Be Real

Lutan Fyah

If you a thug my nigga be a thug
If you sell drugs my nigga then sell drugs
If you gonna rap about it be trill about it
And dont say shit if you can't BE REAL about it
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Comin up as a child my city was hell
My moma was the best soldier, dad stayed in out of jail
I came robbin and kickin in doors
Then on my behalf and 17 old
But ya see shorty, My mom was a G
She made it real easy for my sista and me
She did what she had to do, and got
Out the damn crowd like a nigga would do
Talkin about pimpin, oh she did that too
I got robbed and this old nigga took all my loot
And I was just 12 years old on 13 skin
And bones thats why I thank my heart to sell dope
I gives a fuck about none of you hoes
All you fake thugs think about is grills and gold
And pressin these doors
(Shorty) and cakin these hoes
I'ma pimp, I spend my time makin these hoes
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Nobody loves me so I guess I stay to myself
A nigga thinkin bout change comtemplating my death
Fell my pain as it reigns all over a nigga
And the only way I can get away is weed and liquor
Fukin niggaz up on the daily if they didnt pay me
Niggaz pullin guns on me damn near drove me crazy
Young nigga went to school just to sell some dope
A lil crazy ass nigga wit a knife in his coat

And in the streets broke heathens

Went through drama especially
Moma swung on a nigga
I stabbed the bitch in her head (nigga)
I don't scratch my head unless it itches
And I don't smoke unless I'm bustin at you hatin bitches
Nigga we was brave to die, dont be askin me why
Ill rather hustle in the cold 'cause niggaz sprayin wit fire
All the childhood fixins wit tha devil inside the kitchen
Got my mind on my gun and I'm finna pull a pistol
You see the streets, they'll swallow you whole
Mind body and soul
And leave you in a ditch wit no shoes and clothes
Waitin for the trash collector
Follow me mind selector to the ghetto sector
They'll kill you over thirty dollars
I seen a man cut wit a dirty bottle
Blood squirted on his shirt and collar
I heard him holla a sound that I cant forget
Ran home, watched cartoons and ain't said shit
And to this day moma thought I was young
Hungry, and poor (par)
While she was at the church praising the lord
I made through amazingly unscarred
She had to be praying 'cause I made it by the grace of the god
Im proud of my hard times, I spit hard rhymes
Bible in one hand, the other hand 9
Dreaming of naming streets and boulevards mine
Grab yo piece of the pie, the other parts mine
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