

Real Recognize Real

Jay Rock

It's a new day nigga
Better wake the fuck up man

Real RecognizeReal
Live for a dolla bill
That's how I feel
Hoes still won't chill
Leave my next mill
Got respect back then, got respect still
The tecs will, niggas won't play another game
Bet the weak niggas crumble and the thug remain
Love and pain won't change for a fucking thang
Get to the money, get brain, is the song I sang
Bang Bang

B.A.N.K.S
Two G's to the Dirt, New York states best
Nigga u only get one, it ain't eight left
Don't Russian Roulette with your life, it ain't a safe bet
Southsides brightest spitter
Won't change I'm not that type of nigga
Unibomber product I deliver
Two chicks, four condoms and a fifth of brown
Even if the chips was down, I can always hit the town
I'm thinkin bout a Beamer for my B-Day
Speed scream scrambler you see me on the freeway
Everyday tree day, sevens like a nickel bag
Specialize in catchin a stunt, know how to get you mad
Living Legend but I come through in the Reg
Scoop my hood thing up, she do her one two in the bed
All the hate starts once u get the bread
But once u get the respect, a better nigga sense of what's said

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Aww, R.O.C.K.S
AR's two AK's no vest
Project steps welcome to the Taridome
Terridactals'll get at u when your home
Two elevens turn to 187 in minutes
That's why this big mack eleven is pokin my pendix
Speed through down yo block, niggas mad huh
Bust at em, they divin all in the grass huh
I empty out then I reload
Before the whole clip, I shoot 3 like Cee Lo
Spit like my mouth got a jaw full of kilo's
Act like it's a game til I'm breaking through the cheat code

Barrel to yo pep hole
Friday, Highway, she give me cerebral
4 teecs, war vets, breakin down Debo's
Skinny nigga gotta semi nigga
Gamble with yo life and die at the casino
Nigga

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It'll be a cold day in the summer, 91 in the winter
Before I run from a nigga
I got the drum with me nigga
Flow dropped outta heaven, Rev Run with me nigga
I spazz out, dead sober, no rum in me nigga
Flow got a billion dollar bounty, ask about me
How I do it make niggas sorry, Bill O'Reilly
Death makes the brightest day cloudy
And still around me, dissappear from the super trooper, they fill the county
Need a pigeon of the piff
Media won't push me, cause I'm livin on a cliff
These niggas don't won't riffs
Same shit, east to west
Money grip, heat or vest
Take a hit, ease his stress
For I trick, leave a mess
For u flip, leave the ness
Grow a heart in yo chest
All I know is go harder, a phenominal rep
Gotta get money, cause bein bummy don't fit me
Right here in the bottom of the slums, come get me

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