

## For Real

Scarface

I got this coffee pot of white soap  
stuck my hanger down the center  
when I entered I spent it cause it was like dope  
But on the real-a he was jackin' me for scratch  
cause out of 36 ounces this motherfucker brought me 20 back  
I'm slanging 20 sacs cause I done lost 16  
and these goddamn streets aint going to bring me back  
Now could it be the southside big baller  
Bolo rock slanger stones done got slaughtered-damn  
I'm going up on my whole thangs  
And stepped on don't go runnin my clique cause it's a old game  
And all I ever wanted was some hundred stacks  
I went from slangin' o-z's to movin' hundred sacks  
Gotta make my money back  
Cause I done came too far up in these goddamn streets  
to get my money snatched  
I'm so for real about this motherfuckin skrilla  
that any obstacle obscuring my paper is gettin' killed  
For real

(scratching and mixing)

All I have is this small skrilla

I know this nigga run this game of life  
So motherfuckin sheist that at night he got to sleep with lights  
Cause he done come across with shit so shade  
that mutha fuckers comin with clips to locate him  
Aint no waitin and once they spot him they gon' sure face him  
and once the got him they gon' sure waste him  
This aint no mutha fuckin joke nigga it aint worth it  
and even if your mother gets in it you cant surface  
It was all purpose  
just like that bullshit you was serving it was all purpose  
We all chipped in nigga and we all hurting  
I gots to grind just like in eighty-nine  
when a niggas 25 cent pieces look just like baby dimes  
I'm on the corner selling whole eights  
I don't remember being this fuckin paranoid since I sold weight  
I went from 50 sacs to 50 packs  
And all because this motherfucker got jipped he wants to jip me back  
But when I find him I'm gon finalize him  
Just to let a nigga know I'm for real and down to die for mine  
And I'm for real about this mutha fuckin skrilla  
that any obstacle obscuring my paper is gettin killed  
For real

(scratching and mixing)

All I have is this small skrilla

Game made to be swift since eighty-six when I started  
Seems like niggas with hustle got outsmarted  
Cause now they wanna analyze they homies for scratch  
Catch them when they sleeping come down and up scrap  
And even though I plotted hittin' niggas for ends  
I never took out straps and shot gats at friends  
It was all about being for real where I was from  
Where very few niggas came real but I was one

I dedicate this to my homies stuck in battle  
Living life being caught up in this mutha fuckin' gamble  
The game made to be changed but the niggas still started  
Cocaine seems to be blamed for the niggas gettin slaughtered  
How many times you had your homie shot  
By the same mutha fucker whose game came from your homies block  
Niggas get caught up in the paper chase  
and lose respect for the game  
that was honored before the cake was made

(scratching and mixing)  
All I have is this small skrilla