

If It Ain't Real

Mac Dre

Feds and the ATF, they try to clown
'Cause we connected Fillmore with the 3C's down
Nigga, I gets around
Mac Dre, you know these niggas'll love to playa hate
But watch the Glock bounce, rock and skate
Through they cranium and travel to they mid-brain
More murder, more cocaine
That's the theme, came thicker than Gold Medal flour
Y'all got the game mixed up, it's the money then the power
And these good-for-nothing bitches come along with the riches
And on your safe, that hoe is plottin' for the digits
Y'all got it twisted, like Mac Mall, get some Get Right
And dump on that hoe, 45 Calico infrared light
The game ain't right, a Fillmore nigga stick to the script
Never trust a bitch with your sack, a cuddie around your scat
And sees this cat, from the F-I-double-L-M-O-iggidy
To the 7-0-Siggidy, Seff tha Gaffla, San Quinn and young Miggidy
You niggas ain't feelin' me, my nigga Coolio put me in the giggidy
From the SF-siggidy, to the V, if it ain't real it ain't riggidy

Well it's the Unda'Dogg, with the shit that'll make you wonder, dog
How in the fuck he spit like this, well make way, 'cause here comes a hog
See ain't no slackin' up in my stackin', steadily mackin'
And I'm gettin' my props on for makin' you up a proper song
And nevertheless, I'm smokin' my zest and drinkin' up on that Tanqueray
Or separators, that Kahlua, milk and E&J
So what they say, they know who's keepin' it real, nigga
From the L.A. to the Bay, from the Crestside to the Fill', nigga
Messy Marv, Seff tha Gaffla and San Quinn done did it
Hooked up with Mac Dre and Coolio, bustas can't get with it
Come in on this mic, I spit it on this mic, I shitted on this mic
And keepin' it tight, if it ain't real it ain't right

Man, I came way across the Bay to do this shit with Mac Dre
Fillmore, Califor-ni-a, the place the Gaffla stay
Many dues I had to pay, several cats I had to slay
Turned out a few shows, got sprayed with the pepper spray
Everything is OK, my lifestyle brings me riches
Me and Mess in a Lex, while the Quinn pops the bitches
My cousin Kelly on the phone with Julio
Damn, who made this beat? It's my nigga Coolio
So do your duty, hoe; respect a nigga to the fullest
Every time we walk through, all you wanna do is pull us
So what you think? Do you bitches have some time?
Better yet, do you hoes have a dime?
Bein' broke is a grind, that's why we all comin' tight
Bitches keep your shit tight; if it ain't real it ain't right

It's your Crestside potna in this bitch off the heezy
Doin' what I do, stayin' true to the 3C's
Which is we evaded D's, makin' G's, takin' these
Livin' experiences, such as shakin' ki's
Breakin' these bitches in a vicious fashion
The name is Naked, respect it or get a lashin'
I'm back and forth from the studio to the dope track
So when I grab the mic, why should I hold back?
I sold crack, way before they called it yay

Done been to prison, now I'm back with my boy Mac Dre
Stackin' pay as I say my say and do my dues
An actual factual muthafucka, I thought you knew

It never stop, it never quit, so represent my residence
To the highest, we the flyest muthafuckas since United
Not divided but unified, retaliate to the murder, I
Hope they let kill it when I be feelin' what's inside my ass
Quick to blast, slow to speak, we can grip or chunk 'em
Heated discussions always lead to somethin' that might be dumpin'
Pumpin' raw 'caine to the veins without a flaw
I answer y'all so profane how I came to your fuckin' jaw
Haters can't get around me, I sport that sucka repellent
From a mile away, I spot a sucka smellin' like he jealous
Well of us goodfellas, we only goodfellas
The hotelers will forever be drug sellers and dank smokers
Too ferocious to approach in the wrong fashion
We mashin', assassins, a silence with violence
Is life, bitches get macked, riches get stacked
Since I'm on the track, I say the true facts
From the Bay to Montego, servin' this game to my people
That's lethal, you know how we do, nigga

On your marks, get set, you suckas better get ready
I'm steppin' out your dreams like a nigga named Freddy
Krueger, the name rhymes with 9-millimeter Luger
And fuckin' with mine, punk nigga, I'll do ya
3C's down is where I chill at, get my scrill at
Stay real at, and every day I get scratch
It's like an itch, and I'm addicted
So Lord could you please help me get this
Monkey off my back before I gets my gat
Put it to your dome, and dare you to talk back
Ain't no slackin' on my pimpin', bitch, don't put up a fight
A nigga gots to come tight, if it ain't real it ain't right

It's the Mac named Dre from the C-R-E-S-T
Gettin' dough with my folks from the 'Moe, young Messy
Marv and we starvin' for more dollars
So we pimps a bitch and get hoe dollars
See, I love to floss but keep it real though
Droppin' sauce with boss playas from Fillmore
Now pay close attention as I put this script down
And rap about these suckas and these bitches they kick down
I'm Mac Dre, and I'm hooked with the Romp crew
And getting' filthy rich off a bitch is what Romp do
Playa haters hate to see a young brotha ridin'
From the other side, you hear 'run, brotha, hide'
'Cause I be servin' muthafuckas with this Double-R press game
A goddamn savage comin' straight out the Crest, mayne
3C soldier Double-R for life
And if it ain't real, cuddie, you know it ain't right