

Real Talk (123)

Fabulous

On them streets
You better keep your hand on them heats
And live what you sayin' on them beats
Real talk..

They ain't walkin' the walk, they just talkin' the talk
Some people look at me as the real talk of New York
I ain't these like these niggaz who be fein' to front
Like they the first to ever put green in a blunt
Look I don't be meaning to stunt, but I zip down like jeans in the front
In somethin' that you seen and you want
But otherwise I'm cool wit' it
They say only the ones who never had gon' get and act a fool wit' it
Everybodys' gangsta through the promotion
Even if they raised in a house wit' a view of the ocean
The bangers is growin' upset
Cuz' ya' ass is on t.v. throwin' up sets
And you know you ain't like that
But you'll say that you is
Go and rent a bunch a shit and then say that its his
You ain't a pimp or you wouldn't go to dinner wit' groupies
Ain't a baller cuz' you wouldn't put spinners on hoopties

1-2-3; you don't really wanna fuck wit me
Get in the way you could get yourself shot
Fuck the cops, you on my block
Fuckin' wit a gangsta nigga

How can niggaz say they be on the other side of the seas'
Where the steering wheels are on the other side of the v's
And the home look like the spot on the other side of the c's
When they ain't never been on the other side of the p's
I ca' see through em', ya tents are too light
Every sentence you write is far from the truth
You wanna be that nigga you are in the booth
But you ain't got the heart, the scars, or the proof
And now you flash ya' shirt tag in our grill
But I'm hearin' you was a dirtbag before the deal
You walk around talkin' how every dime sucked
When they don't even speak to you, nevermind fucked you
Ya' hood sayin' don't come back
Step foot in here, and they gon' put you where you won't come back
Dog, how the fuck you gon' have keys in ya' house
When ya' moms' won't even give you keys to the house loser

Nigga you in the mirror, checkin' what your make ups' lookin' like
Tryina fool the world wit' a Jacob look-a-like
Jiving like you hold stacks
But ya' car is ten years old homie, ya' drivin' in a throwback
They gon' strip you, have you runnin' naked next
Without security you like unprotected sex
You ain't never gon' finger a trigger
All you do is look in the mugshot book and finger a nigga
I real recognize real, you'd be a john doe
You livin' in a closet and call it a condo
I don't member you as a slinger that was on the bench
Just a little scrub ass ringer in the tournaments

Now they try to blame the fall of hip hop on fans
Nah, I think its these hip hop con mans
Studio gangstas is played out now
This ain't the eighties, battle raps'll get you layed out
Fucka

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