

# What's Real (feat. Res)

Talib Kweli

What's real? Do you know?  
What's real? Let me show ya  
What's real? Do you know?  
What's real? Let me show ya  
What's real? Do you know?  
What's real? Let me show ya  
What's real? Do you know?  
What's real? Let me show ya I'mma start this story, my influence so enormous  
Got that shit you love to sing along with  
Like every line is the chorus  
I'm born in Brooklyn like Biggie  
I'm born in Brooklyn like Jordan  
I'm born in Brooklyn like Tyson  
You don't live this, you just a tourist  
We ride or die for them corners  
Fuck your private life they spy on us  
When they catch us man it's like practice  
For the new tactics that they try on us  
Them cops are lining them coffers  
Why we get shot we lying in coffins  
They want my demise cause when I arrive they stop for lines so often  
Nigga just stop, you might as well forfeit  
We like Shia LaBeouf so lawless  
Still recognize real, still recognize real  
Like the car I'm driving you foreign  
My diamond cut so flawless  
No not jewels I'm talking bout songs bitch  
So if they after me like I'm Lauryn  
I tell the feds that I'm moorish  
We walking, all the girls is talking  
Generally they butt fucking naked just like the Book of Mormon  
We see the trees for them forest  
My name ring them bells like a doorman  
Y'all niggas game is so corny  
That's why you grill them hoes just like Forman, boring  
What's real? Do you know?  
What's real? Let me show ya  
What's real? Do you know?  
What's real? Let me show ya  
What's real? Do you know?

What's real? Let me show ya  
What's real? Do you know?  
What's real? Let me show ya Paper chasing we on that grind  
Reputation on the line  
Crazy, borderline - pay me, on time  
Crazy, borderline - pay me, on time  
Crazy, borderline - pay me, on time  
Explore and discover what most fear  
I will never wait til the brush clear  
Swear I will never get stuck here  
America, fuck yea  
Measure my career in dog years  
My past four got them dog ears  
I set sail, travelling the world like Jesus was doing in his lost years  
I might give you the pill like Morpheus  
I'm like the P.E. logo in the cross hairs  
Standing out cause there's nothing but whores here  
Pimps rock crocodile like false tears  
Bring it on through your force field  
I'll be giving you nothing but the raw deal  
What I say on display is the purest skill  
I'll be giving y'all niggas what's more real  
What's more real, what's more real?  
I got chicks fighting like floor sales  
You gossiping bloggers all fail  
Look at the yardstick measuring your tall tales  
And you on all fours you small scale  
All in between the legs like a dog's tail  
You are what you eat, you don't want no beef  
You completely vegan like all kale

Songwriters

FEENEY, ADAM KING / GREENE, TALIB KWELI / HANSEN, CHESTER / ACHEAMPONG,  
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