

Real with Yourself

Tech N9ne

Pull up, I be stuntin' keep it quiet, not public
Turn your phone off, he ain't calling, I does this
Get your body drippin', stop playin', I know what to do, oh, yeah
Baby I don't play no games when I'm in it
I go deep, so deep, girl, I'm swimming
He don't love you like I do, he don't keep it real with you
Fuck him!

Bet you he don't do it like I do
Catch him outside riding I shoot "pop, pop, pop!"
Girl, come back to the crib
To the bedroom, baby, I shoot "pop, pop, pop!"
Girl, you know where it's at
Keep it real, girl, he don't deserve you
He not in love with you
Girl, I'm in love with you

Tats all on your body, won't you get undressed, ooh yeah
Let my charm go down until there's nothing left, ooh yeah
Come from Saint Louis, they know 'bout my city
Lick up on the candy shop like I'm fifty
Look your girl, she went on ride like I'm Jigga
She wanna cuff me then cops gonna get me
You and me in a fantasy, off in Venice, oh so sexually
He don't love you like I do

Aye, aye listen here, little nigga
I know what you doing with my woman when I ain't with her
Keep on wolfin', I'm a hit you with the chrome in ya iron liver
Give it a moment you'll be floating, ya folks'll be crying rivers
Who are ya thinking put her together, me
No matter who's punching we will forever
B-L-double-O-D, so roguely, how you dissing, don't know me
Hoe chose me, and I think it's funny you think she your trophy
What's up, MO, dirty
Fucking with the real you get hit with the 30-30
Not because you gets the wet, miss the Tech
Gotta make you hit the deck, cause of disrespect
Now who you gonna run to?
When in the pack of a gun dumper
Some thunder, will be coming when I confront ya
Some want ya, cause ya flashy they come hunt ya
And you don't even know I sent her to you, dumb youngster!

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So chop it for real, one when you shoot (Keep it real with yourself)
Baby, stop playing, girl you know I do you right
Go ahead and dim the lights, paparazzi lights flashing every night
Maserati swerve, swerve, swerve on your curves

What's the word, word, word?
If he wants beef let me know how you want it served
From Saint Louis, we just live like it is a purge
Uh, I ain't scared of nobody, I got them guns in the lobby
No one can stop me, hit everybody
I promise I'll do it for you, only you
Leave his body with holes, with I-V tools
It's getting tight, lubricant, don't know why I
Do this shit, roll down that window tint and see that barrel spit
I swear, I, God if he want it I'm rushing with pistols busting
I leave his body in public, and drop it for getting nothing! (Gah!)
(You all mine, oh, oh!)

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So chop it for real, one when you shoot (Keep it real with yourself) [x5]