

Real Or Fake

Z-Ro

King of Da Ghetto Entertainment
Slash Rap-A-Lot Records in this bitch, nigga
That's right nigga, changed my name to Rother Vandross
Fuck you ol' punk ass niggaz nigga

Either you real, or you fake
Either you hold what you got, or you break
Yeah this the part of the game, that they ain't want me to see
Yeah they love it when I'm in jail, it's easier for them to sell
Either you real, or you fake
Either you hold what you got, or you break
Yeah this the part of the game,
that they ain't want me to see
They had it easy when I was in TDC,
but here I go

Ever since I was a young'n, I been caught up in this thug life
Modern day thug niggaz, don't even live a thug life
Wearing pink shirts and shit, that ain't a color a thug likes
Fuck the judges, why they always try to give a thug life
I'm not an automatic man, I would rather revolve
Shell cases leave evidence, if I do it it won't get solved
Mourning y'all be hit snitches homie, so please don't get involved
We hit you when you least expect, some white niggaz'll get at y'all
And if you get away, you better stay gone
I moved out 11 years ago,
but I can call shots on my block from a pay phone
Hell yeah I'm that grown, and I got pull like a hemi mayn
I'm purple stuff and grape soda,
what the fuck is Remy mayn

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July 9th, that's the day TDC turned me loose
Consider that a holiday, you should pop open the Goose
July 9th, that's the day J. Prince won his case
Them safe some bad ass attorneys, we 'spose to be upstate
Fruity Pebbles use to be, in my cereal bowl
And now I got fruity pebbles, wrapped around my neck and they glow
And I'll be damned if a man rob me, and I don't rob his ass back
Hit him in the head with the lead,
and I bet his head can't fit in his fitted cap
(Know why), cause I'm an asshole... by nature
And I don't love my bitch, I love my paper
Yeah you ain't shit, if you ain't never been screwed up
But you gon' take a nasty punch, if I lace my shoes up

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I'm a quiet nigga, but I've got a competitive nature
So much yellow and purple, you might think I play for the Lakers
I'm Kobe, ain't no other King of Da Ghetto I'm the one and only
I bet all your nieces and nephews, and cousins know me
I rise above the competition, cause they're so below me
Kinda like what a Geneva watch, is to a Rolley
And I know King Johnny, the real King Johnny
Those diamonds are not shining homie, you never seen Johnny
I know my haters, would love to see me in that all white
It's a bitch, wondering what the world is doing all night
Took my freedom for granted, bet I won't do it again
I'm out here flipping these hundred thousands,
about to do it again that's right

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