Keep It Real

Miilkbone

I ain?t about to sit back and talk about gats and Glocks
And busting caps on blocks, cracking on practice cops
You couldn?t handle when I?m deep like a diver
The kooky corner conniver keeps my streets liver
I play the DL and watch the outskirts
I write an ill verse and never shout words that make makes my mouth hurt
I go to ? place and rap to groovy breaks
Popping in the ? tape and watch all the moves we make
We?re getting up until we?re choking
I feel over in the goodie goodie, the woodies are swinging while he?s smoking
I ? the girls, good night, I spread the hood life
My neighbours and my style don?t match what I look like
You know not to pass judgement, my ass ain?t budging
I kill a fast dozen of your family and do your last cousin
Strength from Jersey doing just what I feel
Steal a meal, I?m the druggie that deal but keep it real

[Chorus]

We were beginners in the hood and my mentality
Is keeping it real, packing steel, getting high (keep it real)
We were beginners in the hood and my mentality
Is keeping it real, packing steel, getting high (keep it real)

[Verse 2]

My lifestyle?s fast lane without speed bumps or rolling tree stumps
Given free blunts, I only had to smoke weed once
To rap while I puff that and chill as I bust back
To battle ? I love rap to beat me I don?t puff crack
See I?m the dopest that you don?t wanna smoke with
Been rhyming since the days of puffing joints out the roach clips
I wake up every morning and I always wonder why
Peeps are ODed treat my streets like a slumber
This ain?t a vacation spot so go claim your Glock
So many names with spray cans we can paint the blocks
I dream tough, I never chill with no creeper
Hang ? my saggy jeans cuffed
I keep the power to speak, I ain?t a flower for freaks
My dirt?s deep, I even go without a shower for weeks

So back up off it, you fags had to forfeit
I rip so many heads they call my crew Farrah Fawcett
Sprinkle over here there whenever I feel
I?m no beginner or winner but my deal will keep it real

[Chorus]

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Is keeping it real, packing steel, getting high (keep it real)

We were beginners in the hood and my mentality
Is keeping it real, packing steel, getting high (keep it real)
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[Verse 3]

It?s no illusion, I?m grooving, the L got my brain moving
The pain soothing and my crew got the same movement
The boom?s like the moon on the run from the Sun
Stay spark in the dark daily where we come from
I?m cool with the careless kids who rock crusty fronts
They got rusty lungs from smoking dusty blunts
They puff like pros so call em ashtray mouths
Cause there was a halfway house and this is my last day out
So I?mma catch ?, knock off your headset
Bullet holes in five though will make the the funny feds sweat
I?m from Amboy AKA The Violent Village
Dirty Delaney is where I be illin
My tiny town is thumbs down
Finger tips are splitting blunts
Competition walks away, finks and fronts
I fully break beats and dominate my ill fate
Rapping on the milk crate until late it feels great

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Lyrics submitted by Carl Johnson.

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