It's Real (Extended Movement Mix)

Paris

On the scene back again with the mothafuckin' grip
93 was the year P-Dog came rippin' shit
Bouncin' out the belly of the beast
And still the same nigga
That was hollerin': "Fuck peace!"
But check it out, it's the same old thing
Cause now the year's 94
And ain't a damn thing changed
Niggaz still droppin' dead like flies
And i'm still lookin' for a way
To make us raise
I impose that I still hate the devil
(That's right!)
And I'm a mothafucka
That'll take your ass to the next level
Straight guerrilla in the mist to the end
(Yeah, and put it in the mix again!)
Yeah, now better listen why...Yeah! Right back at you once again in 94...
P-Dog, righterous...
Back up in you with another mothafuckin' bomb...
And we kickin' the real...So anyway I'ma do it this time
So you want to hear
Specially designed for your mind and soldier's ear
Cause niggaz nowadays just shoot
[Gunshot]
And fuckin' with the crew
Will get your ass peeled like fruit
And everybody want to be a Gee
The same sick house nigga mentality
Please, fuckin' with them fake fairytales
Nigga, i don't trip cause I still kicks the realiest shit
So please back on up, I'm lettin' off
Representin' Allah and I'm raw
Cause I'm god
So I hope you're listenin'
What I'm kickin?: It's real
(Yeah, I keep'em comin' with the shit you fear)
Yeah, you better check it why?Yeah, fear no evil, fear no man...
Shouts goin' out to all those fake-ass want to-be...gees...Just break it on down...Paris, I'm hopin' goin' on the

hill...the hill...
Paris, I saw you standin' strong again...again...So I'm still comin' on with this
(Still comin' strong with shit)
Shit that'll make ya brain come up wake up
Regonize that it ain't nothin' but a thang
To see a nigga lockdown, underground or in the sweep
And you ain't never gonna take me out cause I...
(...roll up mothafuckas and i'll break you down to side!)
Yeah, so keep your eyes on this
Fuck what you heard
(And watch the devil get served!)Yeah, so now you know...
Scarface records, Paris...
Still hittin' you with the righterous shit....
The funky shit...
In the name of Allah...
And it ain't gonna never change....
It don't stop...
It don't never stop...
So back your devil-ass sob off me...
And let me get my field...
Power, yeah!Paris, I'm hopin' goin' on the hill...the hill...
Paris, I saw you standin' strong again...again... (2x)Yeah! Right back at you in 1994: P-Dog...
Guerrillas in the mist with the black fist...
And it ain't never gonna change!

Songwriters
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