

## **Too \$hort F/ MC Breed**

### **"Real Live Shit Remix"**

Visit "[Real Live Shit Remix](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Ghostface Killah]

God body represent this shit without a shotty  
That's my word, youknowhatl'msayin  
Verbal intercourse, youknowl'msayin

[Cappadonna]

Chorus:

Hot rock slang, reversable talk  
Sound check, architect, mega talks yo  
Alphabet kings politic quick  
We on some real live thug shit

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, yo, break down's the law, cats walk away holdin  
they jaws  
Wishin they had drawers, tossed posters plus sneaky  
stores  
Balls be gettin licked kid on whatever airline  
Restroom style courtesy from stewardess, the bitch  
washed mine  
Sell box nine never been popped, now his bill's shocked  
It's real it be hittin me things def made the store hot  
Jewels link, niggas beam, whole team labelled wally  
king  
Goldie poured a beer, Johnny's man dot him with the  
green  
World's greatest, Las Vegas played us, rap crusadest  
Casino champs, Gods sport the latest  
Today's math, fuck nuthin but ass, take Cristal baths  
Go half on his robbery, you wind up on Johnny Cash  
Kid's invincible, back to back screws, Wu's suspenseful  
You get lynched, start to play it cool  
Like a man, like a night out, whitey's callin me like a  
double date  
Alkies get his shank so it's wine inside Hostess cakes  
Yo my man, check the marble or get deaded  
You bust a big shot and the big bullet was unleaded  
Word up, yeah, bounty killer

[Lord Tariq]

Yo I'm elected by a landslide, well known, heaven sent

element

That shit you talk's irrelevant, got power like the president

My dialogue's benevolent, no question I'm connected got a

Gift for stick-up and late night coke pick ups

Money talk gets my dick up, especially drug related

Money boss contemplated, Bronx blocks complicated

New York by us so don't try us

Mad corrupted minds for mad corrupted times

Thank God I had rhymes

I be the rapper who be hustlin the black entrepreneur

Openin doors for the poor though it's against the law

Livin the climate for a killin smack the law and fuck your order

Some others watch your daughters, it's a slaughter

In the world of scramblers and gamblers, dicks and dykes

Long cars and caviar, you know the project star

I give a penny for your thoughts, hey a nickle for touch

So stop beatin round the bush and give it to me

The way you look is goin through me

Sue me, takin everything I got and

Plottin animosity for my property

Got me and lock me away from the world

I'm wonderin who's puttin use to my money and my girl

[Cappadonna]

Chorus (2x)

[Killa Sin]

Check it, yo

Thoughts collaborate with gun talk, shatter weak force

My strategy's stalk for casualties walk

They tragically caught a cavity in they anatomy

Assault and battery for havin me

Believin that they bad, in actuality they cavalry's butter soft

Niggas runnin off with the gun and talk

Loose lips, slip the fucker two clips to shut him off (blaow)

So sweet dreams to your weak team, I heat fiend's ass to rest

See who pass the test and guns that blast the best

You never win against Killa Sin, you're similar to Gilligan

We're feelin his ass, not worth the mentionin

Like snatchin pocketbooks and claimin bodies that you didn't catch

Aimin empty glocks at niggas' necks without intent to wet

You just a wannabe, gonna be dead nigga  
In front of me with no abundancy amongst your  
currency  
Flat broke, sellin lady powder maybe even flour  
Last thing I heard a fiend that flips over a baby shower

[Larry-O]

Yo I remember gettin ganked, staggerin on the plank  
Dwellin on the edge, full fledged, grabbin for bank  
Auto pounds touchin clowns, DT's clock rounds  
For slick was in the SL, forty shells hit the ground  
55 on the Belt, fifty grand in my belt  
Then I swerve to New Jers, that's where Iceberg melt  
It was a ruthless type of homicide, this is the drama  
side  
Porcelin nine milli slugs tear up your insides  
Venomous vocabulary, mad niggas heard it  
Got annointed like the Juice, two minutes before the  
verdict  
Who make a claim, who movin caine on trains  
Slick lines is open, out of state kids give me the lane  
Def flip the track, cut the rhyme like quanines  
Stampin undertaker and the slums is mine nigga

[Cappadonna]

Chorus (2x)

[Larry-O]

Real Live up in this piece, the remix  
Word up, Wu-Gambino representin  
Tony Starks, yeah yeah  
Cappadon doin his thing  
Killa Sin, hit em, hit em kid  
Yeah, Lord Tariq, get nice dude  
Uh, K-Def, knowlmean, keep questin em dunn

Visit [Too \\$hort F/ MC Breed](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.