

Real Talk

Outlawz

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Now you dun heard a lot of talk about me and my niggaz
Them Outlaw worldwide mobb figures
From triumph to tragedy
To right back on top and niggaz still mad at me
For pushin' that big truck on 24's
A square feat in ATL game, locked jaw
Man dat's what my nigga got shot for
Bein' too motherfuckin' raw for these fuckboys.
See the darkness, see the light, he wanna feel it
Misery loves company and that's the real shit
But in 2005 I'm on some kill shit
Fo' niggaz sneak upon me and peel this
I'm takin' a stand with Mac in hand..a born killer
Like them niggaz from Pakistan
It's simple, gotta git 'em fore' I die
Like the old west see how we low tex da ride
I know mama, you did your best at raisin' me
Now your baby dun became a G
When I'm out in them streets
The only one that got me is me
I keep my hand upon my heat
'Cause you know mama you didn't raise no bitch
So if a nigga wanna get at me
I be out in them streets, my thang cocked
'Cause really all I got in the game everyday is me
Real talk
Everyday is a new challenge
I'm a savage in my new balance
A lot of rappers but not enough raw talent
Blame the machine but fuck it I'm a hustla bitch
So we start our own label sellin' bricks legit
Power to the people, a lot of power in my pencil
We da hope for the hopeless, the voice for the voiceless
Outlaw soldiers, we still in the game
Years later last members fuckin' feelin' the same
Straight from the heart, makin' 'em walk
Live for the day don't wait for tomorrow
Hatas gettin' they wrong, I seen tha streets rap
Rounda tough with some niggaz
I seen preachers put religion in the roughest of niggaz
They say gangstaz don't live that long, too many turn-coals

That's fucked up, puttin' cuffs on your folks
Coincidental the Outlawz instrumental
And raisin' a thug nation, we influentialI know mama, you did your best at raisin' me
Now your baby dun became a G
When I'm out in them streets
The only one that got me is me
I keep my hand upon my heat'Cause you know mama you didn't raise no bitch
So if a nigga wanna get at me
I be out in them streets, my thang cocked
'Cause really all I got in the game everyday is me
Real talkYeah, my mother ain't made no sucker
Raised in the gutta, I'm a made mothafucka
All I know is get paid mothafucka
All day mothafucka, one way or anothaAnd ain't no body no where that can stop me
Call me cocky..you tennis, I'm hockey
Mix a little bit of 'Pac E-docky
With black Rocky and my pops you got meReal talk, I never took a shall unless it was support
I'm stressin' ain't my thought
And I walk these dogs, I'm a soldier
Dontcha wanna be like me when you grow up?A man of honor comma, good karma
Niggaz wants drama, I got the problem solva
Big ass Cig, that's that shit
Plus the bully that a fully automaticI know mama, you did your best at raisin' me
Now your baby dun became a G
When I'm out in them streets
The only one that got me is me
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So if a nigga wanna get at me
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Real talk, y la conchetumadree

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