

# The Real Testament Intro (prod. by Papa Duck)

## Plies

Ay I like to welcome all you mothafuckers  
To the real testament  
This where the truth get told  
And bullshit ain't tolerated Before I sell my soul  
I'll lose everything  
You can lock me up cracker  
I'ma get out and do the same thing  
You can take this rap shit from me  
I'll find another game  
Don't get this shit confused  
Nigga this was never my dream  
Been through what I seen  
I'd rather kill myself  
Before I'll live a lie  
Before I'll turn informal  
Nigga I'd rather fry  
My momma lost me to the streets  
I told her don't cry  
Told her if she understood real  
She should understand why  
The wrong slip in these streets  
And crackerz had your life  
Had plenty of money and never payed tithes  
Nigga was caught up in this thuggin I apologize  
You call the nigga your dog  
But will he really ride  
Nigga know how to get money  
But will he testify  
Give a fuck why you told  
Snitching something I can't buy  
Rather I sell a hundred thousand  
Or I sell a mill  
Fact remain the same  
Nigga I'm still real  
Broke my heart they gave my  
Lil homey fifteen year  
I put a cast on my heart in place of the tears  
He told me, Plies,  
I'm living through you

While I been here  
The realest shit I ever heard  
That shit gave me chills  
I'ma get that time off him  
If its gods will  
Don't know when god coming  
That's my only fear  
Been drankin since I was sixteen  
Help me think clear  
Don't come to my funeral  
If I ain't fuck with you while I was here  
Some fuck niggas in the county now  
Tryin to get me in there  
But niggas in hell want ice water  
So I don't care  
The opposite of you fuck niggas  
Cause you a square  
I know of some fuck niggas  
That hate me who I ain't never met  
Never talked to me  
Never even seem me yet  
The only thing they know  
Im where they tryin to get  
The only thing they I know  
Respect it or check it  
Cause I don't know you shit  
I been dealin with envy nigga  
Every since I was a git  
Hated my many loved by the same  
So I'm even bitch  
Put my hand on the bible  
Swear to tell the truth  
You liked to here lies  
This the wrong cd to listen to nigga

Songwriters

WASHINGTON, ALGERNOD/WEGANS, GEORGE/LEVATTE, RONELL LAWRENCE/MARTIN,  
ALEXANDER STEPHEN

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