

## Crossfire

### "Keep it Real"

Visit "[Keep it Real](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

'That's what the fuck I'm talkin' about  
That real shit nigga'

Living room packed, laid back on the flow  
Niggaz can't see me on the madden with Frisco  
I'm runnin' fools straight to the dirt  
While my man Train talkin' on the phone, the evil curse  
Niggaz waste gas drivin' down the same streets  
And hood rats wishin' for the passenger seats  
Flag 'em down, like they flaggin' down to get a taxi  
Too good to ride a bus, drinkin' is a must  
Another day kickin' back, the scientist is hard at work  
Thinkin' how to get paid, kickin' back in the shade  
Or call Will and Temple where my homie down by  
Zeenie  
With the bald head it's too hot for the beanie  
Sittin' on the porch niggaz run the stop sign  
Hookers sell they bodies 'round the way ain't hard to  
find  
Right in the corner of McDonald's parkin' lot  
Peepin' out their hair 'cause that spot is hot  
And that's real

(CHORUS)(2x)

Nigga gotta keep my shit real  
Lettin' punk niggaz know how the fuck I feel  
Pussy ass niggaz always wanna be around  
A nigga like Ren when I put that real shit down

Randy up the street cuttin' up the fresh fade  
And Compton P.D. around the corner 'bout to raid  
The yellow helicopter hangin' 'round like a gnat  
And hood rats yellin' out a car where the party at  
My robbin' train go and get a duce  
And niggaz 'round the way don't give a damn about a  
gang truce  
But I gotta lotta love for my people  
And like they ain't tryin', niggaz just keep dyin'  
I won't be like most niggaz and just come  
And shoot my video in Compton and disappear for a  
year

We make fools like that shake the spot  
One for the treble jack yo ass in the parkin' lot  
'Cause handkerchief headed niggaz come around  
fakin'  
Braggin' 'bout that money they be makin'  
Boot lickin' butt dancin' niggaz just better chill  
Before I tell 'em how I feel and that's real

(CHORUS)

Yeah, uh, break it down  
All y'all busta ass niggaz  
Do it like this, 1995  
Uh, yeah, come all y'all fake ass niggaz to this

Goin' to the pad hit the beach up on the pager  
Here comes Korleone up the street in the mini-Blazer  
While the dominoes start to get shakin'  
The same time that the barbique start bakin'  
I don't eat swine, but I take a turkey burger  
I can't fade worms, that books' full of terms  
Homies pass by, some stop and conversate  
On a gang a topics we start to debate  
On why in black neighborhoods is always towed down  
And white neighborhoods ain't one piece a trash 'round  
So we gotta do for self and quit bitchin'  
Recycle black dollars so we can roll Impalas  
Every street got their own rap artist  
On every cover every brother got a gun tryin' to look  
the hardest  
But some deserve a slap 'cause they laid down they  
strap  
When they hear that's a rap and that's real

(CHORUS)

Visit [Crossfire](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.