

# Real Life

B.G.

Real life

You know how Jizzle be comin', man, I come with that

Real life

And I don't know no other way, man, this shit serious (Hold on, Mingus, let's slide)

Real life

This ain't no joke, this ain't no game (Alex Made This Beat)

Real life

This ain't no joke, this ain't no game, nigga, this shit real life

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I ran around that jailhouse every day with a real knife (D-Rok)

Yeah, I'm a street nigga, but Jizzle got a heart made of gold

I try to preach to these youngsters street life ain't the way to go

I was only twelve, I lost my daddy, both of my grannies

It took a minute to understand what that did to my family

I know I'd be dead or in jail if Slim and D ain't grab me

I terrorize my neighborhood, pants saggin', pistol packin'

To still be here to tell my story, this shit's a blessin'

It really took that twelve and a half for me to learn my lesson

It really took that federal bid for me to get the message

I was in these streets neck-deep, nothin' no one could tell me

I was a adolescent runnin' 'round with convicted felons

I been doin' this shit so long, when a nigga fake, I could smell it

I'd never stamp a nigga as real if he never been tested

Fuck if he hustle good, how he gon' respond under pressure?

I'll read a nigga and a bitch good off that first impression

I'm cut from that cloth they make real out and it ain't no question

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I walked around that jail every day with a real knife

I gave my life to the streets early, they ain't think I would make it

I was on the porch watchin' niggas get money and I could taste it

Rest in peace Mook, he taught me a lot of shit, my dog was ballin'

Haters in our own hood lined him up, I swear that shit was awful

They robbed and killed and set the house on fire with his kids in it

That wasn't the kids' business, how you ain't leave the kids livin'?

I don't be cappin', Jizzle grew up in the real trenches

Some shit I did a lot I witnessed, most of it was senseless

I reminisce about the past and I just cross my heart

It's hard to trust my closest friends, that's how I lost my pa

Always kept tellin' Doogie, "Don't make the mistakes your daddy made"

I'll kill and die for them lil' niggas, I put that on my daddy grave

These streets is dangerous, game fucked up, this shit is wicked

Gotta know that slippin' count, nigga, this shit get tricky

At war, like can't afford to let no suckers get me

I ride first, every time I stand, nigga, I stand on business

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Man, these nigga talkin' 'bout, "Jizzle ain't no motherfuckin' gangster"  
Nigga got life and bullshit fucked up  
I been standin' on what's real ever since I was a lil' nigga  
Lil' jit  
Real life