

Corinne Bailey Rae

"On The Real"

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[NAS]

Yea (House of Hits)

Finally up in this nigga

On the real, all you crab niggas know the deal

On the real, all you crab niggas know the deal

To my seed, May I lead you into no breed of evil

In the categories and stories I breed my sequel

You know the money, blues, blunts, broken 22's

Monkey see, Monkey do

A shorty sipping sunny dew

Now it's V.S.O.P. in a G.S. that's mad smokey

Murder tree's, Crusin gun in the stash so it won't poke
me

Up in the Marriot, Sweet dirty tint, Don't make no noise
cause we dirty

Tell the ho's to hurry in

We got the room lit up with perfume, and mad boom

And there's video taping of booming ass's on the
zooming lens

Rolling on you non descript niggas

Your marked for death like colombians with bad coke
that gip niggas

Tilt the dutch, twisting up the uwee if your skilled
enough

In Will we trust, salute the dead the nine mili's bust

Chorus

On the Real all you crab niggas know the deal

On the Real all you crab niggas know the deal 2x

[K-L from ScrewBall]

Now it's verbal abuse cause the mic's in use

This is your sorry excuse

Get your neck put in a noose

K-L is quick to let loose, to make your blood count
reduce

Over the snare drum

We reproduce like cum

Impregnating the track, making it fatter than it was

Giving life to idea

Through the verse is what he does

[Kamikaze]

See a close call about two clicks from my fortress
We rolling squad deep, on the Kawasaki hourses
QueensBridge got the drop on you niggas trying to
toss us
We metal down now it's time to show these clowns who
the boss is
We live for the shit, Ain't trying to take no lossess
Accumalating to much cream for you to touch
Fucking welcome to my clutches, wipe the blood on off
my chuckers
From the ruckus
Your gone and your crew still love us
Can't call it, I'm in love with this good life shit
I'm working with jewels, car, chicken clits, paying rent
Murdered Presidents, running wild, stacking in piles
Onyx pendants, and Rubied down shit from the nile
Kamikaze style, sought the antique three pound
Yo Nas, lets cop this brick and let the mobb supply the
town

Chorus 2x

[Cormega]

(Play some treats on us)
Drugs in my shirtsleeve
The side bubble converti
Eyes low cause the lye blow
Five-oh know we dirty drive slow
Write a line sipping a glass of wine
The block is mine cause I am a live criminal
mastermind
When I rhyme, I perfect this, niceness, I'm blessed with
Exhale precise shine like cocian white
Its the life of Pablo, Escobar niggas I know
With diamond rolexes, that drive infinit's and lexus
So send my enimies a message
My Tommy Hilfiger vest, is bullet proof, so when niggas
shoot
I'm still protected
So never ask why I write so violent
My brain storm formed on a dorm in Rikers Island
I remained calm while you tried to bite my style and
When I performed niggas mic's went silent
To the kid who made my man I'll will bless this
(On the real)
When I catch up to your ass you know the deal

[Nas and Cormega]

On the real

Chorus 4x

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