

# 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 clap Shit 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

Townsend, David / Jackson, Bernard Leon / Franklin, Shyheim Dionel / Quinn, Arby / Briggs, RobertPublished  
by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other  
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>