

# Kept It Too Real (Instrumental)

## Plies

I broke bread wit you nigga showed you where I lived  
You talkin nigga but you don't understand what real is  
When it came to yo pussy ass nigga I woulda killed  
But it was my fault nigga I kept it too real We busted choppaz at niggaz layed in bushes together  
You had me fooled dawg I thought you was my fukkin nigga  
Woulda did a hundred years for you cuz I fuk wit ya  
You taught me what a good heart in these streetz would get a nigga  
Not a muthafukkin thing but a sad picture  
Hurt me when I found out you had pussy in yo heart nigga  
I never thought I'd say it but muthafuk a friend  
Cuz yo dawg be tha one that cross ya in tha end  
Tha shit I know now wish I'd done knew it back then  
But goin thru it wit a fuck nigga is what make a man  
I treated yo pussy ass betta than I did my own kin  
When a nigga locked up or broke that's when they claim they love you then I broke bread wit you nigga showed  
you where I lived  
You talkin nigga but you don't understand what real is  
When it came to yo pussy ass nigga I woulda killed  
But it was my fault nigga I kept it too real Wat was mine was yours but what yours wasn't mine  
If a nigga woulda told me u was soft I woulda thought he was lyin  
But every nigga gon show his hand in due time  
I kept it so muthafukkin real wit you that I was blind  
Cuz I was too busy showin love I ain't see tha signs  
When you needed me pussy I came thru every time  
Whether you was right or wrong fuck nigga I was ridin  
But you envied me nigga in tha back of yo mind  
You wasn't a hundred nigga you was real part time  
I broke you off when them fuck niggaz wouldn't give you a dime  
Ain't owe you shit nigga I just wanted to see you shine  
You never gave me shit nigga I had my own grind  
I ain't need yo choppaz I had my own nine  
I'm a hundred nigga I done did me and yo time  
You can't trust yo own homiez who tha fuck can you trust  
I got my broad and my choppa so to me that's enough I broke bread wit you nigga showed you where I lived  
You talkin nigga but you dont understand what real is  
When it came to yo pussy ass nigga I woulda killed  
But it was my fault nigga I kept it too real God ain't makin you fuck niggaz like he used to  
A nigga believe its hoe now before he believe you  
And cuz you thug wit a nigga don't mean tha love true

It used to matter what you and yo niggaz done been thru  
Nigga be yo dawg one day and turn pussy out tha blue  
A fuk nigga gon do what a fuk nigga gon do  
Betta off runnin by yoself if you only knew  
Don't mean that nigga a hunter cuz he'll fuckin shoot  
And money don't mean you real cuz he got loot  
If a nigga heart ain't right no tellin what he'll do  
And real niggaz extinct its only a fuckin few  
Cuz 99% of these fuck niggaz ain't true I broke bread wit u nigga showed u where I lived  
U talkin nigga but u dont understand wat real is  
When it came to yo pussy ass nigga I woulda killed  
But it was my fault nigga I kept it too real

Songwriters

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