

Still Real

Fat Joe

It's so depressing, uh..
Be the realest shit I ever wrote (Money and cars bitches)
Shit Is Real Part 2.. (drugs) modern day.. (society yaknow?)
See what it's like to walk in my shoes
It ain't all fun and games (ya heard?)

Yo yo
I'm sick and tired of stressin, every days a different lesson
I'm free-fallin tryna leave this deep depression
My son Joey still slow, my moms got cancer in her throat
My big brother sniffin dope
Lemme know how many motherfucker want to be just like me
Screamed at and treated like shit by your wifey
This hot bitch be sweatin the coke cash
My baby mother think I grow dough out my ass
It's like, how much fight I got left in me?
Niggaz won't be happy till they bring the fuckin death of me
But you never see Joe look weak or flow off beat
and Charlie sees the board in four more weeks

You gotta walk where I walked
Bang where I bang
Slang where I hang
To get where I'm going to
Stay where I stay
Blaze who I blazed
Pay dues how I payed
To get where I'm going to

Uh, yo, the South Bronx, nine years later
Ain't nuttin changed, niggaz still playa haters
T.S. the best that's done it, forever live and never front it
Reminisce of when I used to hold heat and tell niggaz "run it"
Now we flooded with jewels, hundreds of dudes
Crowd the Coliseum to hear they favorite tunes
Then at the time of our prime we caught a sick one
The angels came down, took my twin Big Pun
Shit were unbalanced throughout the whole world
All I could do was try to provide for his seeds and his old girl
Hope your listenin, tell Ton' that we still missin him
I'm like a prisoner in jail with no visitors

Yeah, uh, aiyyo the third verse is dedicated to you
Even though you switched teams, I'm praying for you
We used to stay up all night countin dollar for dollar
You was my son's godfather, where the fuck is your honor?
Can't even rap the shit we did together
You'd probably have me shackled locked down doin bids forever
You broke the first code
I'd like to twist ya wifey till it roasts gold
Snitch nigga, turned state to sold ya soul
How could a nigga that was clappin in the streets
start yappin to the deez, like what I rightly should believe?
Like ever verse is a charge, for every hurt there's a scar
I never once tried to hurt cha'll
I'm just tryna do me, sell a few CD's
Buy land in Miami and cop a new be come on!

Motherfuckers think it's sweet
Think a nigga got money and a nigga don't feel pain
You ain't never feel my pain
You don't know what the fuck I'm goin through
Niggaz lookin at me like, "He got it made"
Like I ain't lose Pun, my grandfather a week later
My aunt a month later
Like my fuckin sister ain't in a coma right now!
You motherfuckers don't know pain!
Let's get one thing clear; money'll never buy you happiness
My true niggaz walk with me now!