

Schwarze Feen

"Real Life"

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[Conversation]:

Smash you grilla.....
That's right, that's right
A hundred and ninety-six million
nine hundred and forty thousand
square miles, on this planet
Fresh outta New York
Aiyyo,

Verse 1:

Aiyyo,
Rollie what's up son Noodles had a problem
He called Lucky Hands lab saying niggas mobbed him
Max was on the outskirts trickin' in DC
Blaze had a shorty in his lab gettin' weed for free
That night I was in the cut alone zoned out
Suggest I rock a utility vest when I'm bonin' out
Yeah you know it, Bobby told me before
Keep the heat by the side of the door
Ready for military war
Numerous cats, niggas is uterus
Who this, claimin' that he looking for Louis Rich
Diamond a young king doing his thing
Big safes out in Beijing
Aqua green thing
One connect had turned on him
God, shit got realer than a fuck
Crackers up state want him
Marshalls came through the hood that night
Bagged my man Chaz 32 bags he copped flight
Now he upstate baggin' niggas
House and Air Maxs big ACs
Won the Oscar award for crabbing niggas
Now all y'all niggas get to laugh now
Who got the last laugh now
Hit his stash house

Hook:

It's called real life
Y'all niggas betta see the light fast pa
Real life, it don't cost nuttin' just to blast
Real life, lay down son you won't last
Real life
Real life
Real life

Verse 2:

February tenth day on a Wednesday
It's like grimsday
Russian hats rocking it the Benz way
That day we got guns on us
Jakes want us,
Playin Einstein lenses and Auroras
Little meek caught us
Couple of francs, peep the blue Taurus
What up tuck your chain they came for us
Jumped out big nines and some hard bottles
Eyes of hate finally meeting up wid the stakes
It was who I thought it was
2 pair of Clarks one pair of Lugz
Wit the hardbottom nigga wid the snub
Cocked it, where rock at, stop that
Violate this cipher pa we'll definitely strike back
All of us right there slight fear in our heart
Blink we take it right there
Doing our thing apart
Broad jumped out tryin' to run shit
Spoken loud words all we want is his head
He did some dumb shit
Beef from Miami now
Damn yo big head Lance in some wild shit
Noodles caught the stair down
Now it came back to me yo
Handle it wise and brutally yo
Put down your tooly and talk like men
No shots rang yo, hittin' the ground like mangoes
Swiss cheese the thirty-G dorango
Few weeks later son seem 'em all..
I mean 'em all..

Hook
(Repeat x2)

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