

Real Talk

Ice-T

Yo, whose that fly nigga rocking the mic?
Hold up, no, it can't be what it sound like
I've thought that nigga left the game years ago
I've seen him in People Madness with bad white whore
I've seen him flossing rips on a covered Dub
I've seen him with some Arabs in the back of the club
I heard that every word that he says is real
He used to take young bitches and then teach them to steal
Heard him pimp as a Bishop, played the whole bubble
For the word Ya-yo, maybe come back double
I met him once, nigga, shot me the real
He said get your paper player, fuck how they feel
Lean to the ankles baby, gator to the floor
Respect real niggaz, never trust the whore
When you bust, squeeze the trigger 'til it motherfucker glow
Then he said his name is Ice and he hit the door
That's real talk!

Real talk, real talk, real talk, real talk
It's real talk, Reeaaaaaaal talk (It's real talk!)

I heard he went to Crenshaw, roll with the cribs
I heard he made millions hitting cutey licks
Then I heard that the nigga had roots in the East
I heard the nigga's whole motherfucking fam's deceased
He started all that shit out 'Fuck the Police'
He really don't care, carrys gats and pares
I know he's in his forties, I was just a child
When a nigga came out and sent the game buckwild
Real niggaz know that he's not no joke
Black Raiders Beanie and them liquor store locs
Not to even mention his folks
Cali' niggaz hitting switches on them Hundred Spokes
I read in an interview, he said he was done
Then he comes with this fly shit back on the one
But I heard he's never happy and the nigga's so upset
That he jacks off my money then he fucks his bitch
That's real talk!

Ummmm.. got no habitation to a whore
Cause in the streets, I gotta get it Ice cold
Now that's real talk, real talk, real talk, real talk
Ummmm.. uhhhhh.. Yeaahhh!! Yeaahhh!!

A blandness name is Coco when she carrys the gat
Green eyes, big titties and that ass is fat
Clean to the nigga, not impressed with rap
To the side, if you try then she covers his back
Seen them once in the champ, no posse, no crew
Coco wears a mean shoe, it was just them two
They shared in the back, everyone knew was true
They was doing it the way that we're all wanted to do
I heard that nigga don't sleep for days
Writes poetry all night and reach experience plays
No clothes off the rack, everything is made
Don't drink hard liquor, just the great Kool-Aid

Straight Gangster but got no beef
Nobody talking down on his name in the street
Has chips air tight, and his game is elite
He's just the type of player that I aimed to be
That's real talk!

Real Talk, got my name in the streets
Talking about me, saying how much they love me
But no one ever hold me through this game
Cause every where I go, I keep hearing my name
Yeaahhh!! Yeaahhh! gotta keep it gangster
Ohhh.. yeah, I keep it gangster
Ummmm.. got no habitation to a whore
Cause in the streets, I gotta get it Ice cold
Now that's real talk, real talk, real talk, real talk
Ummmm.. uhhhhh.. Yeaahhh!! Yeaahhh!!