Real Life In Rap

Joe Budden

I hate y'all, dudes
That get real life and rap confused
Don't get it fucked up and don't get shot
Tryin' to be somethin' you're not
My niggaz want war, whatchu think you good for?
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My niggaz want war, whatchu think you good for?Yea, you talk like them threats is real

A pine box, closed casket and mommy's black dress is real

I only spit what I live and I play my part, feds know

You just talkin' burners 'cause your A and R said so

Don't play the game like it's just a scrimmage

Don't think that what you hearin' is just a image

How your songs though? You never spent a day in the bing

Niggaz is movin' they mouths but they ain't sayin' a thing

Half y'all vets is heartless and rep regardless

Only time you seen a courtroom was pressin' charges

How you baggin' up white, but won't scrap in a fight?

Shit, c'mon man, shit ain't addin' up right

When shit's thick, whatchu gon' do with that pound

But real recognize real, you must be new in this town

All I'm hearin' is another nigga's life over tracks

And you, lames ain't willin' to lose your life over rapI hate y'all, dudes

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My niggaz want war, whatchu think you good for? Tired of hearin' 'bout you, rap dudes comin' with the guns

Never caught a body, had the smell comin' from the trunk

And I'm tired of hearin' 'bout your four's bust

While I was cuffed on a up north bus

Y'all fucked on a tour bus

All them stories 'bout you gettin' money with gangsters

Guess what? The shit is pretty funny to gangsters I'm tired of hearin' 'bout that gat in your boot

'Cause when it's said and done

And you finished that rap in the booth, it's back to the truth

And your shit is glass thug and you never outside

'Cause youse a in the lab thug, youse a pen and pad thug

It sounds good, you ain't pushin' work in the projects

But you spittin' 'bout it when you work on your project

Clown answer back, y'all never seen the hammers flash

Just photo shoots when cameras flash

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My niggaz want war, whatchu think you good for?In direct beef between rappers, they be all thugs

See each other in the street and dap, it's all love

War stories ain't yours, about the pounds your man got

Only time you move bricks is when the soundscan drop

You ain't never cooked nothin' by that kitchen sink

And the only time you been behind bars, was fixin' a drink

You actin' a fool, got real life and rap confused

With them ten o'clock songs, you just rappin' the news

But I ain't mad atcha flow, he tryin to stack his dough

But everybody's a thug until them ratchets show

The same dudes that rap about it get stuck for all the one's

And if everybody's a killer, where the fuck is all the punks?

I hope you gettin' your loot, just remember

What you spit in the booth

There's other people that's livin' proof

Y'all cats with all the mouth, just stay in your lane

And pray that a real nucca don't decide to call you out I hate y'all, dudes

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