

## XTC

### "On the Real"

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Yeah yeah.  
On the.. On the.. On the.  
On the real, all you crab niggaz know the deal

Finally up in this nigga  
Let's pay homage to Illmatic  
Let's put the crown where it's at  
10 years  
Never been done this real by nobody

To my seed, May I lead you into no greed or evil  
In the categories of stories I breed my sequel  
You know the money, blues, blunts, broken 22's  
Monkey see, Monkey do  
Shorty sipping sunny dew  
Now it's V.S.O.P. in a Phantom, mad smoky  
Murder trees, cruisin gat in the stash so it won't poke  
me  
Up in the Trump Plaza, Suite 3010, don't make no noise  
cause we dirty  
Tell them hoes hurry in  
We got the room lit up with perfume, and mad boom  
And there's video taping bloomin ass's on the zoomin  
lens  
Rollin on you nondescript niggaz  
You're marked for death like Colombians with bad coke  
that gyp niggaz  
Tilt the dutch, twisted up the uwee if you're skilled  
enough  
In Will we trust, salute the dead the nine mili busts

That verse is 10 years old, 9½ years old  
Street's Disciple  
The Rebirth comin at you this year baby  
It's on baby

Yeah  
To the hood, may this be the day that we pop them  
bottles  
This is mandatory, what if there's not tomorrow?  
You know the murder rate, jealousy, you heard 'em say

He say, she say, I'm bout cheddar, he don't deserve to  
make  
Sippin clear liquor with niggaz, that talk sideways  
Listenin close, to every word in case they violate  
Up in the projects Apartment 5D  
Spark a lea' it's bout da reed, countin everything the  
block see  
We bout to need to take the corners from them  
cowards  
Get it on so y'all can move more coke powder, by the  
hour  
Hold in case we gotta rip niggaz  
Loaded - Teflon coated projectiles'll flip niggaz  
From ninth grade to lightweight to grams to my mans  
with guns in hand  
Police vans, they missed the summers again

Yeah, power to the people  
Death to the phonies  
This beast to the mic 1 2 check  
Y'all fed-e-rallies on me  
And they look like you  
Approachin me like "How you, Homie?"  
The F.B.I. see only one problem, they try to slump me  
After the young black male cuz he makes a lot of  
money  
So hustlers make crack sales cuz they deprived and  
hungry  
My country hates that I could run free state to state with  
hunnies  
While makin cake with real golded plate rims on Hum-  
V's  
The bush stroker, the kush smoker, nigga  
Just when you thought it was over look over your  
shoulders  
I'm 30 now, baby sip drinks and sip 'em slow  
Motto no stress, smokin less than I did befo'  
You see the kid was broke till I spitted vivid expressions  
of hard livin  
Ghetto children, of a lesser god, religion was fast  
women, expensive cars  
Y'all witnessin over 10 years - THE BEST OF NAS

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