# Real Shit

## Hypno 808

[Styles P + (Gerald Levert):](From the heart)
This shit is crazy Storch
(From the soul)
Thank you my nigga (yeah, yeahhh)
I appreciate it (oooooh, from the heart)
Y'know I'm so much in the street (well well well)
I don't get a good look all the time (it's f'real)
So thank you (it's f'real, it's f'real, yeah)
"In God We Trust," it says it on the dollar bill
So should I say hallelujah?
Matter fact, what's a dollar to ya? Is it a paper painted green
or the root of all evil like your father schooled you?
They wanna bill me quick, niggaz wanna kill me quick
Gotta spend a buck for somethin nice at the dealership
Can't work for minimum wage nigga, to tell the truth
That's why I live in a cage nigga
Soon to be dependin on haze nigga, shit and I ain't pretendin
When a crook get a book with a happy endin
Dawg I'm in the bad mood most the time
Nine milli' have you close to dyin
But it's senseless, when I can let loose
and just spit a sentence of some absurd shit
Like four cars copped off of one bird flipped
I know crime ain't rhyme but I prefer this
[Chorus: Gerald Levert + ad libs]This is the real shit, givin niggaz real fits
And if you can't handle it
Then you ain't been where I been
And you ain't been where I been
This is for real shit, givin niggaz real fits
And if you can't handle it
Then you ain't been where I been
And you ain't been where I been, this is for real
[Styles P:]
Die fo' what you believe in
Get high for numerous reasons, no confession, no {?}
Just me in a dark room and the fumes that I breathe in
Spirit leave the physical, leave off the Earth
Then I breeze on the burst cause I'm cursed with bein lyrical
Dawg I decapitate niggaz, I never was yellow

But I'm nicer than the happy-face sticker
All I need's a beat and the mic gloved up
Your career's goin good 'til you're bumpin into me
And I hit you with some shit that make your life fucked up
Only thing to stop me from killin you sloppy
if God intervene or Christ jump up... what?
[Chorus: w/ ad libs][Styles P]Shit's close to the end and I ain't a beginner
Think I got a little thinner, only thing I mean is that
everybody dinner - this the house of pain
Tell everybody in there, I'ma bring it to 'em right
Money burn, guns fire, led finger to a life
Change your address, feds follow when they glue the kite
Shit is all love, same time it's real too
Move OT or go and kill 'em 'fore they kill you
[Chorus: w/ ad libs][Styles P: over Chorus]This is the Ghost nigga, Double R and D-Block
Scott Storch, whattup
[Gerald Levert:]No no no no no NOOOOOO~! No no NO!
You ain't been where I been, no no!
No no no no no no no no no nooooooo...
[Styles P:]Get high

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