Real As It Gets

Jay-z

Yeah, see it's that It's that 'Blueprint 3' shit, right here It's that 'TM 103' shit, right here You ready? You ready, Hov? Let's go! Hands up! Allow me to reintroduce myself At the same time reintroduce my wealth At the same time rejuvenate the game It's for my ol' dog niggas that shoots the 'caine Now, what my B-dawg said, I respect the game GD's, Vice Lords, the Crips, the same And I know y'all '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, Uday Hussein 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 Now, put your sacks in the air if you represent your clique Money in the air if you ever hear the lick, baby Wave 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
(South-side)
Hey, hey, oh, oh
(South-side)
This is real as it gets
Hey, hey, oh, oh
(South-side)
Hey, hey, oh, oh
(I got it, Jeezy)
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' a bid? 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
They stories about this world, I wonder if y'all hear
It 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

Now, put your sacks in the air if you represent your clique Money in the air if you ever hear the lick, baby Wave 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

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
Follow in my footprints, you can't fail

Set 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 statute allows me to go into detail
Uh, 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 Waterhouse, 'cause real recognize real, rah

You know me, I don't need no introduction Call me, make a lil' somethin' out of nothin'

Everywhere you go, we the topic of discussion

Damn, that's gotta be disgusting Uh, shit make you wanna throw up

This is BigBoy Music, it should make me wanna grow-up Flows like syrup, it just make you wanna pour up And is it just me, or this makes you wanna roll up?

A big fat one, then unpack one Then unwrap one, peel back one They use to call me Jizzle with the stamp in the middle
And you can tell the color when it's damp in the middle, wassup
Now, put your sacks in the air if you represent your clique
Money in the air if you ever hear the lick, baby
Wave 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
This is real as it gets
Yeah, I am serious, straight-up
No bullshit

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/