

## Stay Real

## Black Moon

(2x)

I, stay real, never change, it's alotta suckas  
Who runnin' this game, I'm bustin' them thangs  
Hah, peace God, it's no peace, now  
I'm here to tear the streets down, I'm here to eat now

Yo, on the block that I'm from  
Late night is a hustle hour  
Anything gets sold, weed, clothes, plus the powder  
Let's take a stroll, see what we lookin' at  
Niggaz used to cook up crack, now they learned to hat  
2000 and up, what? Everybody got another  
Scam to get a buck, Commander Lil' Buck  
Well here I am, fam, damn  
The pussy niggaz with powers, the ones  
Who put the paper to the plan, so I take it to the fan  
Police wears clothes the way I do it hand to hand  
Plus I push the land cruise, with musc-lin' from the mobs  
Who told me, God, build on what you got and praise the father  
Perspect, I started the army, now we up and runnin'  
Look, you dissed me yesterday when I was off  
I'm on today, and now you up and coming  
What a shame, that's what dollars do?  
What makes you think when I get on, I'ma holla at you  
You see how we do, you see how I dust this  
Frontin' like you from the Ave, buster, bust this  
Yo, it's the key to longevity  
And I'ma show y'all niggaz why they all remember me

Full throttle, for ground water bottle  
We about to celebrate it, like we just won the lotto  
If, money for the makin' and money for the taking  
Not to give a fuck less, about anybody who'se hatin'  
I'ma conquer this mall, to conquer it all  
And in a minute, I'm about to go bonker for y'all  
I'm outta, control with it, where the darkest grow with it  
With me and my militant mind, go head and blow with it  
Take it to the top of the charts like 4th of July  
Sparks, make sure my beats bark, meanin' the heat spark  
Right or left, life or death  
I give you everything I got, to my last breath  
I, 718, Brooklyn to heart, the 5 and the beats from the dark  
Te fever's unleashed from the start

Let's take another trip, see what we can find  
A whole lotta niggaz, runnin' outta time  
Everybody's scramblin' to get a hand in  
Everybody throwin' bows, but nobody landing  
My plan is, the fans and them, got to hear the new shit  
From my mans and them, niggaz that I move with  
What's the movement, first of all, eye on the night  
The rest of y'all niggaz rely on the light  
Light beats, light hooks, light beef and you shook  
The rap game like the crack game, the streets is cooked  
Believe me, that nigga sellin' you soap, we can tell  
The way he keep the shit clean, that I'm sellin' you dope  
So raw, so uncut, uh, you can smell it through the placid

That be that classic acid, black, move and pass it  
For the masses to get, learn the lessons  
When you wonder why ya asses is kicked  
Check it, it's the key to longevity  
And I'ma show y'all niggaz why they all remember me

[Chorus 4X]