

The Real Is Back

Z-Ro

The real is back, I'm back yeah
It's been a long time, I shouldn't have left you
Without that gangsta music you can rep to
The real is back, I'm back
It's been a long time
I shouldn't have left you
Without that gangsta music to rep to

Sorry I kept ya'll waiting, the real is back
I was dry but they ain't qualified to give you that
I'm talking bout the jungle cuz I really live in that
I am a bearilla, yeah grizzly silver-back
Most people you meet 'em and you know they feel off top
When they say real don't know if he feel or not
Gun license but don't know if he gone kill or not
Break in his home boy's house straight steal his quad
I'm allergic to bitch niggas see em and start sneezing
Been addicted to real shit since I start breathing
I know these niggas scared I can hear their heart beating
Never seen my kind part angel part demon
Look in the mirror I'm in love with my reflection
Ain't no love for a bitch I'm in love with my protection
They stole my shine from me but I stole it back
Had the baby mommas in microphones, RO is back

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Michael Jordan showed me, so I'ma show you how to ball
Texan wide wheels, I'ma show you how to crawl
For fine clothes on me, I'ma really buy the mall
Hood nigga even when they hiding I can spot the law
Rich than a bitch long way from being broke
From starter jackets to different color chinchilla coats
Broke ass niggas breast stroking but I'm in a boat
So much money she want me to put babies in her throat
Fuck throwing dollar bills I'm about to start throwing cars
Ya'll still rolling cigarettos bitch Im rolling jars
And ain't a damn thing stolen when I'm rolling
And I got so much shit I think I need to clean out my colon
Rappers, yeah they cool but they dance too much
But cats like me we just want the cash too much
Cats like you can't fight so you blast too much
No wonder why they whoop your ass too much, bitch

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You out in the gone life even though it's a bitch
I dropped a B on them boys even though it's a six
Charge a whole lot of money just to go in a chick
I get pardon no money when she blowing the dick
Yeah that's your partner but he got ya behind bars
Niggas snitching and murdering they partner behind broads
The new definition of real ain't it, that's some bullshit
Ya'll already know I keep it cracking like a bull whip
Uh, homie you better hide if you rose four
I will slide a grown man up under a closed door
He Pinocchio cuz when he talk his nose grow
Im who they roll out the blue carpet and open doors for
Im like a buffet I feed so many folks
Yet Im like fuck a friend me and a set of spinning spokes
I crack open money bags ya'll crack prison jokes
Outer line like summer time in Gwyneth Oak, come back

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