Shit Iz Real (Explicit)

Shyheim

Yeah yeah, hah
Where all my niggaz at?
We up in here, what?
Word up, all my peoples
Crim-criminals in the penile
Where ya at?
Cats sacking green
Bill/Hill Clinton[Chorus:]
It be real when I pack a steel
Every man for himself, send my love to a battlefield
Ain't no wack, it's a straight up fact
Or dip down in black once you hear the clap clapShit is real, ain't no time to cash no butterflies
Pass the St. Ide's
Screwface is my disguise so look me in my eyes that ain't wise
The first chump that jumps is the first chump that dies
Raw, spell that backward that's war
Lay low scarecrow, I'm knockin at your front door
Pointin' a pistol to your peekhole, pussy
Warning, my trigga finga gets busy
Blaow, a single shot straight to the headpiece
Decrease the peace and watch the murders increase
See I'm ruthless, pistol whip a nigga toothless
Me gettin' hit that shit is ludacris
I'm on my P's and my Q's
Try to put your foot in my shoes kid, you gotta pay the fuckin' dues
I ain't the one to play Pammy
I leave the head all red like that little orphan Annie
I'm dressed in black like Streets of Harlem
Paddle punk's pockets down with no problem
And get away just like an Unsolved Mystery
You don't believe me G, check my pedigree
And you can feel how I deal with the muthafuckin' steel
Ain't no game boy, it's real[Chorus x 2]Shit is real, I'm in some real shit
Niggaz wet up the lab, Ma Dukes got hit
Now they knew I was trying to give 'em what I owe 'em
But now I gotta act like I don't know 'em
The muthafuckers violated to the fullest degree
They did it smart, now they gotta see me
And I'ma flip like an acrobat, to give them bastards back

And let them know where my head is at
I pack a cannon, I know where them thugs be standin'
Near the stores, with them Hip Hop whores
And there I was all dipped and fatigued
Goin' Rambo, G.I. Joe of a dolo
Droppin' bodies, bodies they was droppin'
Like rain from a blackman that went insane
They dissed my Earth I had to diss they whole universe
Blew up the block, stepped back and watched it burst
Niggaz was runnin', I was steady gunnin' em down
They hittin' the ground from the impact of the four pound
Some kids tried to dip in the whip, I emptied the clip
And watched a car do a fuckin' flip
Reloaded at the same time the car exploded
Spotted a Gangsta Bitch, told her to hold it
It only took five secs for she squealed, "Blaka, Blaka!"
Two shots to the twat, shit is real[Chorus x 2]

Songwriters
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