

Ayo Jayco, yee
Let's talk to em
You know me I'm on them real west side vibes
Tell these niggas something, look

I'm done lost homies after homies tryna keep it one hunnid
Keep the tech nine riding shotgun if a nigga run up on it
Know I'm in the 64, dipping through the back street
Know I pack heat, know I keep the feens running up and down the
block, like it's a track meet
Know that 45 got the extendo on a stretch long as Shaq feet
This LA shit
40,000 different hood, get hit with the K quick
Yeah, you better ride it til the wheels off
Serials get scraped, and bodies just get peeled off
Just for tryna keep it real
Bodies rolling down the block, often tryna climb that hill, was
sup, yeah

Yeah, niggas try to keep it real
Always try to keep it real
Niggas die out here, keep it real
Niggas lose their life just tryna keep it real

Keep it real that always been the mentality
The good die young is the unfortunate reality
Most people worried about status instead of salary
If a sucka run up on it, he gon find himself in tragedy
People switch up who they are for someone they pretend to be
Prioritize horribly, violation morally
I stay speaking facts, this shit be sound like a poetry
Do right and stay humble so my son he can look up me
You know life is short, it's never what it seems
Many youngins out there steady chasing cream
Plottin' on each other or find ways to scheme
Living off their means, we all got a dream
They say you are well off or you fell off
Expectation is the new perception, work your tail off
Some people act like your real friends but they all talk
Always got that heat on me, you all soft

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