

# Be Real

## Lil Scrappy

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 dont say shit if you can't BE REAL about it 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 dont say shit if you can't BE REAL about it Comin up as a child my city was hell  
My moma was the best soldier, dad stayed in out of jail  
I came robbin and kickin in doors  
Then on my behalf and 17 old  
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  
Out the damn crowd like a 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 skin  
And bones thats why I thank my heart to sell dope  
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'ma pimp, I spend my time makin these hoes 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 dont say shit if you can't BE REAL about it Nobody loves me so I guess I stay to myself  
A nigga thinkin bout change comtemplating 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 didnt pay me  
Niggaz pullin guns on me damn near drove me crazy  
Young nigga went to school just to sell some dope  
A lil crazy ass nigga wit a knife in his coat  
And in the streets broke heathens  
Went through drama especially  
Moma swung on a nigga  
I stabbed the bitch in her head (nigga)  
I don't scratch my head unless it itches  
And I don't smoke unless I'm bustin at you hatin bitches

Nigga we was brave to die, dont be askin me why  
Ill rather hustle in the cold 'cause niggaz sprayin wit fire  
All the childhood fixins wit tha devil inside the kitchen  
Got my mind on my gun and I'm finna pull a pistol  
You see the streets, they'll swallow you whole  
Mind body and soul  
And leave you in a ditch wit no shoes and clothes  
Waitin for the trash collector  
Follow me mind selector to the ghetto sector  
They'll kill you over thirty dollars  
I seen a man cut wit 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  
And to this day moma thought I was young  
Hungry, and poor (par)  
While she was at the church praising the lord  
I made through amazingly unscarred  
She had to be praying 'cause I made it by the grace of the god  
Im proud of my hard times, I spit hard rhymes  
Bible in one hand, the other hand 9  
Dreaming of naming streets and boulevards mine  
Grab yo piece of the pie, the other parts mine  
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