

## 2 Real

Lil' Flip

(187, 187, 187)  
(Who's next?)

Screwed Up Click  
You know what this means, right?  
Clover G! Let's go  
Yeah, I'm too real to be an actor  
Ya dig?  
You know who you are  
You be home, you behind the mic  
Not me though

"Nigga's a threat, too real to be an actor" -  
This ain't a movie, this more like a screenplay  
Cause on the real I went to the block each day (for real)  
The G way, so hit me on my three way  
Look if you want to live, you better take it easy  
You jump, fly with me, I clip your wings off  
You violate me again, I infa beam y'all  
This H-Town, the home of the trunk poppers  
Oh and I'm on that kush nigga, I'm a funk doctor  
I make hits in the streets and in the booth  
So keep playin I'll put one on you (YOU)  
I'm tatted up, cause I love takin pain  
I give my artist's a cheat and tell 'em "keep the change"  
I ain't petty player, I buy the whole thang  
My work pure since you want to talk blow man  
I got that shit that made Len Bias overdose  
Yours truly, the King of the Third Coast

Yo, it's Koopa baby, uh  
Jackers pay attention and don't get the script confused  
Cause I promise Black & Decker ain't gon' miss you with the tools  
Better duck before you lose, like McDuck or Mr. Scrooge  
I ain't givin away a golden cent or nothin to you fools  
Clownin on the camera, tryin to get you on the news  
Sometimes the cloest ones, the ones who tryin to see you lose  
They say that "Family Matters" tell Urkel that I'm the truth  
Cause I'm a be a "Family Guy" 'til Stewie get it misconstrued  
Scratchin off the serial, materials get thrown away  
For jackers I got that cereal, I'm pourin out the Special K  
Don't get blown away, plot and you will bowl away  
From no one just with a Cheerio size hole to stay  
Homie it ain't no debate, some Pirelli's known to hate  
So I had to motivate a set of O's to hold my swangs  
Tippin on my rollerblades, head to toe way on them thangs  
Tickets just get thrown away like I was supposed to pay

Look, aye it's way too late to try to make peace  
Just be glad they didn't find your ass on the streets  
First they said H-Town wasn't gonna blow  
But we proved 'em wrong, even Bun B went gold  
I'm Michael Phelps, the way I swim up in your wife  
Look I'm the reason her juice box ain't tight  
(Who the King of Houston?), y'all better say me  
Cause Def Jam Vendetta is the only way you'll play me

NBA Live 2006, only way that they'll play me  
I was born to be a boss and you just a trainee  
In money that we trust, so you can trust in me  
Cause I am money, you should see how much I clutched this week  
They say that money talks, so you can trust this speech  
It's Barack O'Balla baby, let's do lunch, let's feast  
Landlord of the H, let's discuss this lease  
If you in Texas and you leanin, then adjust your seat, for Pimp C

Hey, we too real man  
For real, yeah  
Too real to be an actor, man  
(187, 187, who's next?) 187, who's next?  
Hahaha  
Hey Cham man  
It feel good to be amongst the platinum elite club baby  
Hey let 'em know  
The grind don't stop, Flipgates, Chamillionaire  
It's Volume 4, right?  
Hey Cham man, let these niggaz know man  
I'm fuckin with these beats now  
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