

On the Real (feat. Cormega & Havoc)

Screwball

Yea (House of Hits)
Finally up in this nigga
On the real all you crab niggas know the deal
On the real all you crab niggas know the deal
To my seed May I lead you into no breed of evil
In the categories and stories I breed my sequel
You know the money blues blunts broken 22's
Monkey see Monkey do
A shorty sipping sunny dew
Now its V.S.O.P. in a G.S. that's mad smokey
Murder tree's, Crusin gun in the stash so it won't poke me
Up in the Marriot, Sweet dirty tint, Don't make no noise cause we dirty
Tell the ho's to hurry in
We got the room lit up with perfume, and mad boom
And there's video taping of booming ass's on the zooming lens
Rolling on you non descript niggas
Your marked for death like colombians with bad coke that gip niggas
Tilt the dutch, twisting up the uwee if your skilled enough
In Will we trust, salute the dead the nine mili's bust[Chorus]
On the Real all you crab niggas know the deal
On the Real all you crab niggas know the deal 2xNow its verbal abuse cause the mic's in use
This is your sorry excuse
Get your neck put in a noose
K-L is quick to let loose, to make your blood count reduce
Over the snare drum
We reproduce like cum
Impregnating the track, making it fatter than it was
Giving life to idea
Through the verse is what he does See a close call about two clicks from my fortress
We rolling squad deep, on the Kawasaki hourses
QueensBridge got the drop on you niggas trying to toss us
We metal down now its time to show these clowns who the boss is
We live for the shit, Ain't trying to take no lossess
Accumulating to much cream for you to touch
Fucking welcome to my clutches, wipe the blood on off my chuckers
From the ruckus
Your gone and your crew still love us
Can't call it, I'm in love with this good life shit
I'm working with jewels, car, chicken clits, paying rent

Murdered Presidents, running wild, stacking in piles
Onyx pendants, and Rubied down shit from the Nile
Kamikaze style, sought the antique three pound
Yo Nas, lets cop this brick and let the mobb supply the town[Chorus: x2](Play some treats on us)
Drugs in my shirtsleeve
The side bubble converti
Eyes low cause the lye blow
Five-oh know we dirty drive slow
Write a line sipping a glass of wine
The block is mine cause I am a live criminal mastermind
When I rhyme, I perfect this, niceness, I'm blessed with
Exhale precise shine like cocaine white
Its the life of Pablo, Escobar niggas I know
With diamond rolexes, that drive infinite's and lexus
So send my enemies a message
My Tommy Hilfiger vest, is bullet proof, so when niggas shoot
I'm still protected
So never ask why I write so violent
My brain storm formed on a dorm in Rikers Island
I remained calm while you tried to bite my style and
When I performed niggas mic's went silent
To the kid who made my man ill will bless this
(On the real)
When I catch up to your ass you know the deal[Chorus: x4]

Songwriters

Williams, Marlon Lu'Ree / Muchita, Kejuan Waliek / Mc Kay, Cory / Jones, Kyron / Lewis, Kenneth
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