

## The Real

Master P

I don't know whats wrong wit these fuckaz, Always winin always  
cryin he ain't  
doin this fo me she ain't doin dat. Motha fucka get wit me i tr  
y to teach a  
motha fucka somthin and then they just jump in here talk about  
goin AWOL who  
the fuck goin AWOL man i let these motha fuckaz in here, then t  
hey go to the  
fuckin white man and sell they fukin sole for a couple o bitche  
z and a blunt  
man. How we supposed to respect that whoadie, if any fuckin pro  
ducers runnin  
they mouth man i'll pay fo the equip met a motha fucka couldn't  
even make beef  
fo a hundred and two dollaz man. show a nigga how ta deal some  
papa, and dats  
what i get in return man. How u talkin bout u ain't wit no limi  
t no more? y  
don't u bring bak the tank then whoadie? You ain't gawta bring  
it bak to me man  
i kno u scared, mail it to me. What r ya keepin it fo protectio  
n? What are ya  
gonna do wit the tatoos punta? Cover it up wit a suit? Thats so  
mthin that some  
bitchez would do. Oh Yeah, when i met ya ya'll had nothin, now  
ya gone and ya  
got nothin again punta. Ain't no real niggaz gone fuck wit ya.  
Sell all the  
stories ya want to the inquirer i don't give a fuck. I don't ha  
ve no image to  
hold, you do, i'm from the streets, where you from? Wha u gone  
call the police  
and press charges every time ya get ya ass whooped? What kinda  
gangsta are u  
punta?