Real Life In Rap

Joe Budden

[Intro/Chorus: repeat 2X]
I hate y'all duuuuuuudes
That get real life and rap confuuuuuuused
Don't get it fucked up, and don't get shoooot
Tryin to be somethin you're nooooot
-- my niggaz want war, whatchu think you good for?

[Joe Budden]
Yeah you talk like them threats is real
A pine box, closed casket and mommy's black dress is real
I only spit what I live, and I play my part, feds know
You just talkin burners cause your A&R said so
Don't play the game like it's just a scrimmage
Don't think that what you hearrrin is just a image
How your songs though? You never spent a day in the bing
Niggaz is movin they mouths but they ain't sayin a thing
Half y'all vets is heartless and rep regardless
Only time you seen a courtroom was pressin charges
How you baggin up white, but won't scrap in a fight
Sheeeeit, c'mon mayne, shit ain't addin up right
When shit's thick, whatchu gon' do with that pound
But real recognize real, you must be new in this town
All I'm hearin is another nigga's life over tracks
And you lames ain't willin to lose your life over rap

[Chorus]

[Joe Budden]
Tired of hearin 'bout you rap dudes comin with the guns
Never caught a body, had the smell comin from the trunk
(And umm) I'm tired of hearin 'bout your 4's bust
While I was cuffed on a up North bus
Y'all fucked on a tour bus
All them stories 'bout you gettin money with gangsters
(Guess what?) The shit is pretty funny to gangsters
I'm tired of hearin 'bout that gat in your boot
Cause when it's said and done
and you finished that rap in the booth, it's back to the truth
And your shit is glass thug (and you) never outside

Cause youse a in the lab thug (youse a) pen and pad thug
It sounds good, you ain't pushin work in the projects
But you spittin 'bout it when you work on your project
Clown answer back, y'all never seen the hammers flash
Just photo shoots when cameras flash
All I'm hearin is another nigga's life over tracks
And you lames ain't willin to lose your life over rap

[Chorus]

[Joe Budden]
In direct beef between rappers, they be all thugs
See each other in the street and dap, it's all love
War stories ain't yours about the pounds your man got
Only time you move bricks is when the SoundScan drop
You ain't never cooked NOTHIN by that kitchen sink
And the only time you been behind bars was fixin a drink
You actin a fool, got real life and rap confused
With them ten o'clock songs, you just rappin the news
But I ain't mad atcha flow, he tryin to stack his dough
But everybody's a thug until them ratchets show
The same dudes that rap about (they get) stuck for all the 1's
And if everybody's a killer, where the fuck is all the punks?
I hope you gettin your loot; just remember
what you spit in the booth
There's other people that's livin proof
Y'all cats with all the mouth, just stay in your lane
And pray that a real NUCCA don't decide to call you out

[Chorus]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/