Real Life

Ebony Eyez

[Ebony Eyez Talking]
Ayo...Tar... you ready?[Tarboy from Trackboys Talking]
Yeah..uh[Ebony Eyez]
Let's Do This..[Chorus - Tarboy]
Look..uh..
Money ain't never move me...
Dawg, this ain't a movie
This is real life, so why you tryin' to do me?
Sit back and relax and think about the past
And make your next move your best, it might be your last[Chorus - Ebony Eyez]
Look..
Money ain't never move me..
Bitch this ain't a movie
This is real life, so why you tryin' to do me?
Sit back and relax and think about the past
And make your next move your best, it might be your last[Verse 1: Tarboy]
Look...
Money don't make the man
but still, I understand
if you ain't gettin' dough, what the fuck you in this for?
I see you chasin hoes, and all your fancy clothes
you say you hate the music, then why you at the show?
What all that yappin' mean?
how the fuck that fit the plan?
where the fuck you from homeboy?
you ain't from my land
I see you in the club, in the corner mean-mugged
with all your little thugs, go pop a bottle of bub
and think about it first
and drink away your problems
before a nigga out here on the streets help you solve them
see, I ain't mad at ya
I'm just tryin' to relax you
and teach you somethin' homie, before them killers snatch you
I try to keep it thorough
Keith done been around the world
and never understood how a man could act like a girl
but see I'm just a squirrel
and this is your world

and I wish you the best
so get it off your chest[Chorus - Tarboy][Chorus - Ebony Eyez][Verse 2 - Ebony Eyez]
Louie, done made my purse
well, he ain't write this verse
some people put they money first, and don't care who they hurt
always talkin' bout how they: finna do this and finna do that
finna get that new benz and finna buy they girl a cadillac
I try to mind my business, they strike at me with a vengence
don't know I'm young and visicious and know how to throw them fist-es
say I dont keep it real, (what?) say I ain't got the skill
(we) mad cause I got a deal, give a fuck bout how you feel
I represent the streets and that's the way you gotta be
and when my album drop, some people gon' be mad at me
bitches don't wanna listen, don't wanna play position
ain't got a pot to piss in, but they call they self dissin'
your next move should always be your best move
never follow what the rest do, and they'll respect you
Cause money come and go, don't front like you don't know
and when it's all spend up and gone, you ain't got shit to show[Chorus - Tarboy][Chorus - Ebony Eyez][Verse 3: J-Kwon]
Now my baby mama hate the fact, now that I'm gettin' scratch
so she go and react, hold up man, matter of a fact
now that I'm thinkin' back, when I ain't had no scratch
no ice, or no 'lac, hold up Kwon rewind it back
now was you gon' react?
that's when I hate the fact, I laid her on her back
(hold up man, don't say that)
nah, let me spit the facts
y'all know I love my son, but she only care about if he got some air force ones
Now ain't that shit dumb? Now where we both come from
Like all your life, you grew up running around spending funds
We was broke as Hammer, t-shirts for pajamas
Cribs small as llamas, eating corn flakes and bananas
Now it's vests and Hummers, we fucked the whole summer
The only reason, cause your man be tryin to take me under
So now I sit and wonder, like I ain't got no clue
And yes it's true, that the money might have moved you[Chorus - Tarboy][Chorus - Ebony Eyez]

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