

# Real Shit

Styles P

(From the heart)  
This shit is crazy Storch  
(From the soul)  
Thank you my nigga (yeah, yeahhh)  
I appreciate it (oooooooooh, from the heart)  
Y'know I'm so much in the street (well well well)  
I don't get a good look all the time (it's f'real)  
So thank you (it's f'real, it's f'real, yeah)

"In God We Trust," it says it on the dollar bill  
So should I say hallelujah?  
Matter fact, what's a dollar to ya? Is it a paper painted green  
or the root of all evil like your father schooled you?  
They wanna bill me quick, niggaz wanna kill me quick  
Gotta spend a buck for somethin nice at the dealership  
Can't work for minimum wage nigga, to tell the truth  
That's why I live in a cage nigga  
Soon to be dependin on haze nigga, shit and I ain't pretendin  
When a crook get a book with a happy endin  
Dawg I'm in the bad mood most the time  
Nine milli' have you close to dyin  
But it's senseless, when I can let loose  
and just spit a sentence of some absurd shit  
Like four cars copped off of one bird flipped  
I know crime ain't rhyme but I prefer this

This is the real shit, givin niggaz real fits  
And if you can't handle it  
Then you ain't been where I been  
And you ain't been where I been  
This is for real shit, givin niggaz real fits  
And if you can't handle it  
Then you ain't been where I been  
And you ain't been where I been, this is for real

Die fo' what you believe in  
Get high for numerous reasons, no confession, no {?}  
Just me in a dark room and the fumes that I breathe in  
Spirit leave the physical, leave off the Earth  
Then I breeze on the burst cause I'm cursed with bein lyrical  
Dawg I decapitate niggaz, I never was yellow  
But I'm nicer than the happy-face sticker  
All I need's a beat and the mic gloved up  
Your career's goin good 'til you're bumpin into me  
And I hit you with some shit that make your life fucked up  
Only thing to stop me from killin you sloppy  
if God intervene or Christ jump up... what?

Shit's close to the end and I ain't a beginner  
Think I got a little thinner, only thing I mean is that  
everybody dinner - this the house of pain  
Tell everybody in there, I'ma bring it to 'em right  
Money burn, guns fire, led finger to a life  
Change your address, feds follow when they glue the kite  
Shit is all love, same time it's real too  
Move OT or go and kill 'em 'fore they kill you

This is the Ghost nigga, Double R and D-Block  
Scott Storch, whattup

No no no no no NOOOOOO~! No no NO!  
You ain't been where I been, no no!  
No no no no no no no no noooooooo...  
Get high