

# Still Real

## Fat Joe

It's so depressin', uh  
Be the realest shit I ever wrote  
(Money and cars, bitches)  
Shit Is Real Part 2  
(Drugs)  
Modern day  
(Society you know?)  
See what it's like to walk in my shoes  
It ain't all fun and games  
(You heard?)  
Yo, yo, I'm sick and tired of stressin', every days a different lesson  
I'm free-fallin', tryna leave this deep depression  
My son Joey still slow, my mom's got cancer in her throat  
My big brother sniffin' dope  
Let me know how many motherfucker wanna be just like me  
Screamed at and treated like shit by your wifey  
This hot bitch be sweatin' the coke cash  
My baby mother think I grow doe out my ass  
It's like, how much fight I got left in me  
Niggaz won't be happy till they bring the fuckin' death of me  
But you never see Joe look weak or flow off beat  
And Charlie sees the board in four more weeks  
You gotta walk, where I walked  
Bang where I bang  
Slang where I hang  
To get where I'm going to  
Stay where I stay  
Blaze who I blazed  
Pay dues, how I payed  
To get where I'm going to  
You gotta walk, where I walked  
Bang where I bang  
Slang where I hang  
To get where I'm going to  
Stay where I stay  
Blaze who I blazed  
Pay dues, how I payed  
To get where I'm going to  
Uh, yo, the South Bronx, nine years later

Ain't nuttin' changed, niggaz still playa haters  
T S, the best that's done it, forever live and never front it  
Reminisce of when I used to hold heat and tell niggaz "Run it"  
Now we flooded with jewels, hundreds of dudes  
Crowd the Coliseum to hear their favorite tunes  
Then at the time of our prime we caught a sick one  
The Angels came down, took my twin Big Pun  
Shit were unbalanced throughout the whole world  
All I could do was try to provide for his seeds and his old girl  
Hope your listenin', tell Ton' that we still missin' him  
I'm like a prisoner in jail with no visitors  
You gotta walk, where I walked  
Bang where I bang  
Slang where I hang  
To get where I'm going to

Stay where I stay  
Blaze who I blazed  
Pay dues, how I payed  
To get where I'm going to  
You gotta walk, where I walked  
Bang where I bang  
Slang where I hang  
To get where I'm going to  
Stay where I stay  
Blaze who I blazed  
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Yeah, uh, ayyo the third verse is dedicated to you  
Even though you switched teams, man I'm praying for you  
We used to stay up all night countin' dollar for dollar  
You was my son's godfather, where the fuck is your honor?  
Can't even rap the shit we did together  
You'd probably have me shackled locked down, doin' bids forever  
You broke the first code, I'd like to twist ya wifey till it roasts gold  
Snitch nigga, turned state to sold ya soul  
How could a nigga that was clappin' in the streets  
Start yappin' to the deez, like what I rightly should believe?  
Like ever verse is a charge, for every hurt there's a scar  
I never once tried to hurt cha'll  
I'm just tryin' to do me, sell a few CDs  
Buy land in Miami and cop a new B, come on!  
Motherfuckers think it's sweet  
Think a nigga got money and a nigga don't feel pain  
You ain't never feel my pain

You don't know what the fuck I'm goin' through  
Niggaz lookin' at me like, "He got it made"  
Like I ain't lose Pun, my grandfather a week later  
My aunt a month later  
Like my fuckin' sister ain't in a coma right now!  
You motherfuckers don't know pain!  
Let's get one thing clear, money'll never buy you happiness  
My true niggaz walk with me now  
You gotta walk, where I walked  
Bang where I bang  
Slang where I hang  
To get where I'm going to  
Stay where I stay  
Blaze who I blazed  
Pay dues, how I payed  
To get where I'm going to  
You gotta walk, where I walked  
Bang where I bang  
Slang where I hang  
To get where I'm going to  
Stay where I stay  
Blaze who I blazed  
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