

That's Real

[Az](#)

[Verse 1: AZ]I holds it down for the convicts that live in a box

And them little grimy niggaz that live in them spots

Venimous plots, real nine ? glocks

Spin with the drop

Hammer cocks, sent you a shot

Brooklyn motha fucka, we blend with the blocks

Live niggaz, type to spend 10 on a watch

Face lift it

Hit it straight nuttin' to taste wit it

Fuck shots

Cop bottles, whole case wit it

Street war

Niggaz don't beef no more

See the kill for real or don't eat no more

Sleep no more

Hollow tips'll eat you raw

Straight through the right cheek of your jaw (blaow)

Lets get it on

With the guns drawn

Ride or die

No whats wrong

Gettin' shifted on

My reply

Cut you up with some shit that'll tear your soul

Wrap up if you feel the cold

That's real

[Hook: Beanie Sigel]My' spit from my block men

Everyday ya upstate gettin' boxed in

Stick a (marriage?) through the gate when they locked in

You can hear 'em when they break when they boxed in

That's real

My spit from my street men

All day, smuggle yay pull ya Jeep's in

Never play where you lay we ain't sleepin'

Spot clean, FED's dumb let 'em creep in

That's real

[Verse 2: Beanie Sigel]I break laws when I want to

Jaws when I want to

Everybody, get them on the floor when I come through

Know the rules not to move when I come to jam you

Two hammers

One in my hand one in the tan room

The General

I could care less if theres ten of you

I'm built for stress

Do what few men can do

Send a few into you

Injured you, you injured two

Mack 11 ya hit your Chevy

Sent it off in his inertubes

Mack pop the pistol well

Cop fish scales

Used to pop a pistol quick

Cock that ? shit

Gun still on the missile tip

Hit that main tissue shit

Kidney, lungs, heart, spleen, brain tissue shit

I hit you niggaz where it hurt at

Where you little niggaz they dirt at

Where they pump they work at

Recognize when the motha fuckin' truth in here

Beanie Sieg hottest thing in the booth this year

That's real

[Hook: Beanie Sigel]My spit from my block men

Everyday ya upstate gettin' boxed in

Stick a (marriage) ? through the gate when they locked in

You can hear 'em when they break when they boxed in

That's real

My spit from my street men

All day, smuggle yay pull ya Jeep's in

Never play where you lay we ain't sleepin'

Spot clean, FED's dumb let 'em creep in

That's real

[AZ]Ya little mind and the things that it conjure up

Even worse when you Henney'd and Ganja'd up

Could see it now

Feet duck taped, arms in cuffs

Your conscience fucked

Pissey be on your bluff

[Beanie Sigel]I roll with niggaz that'll clap you up

Get locked and wait for you to get knocked and whack you up

Stick a motha fuckin' sword in ya

Make everybody on the motha fuckin' block see the broad in ya

[AZ]Arm the ?
Niggaz need to bomb wit us
Dawn wit us
Bust of they chronic wit us
Quiet Money, Roc-A-Fella nigga arm your pups
Play the game before your palms get touched (nigga)
[Beanie Sigel]I (spiffin?) niggas doin' a long time
All day, could see new spades and keep a blade on a phone line
Keep the guards payed so they got they own line
Hustle on the block still make they own wine
That's real
[Hook: Beanie Sigel] - repeat 3X
My spit from my block men
Everyday ya upstate gettin' boxed in
Stick a (marriage?) through the gate when they locked in
You can hear 'em when they break when they boxed in
Tha'ts real
My spit from my street men
All day, smuggle yay pull ya Jeep's in
Never play where you lay we ain't sleepin'
Spot clean, FED's dumb let 'em creep in
That's real

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>