Return Of The Real

Lloyd Banks

[Lloyd Banks]I don?t look for trouble, trouble finds me,
I be chilling with the grillin right beside me,
wisely he put his f-cking eyes back in place,
i don?t need a case to come out a one year ace,
you should see my face, n-ggas feed you BS,
b-tches feed me grapes,
I feed off negativity its easy bait,
all my n-ggas need a plate and those that don?t even hate
those that don?t believe in fate,
suffer from denial,
its funny how I succeed,
i be f-cking up a while,
how they were getting their shot
while i was stuck under the bowel,
drove 100 valve makes me smile
my lifestyle style make it rain on the crowd,
a black cloud, i make a movie n-gga,
act wild, Stephen King em, bring em,
with the flowers beds and n-ggas singing,
i?m swinging and my medallions a hundred thousand,
they crowd em in public housing cause I grew up round em,
what up n-gga,
[talking][Chrous]Its the return of the real,
this aint real,
the game,
aint nothing changed
except the change and these n-ggas looking strange,
the return of the real,
off the brain smelling like Mary Jane,
and my chain I?m as raw as cocaine,
its the return of the real
dont complain, up your game, maintain,
keep it still sh-t is real in the field,
the return of the real and I return
to whom it may concern,
these n-ggas dont learn,
they being burnt, burnt,
[Verse 2]Crispy like a n-gga down in Memphis,

we kicking down fences
clearing out the entrance,
you could be my apprentice or get sent to the dentist,
right off the benches shine every sentence,
in my attendance take off them fake pendants,
them cubics and them oc?s i do this like the og?s,
im realer than a death threat,
25 to life debt, they ain?t cut off my lights yet,
man i aint breaking light sweat,
getting diamond bright neck,
forget it I do not change,
i put it on a nice check you already know my price range,
bet it all on a dice game,
6.45 and I?ve been giving back to the hood,
rap robbin nuttin,
to that g sh-t you don?t want it with me sh-t,
that wood for wood million would give it to you for free sh-t,
what you blow up your weed with,
get high speed sh-t with, as long as I got the gift I dont need sh-t.
[Chorus][Verse 3]Box cutter cuttings bring Buck in,
these n-ggas duckin all over nothin,
cos nothin is enough to get turned into dust,
chrome burners you thrust,
cos aint no sympathy in this game for you and us,
plus n-ggas throwin dirt on your name,
who could you trust who could you call,
God forbid you take another fall,
all we got round here is crack, hip hop and ball,
kids aint kids, kids got clips cocked an? all,
imma ball whether big or small,
hood coach i call the shots,
i just stand out cos a n-gga tall,
no holds barred with the God,
im show five the hoes jog,
to the (?) for a throat job,
they want that gutter back,
no prob, i slick ?.. of oil (?)
they know i go hard,
about as hard as it is to stay out them cuffs,
?. me,
n-ggas AK out this truck,
[Chorus][End]

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