

# Stay Real

## Fat Pat

I.

It's on breaker 1, 2 mike checkin'  
Flexin no half steppin  
When I release the funky weapon  
Like ricochet ping ping ping.  
I make fans fell it even when I sing.  
The green eyed bandit coming funky with the tune yes  
I'm blowing up like tom berringer in platoon.  
I'm playing kinda ruff like zapp  
Whapp and e-double smack to all the crossover raps black  
Who ain't down with the format  
When you should be wearing khakis and not dress slacks  
That's wack  
You trippin you better wake up and smell the coffee  
And then back up off me  
I serious I can't believe some people letting frontiers in  
And then compare them equal boy you must be buggin  
You lucky you don't catch a slug in the chest in  
From the smith and wessons.  
Change the out look  
Change the cover of the book  
You hip hop crook and give back what you took.  
It's the funk coming at cha  
So don't let the crossover catch ya.  
Boy stay real.

Ii.

It's on again yeah about the fake hip hop trends  
For those who can't comprehend just ask your friends  
They know the real deal of rap music no frontin  
  
You can't be talking loud and saying nothing  
You must be true to the game you understand  
And if not I could kill you man  
For being false plus extra fake on the tape  
Talking hardcore when you soft like a piece of cake.  
You can't put nothing pass me that horrendous cause  
I've been here since strictly business  
The era of eric and rakim, biz, public enemy, run-dmc,  
Houdini, the beasties, stetsa, fresh prince and jazzy jeff, ll

When he was rockin bells.  
Sucker which fake emcee is rearranging the structure band  
The motherf--ker. and don't let this happen again  
Cause rap could be gone the wind.  
So stay real.

Iii.

Yes I'm back black for those who might be confused  
And lost and don't wanna pay the cost  
Of me hardcore style type a human being  
On the microphone when I be emceeing.  
Some fake the funk and main source know it  
How do I know cause mtv shows it.  
Clowns that should be beat down on the spot  
And catching nothing but speed knots the bumbadots  
I insist we veto all fake emcees and wanna be's  
That's worst than the aids disease.  
So wake up spike lee joint  
And don't be a knucklehead and get to the point  
With the funk and pump up the volume  
Make the wild tune to make the party boom  
Peace to redman the rap funkadelic  
The only emcee that's compared to erick because I'm real.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>