

# Really Real

## Inspectah Deck

Aiyo, INS, yo, these niggas talking real stupid, again  
Nigga, you know what it is, nigga  
How you gonna stop the real, nigga? It's impossible  
Nigga, f\*\*k is wrong with you niggas, is you stupid or something, let's go

Aiyo, go against House Gang and handle the war  
In the streets we ain't asking who you handling for  
Wave my hand have you faggot niggas hugging the floor  
Scarface, shower scene, Angel blood and the chainsaw  
Shells hit your car, tear your frame off  
Beef got you covered like the faggot niggas, bodies in steak sauce  
What you think I brough all these lions and apes for  
Shotgun pele timey, dumping your face boy  
Baby, it's a jungle, I got animal taste for  
Real estate cards, plus keeping my safe full  
La Banga, Donnie Cash, I'm catching a case for  
Duct tape your face, then, empty your safe off  
Soldiers got more than 8 balls, you just a running back  
Play the front line with handoffs  
Carlton Fisk, ready for the stand off  
Five hundred grams, half a man, watch me get that man off

Real shit, we trying to get a mil quick  
Son try and block the shots, right after the steel clip  
Click, go and get your clique, crews, squads, bring 'em through  
I'm so soulful, flow like a singer do  
So bitches love me, I live like a swinger too  
Niggas scared to play in the game, I brought some ringers through  
Go ahead, say my name, the type to look for drama  
I snatch your chain, test out your body armor  
My reputation like Jeffrey Dahmer, I eat niggas  
You running with rappers, I get money with street niggas  
I put fire to leech niggas, gasoline homey with cheap liquor  
Burn unit see the picture  
C.S.I., S.I., chief retire  
Rest in peace La, cut 'em like a pizza pie  
I need paper, cop cars I don't even drive  
I am not a rapper, nah, I don't even rhyme  
Just speak true life stories, that's on format  
So I use these fake ass rappers like they was doormats  
Taylor put in work, no W-2's  
So I don't file taxes, I just hustle my way through

I'm the real real...  
I'm the real real...  
I'm the real real...  
I'm the real real...

Born with the struggle, used to hustle for crums  
Filling blunts in the building front, thugging for ones  
Full clips fly, nicks, dimes, something to pump  
Whole clips fly, whips, dimes, nothing to son  
City boy on the corner, I was so involved  
So the drama, I embraced it with open arms  
I'm trying to shake the fame, hoping I can break the change  
Everyday the same, who am I to make a chance  
When my niggas risk it all just to play the game

And the youngings going through it, trying to play the same  
Through the rain, through the fire, handcuffed by desire  
Cynthia son, forgive me for the sins that I've done

Stop the real, really? You only feel me if you walk the same road  
Talk the same code  
Still dwelling in the hell, and find a time to make a home  
The few who escaped with trying to find a safer zone  
I ain't waiting for Obama, never doubted him, I'm proud of him  
He real, he'll spend a couple mil in the housing then  
Seeing is believing, my vision is blurred  
Cause I ain't seen nothing I heard, really nothing but words  
The bottom line, I'm still stuck to the curb  
Sky high, but it wasn't the sherm, really nothing but herbs  
I risk it all for the cause  
Even if it's war, with the law, I won't pause  
I can't, won't, don't stop, I ain't got an off switch  
Dying trying to live it, just to get a small part of it  
My squad is sick type, that you don't want problems with  
Rolling like seventy mack trucks, what's stopping it?

You gots to be kidding my niggas, I worked too hard  
Fought too long, I'm standing on my own two