

The Realist

Young Jeezy

Ride on these niggaz
I ride on these niggaz
I ride on these niggaz (hahaaa)
I ride on these niggaz

Let's get it!

Super charger, the same color as PJ
(yeaaaaah) I got a champagne range
Pick niggaz off, I got a night-scope aim (Bah)
Audio, video, you caught on tape
That's a way to get ya ass sent Upstate (dayyyum)
In '9-AY! I took them trips down to Lauderdale
Back and forth, like Aliyah
Chances of gettin' rich is like one-in-a-million
(hahaaaaa) Or more like two-in-a-billion
Flashin' lights, my mind's playin' tricks on me
But the Minuteman still do tricks on me
Swear the feds just starin' at a nigga
You know, you feelin' ya heart fall into ya feet
Summertime niggaz still ridin' with the heat
Jeezy De Niro, Snowman Pacino
Real niggaz love me because I talk that lingo

R: And I'm the muhfuckin' realist...
They lies, they phonies, they fakes,
These niggaz ain't never sold the weight
And I'm the muhfuckin' realist...
They lies, they phonies, they fakes,
These niggaz ain't never sold the weight
And I'm the muhfuckin' realist...
They lies, they phonies, they fakes,
These niggaz ain't never touched the weight
And I'm the muhfuckin' realist...
They lies, they phonies, they fakes,
These niggaz ain't never touched the weight
And I'm the muhfuckin' realist...

Nowadays the GT's glock black (cheaaa!)
The shoes on that motherfucking 3-80 chrome
Gotta be careful what you say on the phone
I'm 36 O's away
From givin' the mic up and goin' back to the streets (naww)
What's the difference, I still eat the same
A nigga paranoid, I still sleep the same
You niggaz rappin' 'bout blow, like it's a fad
Nigga this is my life, I ain't tryna set trends
'Cause everybody knows how that brick-road ends
Heartless, maybe I need to see the Wizard
Until then, Imma make it snow blizzards

R: And I'm the muhfuckin'...

I stay on the block, and risk my life
Day in and day out until a nigga sold out
You niggaz playin', I show you what that street shit 'bout
Hit you right up with them thangs, and come back with the chains

Might cook it in the stove, might cook it in the microwave
Either way it's gonna sell, still weigh it on the scale
You rappin'-ass niggaz ain't never sold no yams
I'm talkin' sucka-free Sundays and iced-out Mondays
Pin-up Tuesdays and body-tap Wednesdays
You was in the studio, I was on the block
In the kitchen at the spot goin' hard with the blocks
25 for the four ways, choppaz by the door-ways

R: And I'm the muhfuckin'...