

Dj Honda

"Real To Me"

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F/ Head Crack, Jkeon, Triple Seis

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[Triple Seis]

Uhh huh, it's what's real to me
Staying up (fucus).....dj honda
Getcha mind right

[Chorus: Jkeon]

Faded visions of what I could be
So let me show you what is real to me
Money, success and my family, to survive in the streets
That's what's real to me

[Triple Seis]

Who ever thought it would happen like this
Rockin' these hits, poppin' these clips
Going over seas and making these chips, stop doing
the dirt
And going legit, cause if I stay in the street I'ma fall in
the pit
It ain't about the money it's about gettin' quick
So I'll probably get locked, cause I'm playing the strip
Since the QB spotted these corner flips, I aint trying to
get knocked
Nigga that's common sense, trying to be on top so I
could represent
FULL A CLIPS to the death of me, I keep it moving with
Cuban right next to me
It's like destiny, no matter how tight shit get
He keeps blessing me, keep testing me, to change the
whole recipe
Carry the choice live out the whole legacy
I can't call it, if it's ment to be, it's ment to be
This aint a game my life is in jepardy, make sure you
ready to die
Before you step to me, why you even telling me lies on
ecstasy
Hatin' like you all that fire, I know as well I see

[Chorus]

[Head Crack]

I zone on tracks, I'm lost in this earth were we at
The only source of money is crack, perfecting is gats
I'm hurting inside, look at my tacks it forced me to be a
thug

With a heart to clap, I feel like a animal trapped
Up in this cage of life, fighting for freedom

Busting gats what we teach them

The young youth for good reasons, be smart

Braveheart, protect your family, let the rest starve

6/15/76... I hit the earth

11:22 that's the time my mom gave birth

A star was born, at the same time my heart was torn

Pops gone but fuck it doe cause life goes on

I gotta stand strong, I gotta make my moms proud

And make my grams laugh in heaven

Let her know I'm still counting the blessings

I rock a vest for protecting

And rock a nigga to sleep with a smith & wesson

A little gat have a big nigga undressing

My heart pure I spit raw, a flow like this, there's no cure

I said I lose it put it on track, mash music in the thug

form

That got the hood singing my song

[Chorus]

[Triple Seis] lalalalalalalalalalalalalaahh

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