

# The Real Is Back

Z-Ro

The real is back, I'm back yeah  
It's been a long time, I shouldn't have left you  
Without that gangsta music you can rep to  
The real is back, I'm back  
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I shouldn't have left you  
Without that gangsta music to rep to

Sorry I kept ya'll waiting, the real is back  
I was dry but they ain't qualified to give you that  
I'm talking bout the jungle cuz I really live in that  
I am a bearilla, yeah grizzly silver-back  
Most people you meet 'em and you know they feel off top  
When they say real don't know if he feel or not  
Gun license but don't know if he gone kill or not  
Break in his home boy's house straight steal his quad  
I'm allergic to bitch niggas see em and start sneezing  
Been addicted to real shit since I start breathing  
I know these niggas scared I can hear their heart beating  
Never seen my kind part angel part demon  
Look in the mirror I'm in love with my reflection  
Ain't no love for a bitch I'm in love with my protection  
They stole my shine from me but I stole it back  
Had the baby mommas in microphones, RO is back

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Michael Jordan showed me, so I'ma show you how to ball  
Texan wide wheels, I'ma show you how to crawl  
For fine clothes on me, I'ma really buy the mall  
Hood nigga even when they hiding I can spot the law  
Rich than a bitch long way from being broke  
From starter jackets to different color chinchilla coats  
Broke ass niggas breast stroking but I'm in a boat  
So much money she want me to put babies in her throat  
Fuck throwing dollar bills I'm about to start throwing cars  
Ya'll still rolling cigarettos bitch Im rolling jars  
And ain't a damn thing stolen when I'm rolling  
And I got so much shit I think I need to clean out my colon  
Rappers, yeah they cool but they dance too much  
But cats like me we just want the cash too much  
Cats like you can't fight so you blast too much  
No wonder why they whoop your ass too much, bitch

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You out in the gone life even though it's a bitch  
I dropped a B on them boys even though it's a six  
Charge a whole lot of money just to go in a chick  
I get pardon no money when she blowing the dick  
Yeah that's your partner but he got ya behind bars  
Niggas snitching and murdering they partner behind broads  
The new definition of real ain't it, that's some bullshit  
Ya'll already know I keep it cracking like a bull whip  
Uh, homie you better hide if you rose four  
I will slide a grown man up under a closed door  
He Pinocchio cuz when he talk his nose grow  
Im who they roll out the blue carpet and open doors for  
Im like a buffet I feed so many folks  
Yet Im like fuck a friend me and a set of spinning spokes  
I crack open money bags ya'll crack prison jokes  
Outer line like summer time in Gwyneth Oak, come back

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