

Keepin' It Real

The Game

I wanna talk to the World and tell em how I feel
How everytime I drop an album one of my niggas get killed
Make a nigga wanna stop spittin'
Plus Interscope be bullshittin' Scott Pippen
This is not livin'
Livin' is when you working a 9-5
Liftin' heavy ass boxes just to stay a-fucking-live
Nigga ain't got a car but he got drive
So he appreciate the rims sittin on his ride
The world going crazy, niggas going crazy
They say the Illuminati affiliated Jay-Z
I'm in this Mercedes seeing how L.A be
My life should be a movie shot by Martin Scorsese
Gun's off safety niggas is Polamalu
The cops killed BIG and drove off in the Impala
And Pac did biz? just to get a couple dollars
Fuck rap, I shoulda took my black ass to college

I'm just tryna be real
I'm just keepin' it real
I'm just tryna be real
I'm just keepin' it real
I'm just keepin' it real

I'm tryna see my kids through college before I gotta die
Still sayin' R.I.P Aaliyah 'fore I gotta fly
Niggas running out of time
So they doing homicide
Gotta take the stand tell the judge and jury their alibi
And they all racist so they giving boys 25
Stand up be a man, and stare straight into his momma eyes
And she still traumatised, her baby boy shot up
Kissed him on the forehead right before he got up
You shot him in the forehead twice before he got up
All over a bitch, nigga the devil wears Prada
Amber Rose wears nada
And that's how she should keep it
'cause you can go Tyra from wearing Victoria's Secrets
They say there's a secret society
To get notoriety from selling your soul to 'em
Nigga you ain't buying me
Only thing for sale is this Phantom
It's Aftermath, that's why I rep the A like Atlanta

They say I look like Kanye or Wale in this Louie napsack
Rather be them than them dumb niggas fucking with Kat Stacks
I smoke kush to get my mind right
I used to listen to Nas to get my rhymes tight
I used to sell them dimes and keep my 9 tight
But now I'm fucking them dimes, but in hindsight
Almost turned on my family for the limelight
And I'mma go see God when the times right
They say the purly gates white but my President black
My money green, the sky blue and that's where heaven is at
I don't carry a gat, but my niggas do
It's like my jumper is off, I let my niggas shoot
And don't none of my niggas do

Take the time to listen
I'll tell you what my niggas do
Scream Suwoo while they dumping out of Bentley coupes?
But I'm just tryna be a good nigga, master
And take this rap money and give this shit to the Pastor