

Be Real

Trillville

If you a thug my nigga be a thug
If you sell drugs my nigga then sell drugs
If you gonna rap about it be trill about it
And don't say shit if you can't be real about it
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Comin' up as a child all I seen was sales
Moma stepped in so we niggas stayed in out of jail
Then came Robbin and kickin' in doors
Then went from a half to sellin' ten O's
But ya see shorty, my mom was a G
She made it real easy for my sista and me
She did what she had to do, and got on da
Grind like a damn nigga would do
Talkin' about pimpin', oh she did that too
I got robbed and this old nigga took all my loot
And I was just 12 years old on 13 which made me bold
Thats why I think my heart is so cold
I gives a fuck about none of you hoes
All you fake thugs think about is grills and gold
And pressin' these doors shorty and cakin' these hoes
I'm a pimp, I spend my time makin' these hoes
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Nobody loves me so I guess I stay to myself
A nigga thinkin' bout change contemplating my death
Fell my pain as it reigns all over a nigga
And the only way I can get away is weed and liquor
Fukin' niggaz up on the daily if they didn't pay me
Niggaz pullin' guns on me damn near drove me crazy
Young nigga went to school just to sell some dope

A little crazy ass nigga wit a knife in his coat

And when the streets brought heat that's when da drama was fed
Moma swung on a nigga, I stabbed the bitch in the head
I don't scratch my head unless it itches
An I don't smoke unless I'm bustin' at cha hatin' bitches
Nigga we was bread to die, don't be askin' me why
I'll rather hustle in the cold 'cause niggaz playin' wit fire
All the childhood issues wit tha devil out to getcha
Got my mind on my gun and I'm and the shell pull a pistol
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You see the streets, they'll shallow you whole
Ya mind body and soul and leave you in a ditch cold
With no shoes and clothes wait for the trash collector
Follow me now selector to the ghetto sector
They'll kill you over thirty dollars, I seen a man cut with
A dirty bottle blood squirted on his shirt and collar
I heard him holla a sound that I cant forget
Ran home, watched cartoons and ain't said shit
Until this day moma thought I was up at da park
While she was at the church praising the Lord
I made through amazingly unscarred
She had to be praying because I made it by the grace of the God
A product of my hard times, I spit hard rhymes
Bible in one hand, the other hard ion
Dreaming of naming streets and boulevards mine
Grab yo piece of the pie, the other parts mine
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