

# Real As It Gets (Feat. Young J

Jay-Z

Yeah, see it's that  
It's that Blueprint 3 shit right here  
It's that T-M 103 shit right here  
You ready? You ready Hov'? Let's go! (Hands up!) Allow me to re-introduce myself  
At the same time re-introduce my wealth  
At the same time rejuvenate the game  
It's for my ol'dawg niggas that's used to 'caine Not what B-dawg said, I respect the game  
G-D's, vice lords, crips the same  
And I know you're 'bout to say this off the chain  
Tell 'em fake trappin' ass niggas stay out my lane See I ain't dead or in jail, I can't complain  
And when these fake niggas gone, I shall remain  
And if you just tunin' in, let me explain  
You know I keep that 47 who? These niggas way too far, I played the game  
And if you listen hard enough I say some things  
And when that sack got low, I shave them things  
And put 'em right back together, I made them things Put your sacks in the air if you represent your click  
Money in the air if you ever hear the lick, baby  
Put your hands in the air, if you know that you that bitch  
Say you looking for the real, hey well this is real as it gets Hey! Hey! Oh! Oh!  
Hey! Hey! Oh! Oh!  
This is real as it gets Hey! Hey! Oh! Oh!  
Hey! Hey! Oh! Oh!  
This is real as it gets Now where the south side at, wassup, wassup  
Where the west coast at, put your W's up  
Where my east coast niggas that hustle to live  
And all my niggas up north that's doin' it big Oh yeah I'm rare, I'm aware that I'm rare  
I rap and I'm real, I'm one of the few here  
These other boys lyin', I wonder if y'all care  
Their stories out this world, I wonder if y'all hear But don't really matter as long as they stay clear  
Clear of the real shit we doin' over here  
When my nigga get home, I'm gonna send him a Lear  
For all the time he been down, get him right up in the air With a couple of broads get him right up in the air  
Mile high club get him right up in there  
Send my nigga some gear like he never missed a year  
By the time you hear this song, he'll be standing right here Real nigga shit there! Put your sacks in the air if you  
represent your click  
Money in the air if you ever hear the lick, baby  
Put your hands in the air, if you know that you that bitch  
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Hey! Hey! Oh! Oh!  
This is real as it getsHey! Hey! Oh! Oh!  
Hey! Hey! Oh! Oh!A hundred million to the good and I'm still talkin' yayo  
At a snails pace I won this race that y'all trail  
Uh, uh, Blueprint's for sale  
Followin' my footprints you can't failSet sail, I used to duck shots but now I eat quail  
I'll probably never see jail  
Each tale contains more of the truth  
Of the statue allows me to go into detailUh, close your eyes you can smell  
Hov's the audio equivalent of braille  
That's why they feel me in the favelas in Brazil  
And water-house 'cause real recognize realRah!You know me, I don't need no introductions  
Call me make a lil' somethin' out of nothin'  
Anywhere you go, we're the topic of discussion  
Damn, that's gotta be disgustin'Err, shit make me wanna throw up  
It's big boy music, it should make me wanna grow up  
Flows like selvage, it just make me wanna pour up  
And is it just me or this makes you wanna roll upA big fat one, then unpack one  
Then unwrap one, peel back one  
They use to call me Jizzle when they step in the middle  
And you can tell the color when it's damp in the middleWhats up!Put your sacks in the air if you represent your  
click  
Money in the air if you ever hear the lick, baby  
Put your hands in the air, if you know that you that bitch  
Say you looking for the real, hey well this is real as it getsHey! Hey! Oh! Oh!  
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Songwriters

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