

## Busta Flex

# "Keep it Real"

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{\*car starts\*}

Uhh, for the two G's, for the millenium  
Do or Die

[Johnny P]

Oooohhh hooo-ooooh, ain't gon' pay no bills

Chorus: Johnny P + Do or Die

Police - can't see me ballin  
sippin on Hennesey-sey-sey  
And I - can never pay your bills  
cause I gotta keep it real, real, real  
I got my key on the passenger side  
so ain't no scrub in me, me, me  
Police - can't see me ballin  
sippin on Hennesey-sey-sey

[Verse One]

First of all, you can shut it down baby  
Better yet I'm original and not a clown baby  
Get down for wars an' I'm, livin my life under the gun  
and umm, stay calm no harm, I'm alarmin 'em  
And that's the victom of the shorties in my grill  
Askin me to keep it real, but shorty I don't pay no bills  
Do I gots the flex to get wit cha, paint you a cold picture  
See - y'all the ones got me slappin out  
And all my homeboys jappin out  
Crappin out, love that, where my Crips and my Bloods  
at?  
Lords at, G's at, feedback, need that  
Niggaz blaze that weed sack  
I'll cop a drop wit that knees fat  
Y'all can't see me, best-ta believe that

Chorus

[Verse Two]

This shit hit the back door, by the way  
why you tryin' to play that mack fo'?  
If a nigga gotta pay a triple X hoe,

Then you gotta be a hellafied nympho  
Open up let some air through the window  
I could never give my money to a bimbo  
Real players get high off endo  
Make cash like the owners of the Timbo  
Chi-Town, real player, real true love  
20 inch on the rims, fucker says what?  
Bet the po' to the next thug  
Recognize the queen, you come to me  
but you gotta see, you're a what-what?  
Gotta sign the puh-puh; flip bitch  
hit the block, I'ma rhyme in the Hummer  
Better be on some platinum shit  
Roley bling bling, keep a gat wanna snap it  
Been well known to react quick  
When they see I got a star, they pause and they react  
quick  
I'm immune to the hot shit, nevertheless  
Shitty-sha(??) just beware of where the hat fit  
Yo pimp where the plastic?  
This pimp, real pimp, it's the pimp like a maverick  
Playerism is a habit  
I'm at the club wit 'um wit Crystal, what what

Chorus

[Verse Three]

Lil' baller be me, can't see me  
Never get her with a TV, cause we be  
in the five-double-oh, posed with the clothes  
(??) dyslexic on the passenger side  
Don't mean that I ain't got the keys to ride  
She's the pie, my, my, my  
We done came to fuck and get gone, pay no bills  
Flex the mind to make the bank to bounce  
Nigga bounce shit like the Dirty South  
Watch that shit with a dirty mouth  
Know you ain't mad, ain't splurgin out  
but if ya heard me out, on the passenger side  
Care to bore me with the rest of the guys?  
Spittin blunts, droppin jewels  
Spittin at hoes, that'll be cool

[Johnny P]

Pay no bills, pay no bills  
Pay no bills, pay no..  
I gotta keep it real, so I can't pay this here  
Why you all up in my grill?  
You can tell me about it, to pay the bill, pay the bill

Chorus

[Johnny P]  
I got to keep...

[Outro]  
One time, uhh... from the real, Do or Die c'mon  
A-Rock, uhh.. Back-Pack, Jack-of-Love  
Uhh uhh, Johnny P  
Uh.. down - like - that - what?  
Keep it real baby, 2000, millenium, we gone

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