroy, clickin my tribe, tryin' ta claim mine, hush, What you discovered don't shake the rictor, my nigga, my nerve, go get The camera, get the picture, I'm laughin' at why'all for tryin' to ball, Wit yo mug on me, movin' a million mutha fuckas strappin murder machine, I come dainty an benidine, so gimme mine, sippin great wine, polishin Pussy that's genuine, paralyzed to the format still smokin' blunts for Days, an mama's therioies an ways, got me prepared ha, niggas ain't Ready, but if it wasn't for the grace of God, they say you couldn't live Life against all odds, I know it's hard, but it's real though, I'm 'bout Ta peel out, everytime I touch somethin', what ya feel yo, nigga, give a Fuck if you bigga.

[Chorus]

[Verse 2- see-Loc]

It be a piper push poundses, wit playas who want to rise, pick the pen Then ??? my rhyme, eh, so now I can make a leagal paper in this rap Game, at the first used to hear that boy playin' wit steel toys, now I'm Worse, can't break the curse, why'all laugh until I die, comin' from the Dirt, so watch a young hustler rise an shine, like the ghetto Mastermind, (bout it bout it) let em know, why do, doin' all that lyin' Got the nation down to ???, young mutha fuckas ain't do shit, can't stand The heat get out the kitchen, before trigga fingas get to itchin', getty Up, get into position to have twitchin', thinkin', damn, how could I Have mention, stop trippin', keep it real nigga.

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3- Master P]

Ughh! I live my life of a youngsta wit money, to many, bitches Pandhandlers, beggas an dummies, tryin ta, steal my soul, I mean suck me Dry, for these 20 inch rims on my ghetto ride, I couldn't lose my life Tryin' to keep my shoes, sell my soul to the devil, in the ghetto you Lose, an ain't no, nigga gonna make it, fakin' the game, too many blacks Behind bars for fortune and fame, I live, my life, readin' jail house Letters, I'm workin', money orders sendin weed through sweaters, I seen Mama's turn off of hustlas and killas, my last supper probably gonna be Wit fiends an dealers. Ughhhh!

[Chorus x3]

(Master P talking during chorus)

See-Loc records, keep it real, for all the records, keep it real Loc the Whole south, to the east, to the west, to the middle, huh, we gonna keep

It real though, keep it real Loc.