

Woven Hand

"It's All Real"

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* first single

[Intro scratches by DJ Premier]

Pitch Black

Realize it's all real

Who wanna fuck with this?

Realize it's all real

Pitch Black, all my real niggaz

Underground past the pavement

We be wildin' on the corner...

We rep the hardest

[Verse 1]

1970, I was sent through a heavenly

Spirit and I've been dead-e-ly

As far back as my memory

Can record the power of God was sent to me

They gon have to mention me among the best
eventually

Pitch Black's the group of the century

I ain't tryin to see death, disease or the penitentiary

When the smoke screens fade, the charade's played

Nothing remains but the foundation we layed is real

Destroy and build, my feelings kill or be killed

Play around, we spraying rounds, I lay you down

No doubt you dont know what it's about

You think you spitting game but the game spit you out

So you ain't innovating you're regurgitating

Poisonous thoughts, doing dirty work for Satan

I leave you so scarred, your corpse rock hard

Your arms are too short to box with God

And it's all real

[Chorus (Scratched)]

Pitch Black, all my real niggaz

Underground past the pavement

We be wildin' on the corner freestylin'

It's a fact that I'm dope

Realize it's all real

Pitch Black, all my real niggaz

Underground past the pavement

We be wildin' on the corner...

We rep the hardest

Realize it's...

[Verse 2]

Weed grammar, coke manners, dope slander, hold
hammers

Don't provoke the hand that'll choke your man up yo

Grinding for hours cause hope is for cowards

Trying to make more dough than flour

Foes notice the power

Competition and opposition get knocked out of position

We living like we ain't got a pot to piss in

'Nuff flows to touch souls

Too tough to fold, too hot to hold, stop, pop, and go

This our pie to go, our time to roll

Out of the cold, into our zone, leave us alone, yo

The difference between winning and losing is picking
and choosing

Your enemies, your friends to be, and who your crew is

Let's get it together no matter the weather

Fuck haters nothing can break us as long as we makin
this cheddar

We ballin' like Lakers, we movers and shakers

No one can do it how we do it, showing and proving

My crew's the greatest

[Chorus]

It's all real

Pitch Black, all my real niggaz

Underground past the pavement

We be wildin' on the corner freestylin'

It's a fact that I'm dope

Realize it's all real

Pitch Black, all my real niggaz

Underground past the pavement

We be wildin' on the corner...

We rep the hardest

Realize it's...

[Verse 3]

Hey yo, with every step I take I move to build

I'm a quarter through life and I've yet to fulfill my will

Sometimes I feel like I'm my own worst enemy

I make things harder when it's really elementary

I've got soul in my heart and dirt on my hands

'Dro in my pants, love for my mans and love for these
grams

Got fam to feed and laws to lay

Guns to spray, blocks of hate, and workers to pay

Dog I never burn a bridge unless I never wanna cross it

I'm really a cool nigga so these hands don't force 'em

I love this rap shit just bend the tracks I'm awesome

Love to toss bitches and fantasize of foursomes

I say what I mean, and mean what I say

Fast and D.G., repping for B.K

We do this the Pitch Black way

Today's the tomorrow that you should've feared
yesterday

And it's *all real*

[Chorus until end]

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