

# Bizzy Bone

## "Real"

Visit "[Real](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

### BIZZY BONE REAL (FREESTYLE) LYRICS

Intro: Bizzy Bone (Chris Notez)

(Yeah I'm so real, real, real, real)

Driving on the motherfucking freeway and shit, you know what I'm saying?

70 motherfucking miles per motherfucking hour

You know I'ma reach it up to 75, this how we do it baby

Boy get much more motherfucking deeper

Man this the motherfucking reaper is hanging on your shoulders

I wanna give him a hug and tell him that I love him and I'm getting older

And life is getting colder but motherfucker's words are getting bolder

Verse 1: Bizzy Bone

While I'm walking in the trenches of Cali

I'm feeling these motherfuckers wanna see me all fucked up in an alley

They wanna see me with no money, they really wanna see me hungry

But of course I'm gonna clean myself, I'm feeling lovely

As they walking through the matrix, don't even say it

Homeless ain't homeless nigga, they ain't boneless

And don't play it, ain't no hatred

Motherfuckers don't even know, don't even say it

Give it back to these niggas, they don't need no knowledge

Motherfuckers need to pay some homage

I ain't even trying to take your ass to the ghetto or spiritual college

Cause these motherfuckers don't know and leather squallas

I need a bomber so I can hang through the cold

So I can hang through the bold so I can hang with the old

Meaning the the ancients as they sitting over and watching

This is the way we do it, the time is ticking and its the clock

Chorus: Chris Notez (Bizzy Bone)

To heal (I'm a real motherfucker till they kill me)

I'ma blaze the weed, hit the drink

Baby that's just me (I'm a real motherfucker till they kill me)

Yeah I'm so real, real, real, real

(x2)

Verse 2: Bizzy Bone (Chris Notez)

My battles, they be coming in dreams

And motherfuckers don't know that I'm seeing through the seams

As I crease up the jeans and I buckle the belt

And I rock this motherfucker, it ain't for myself

And I rock this motherfucker, it ain't for my death

And I rock this motherfucker, it ain't for my health

Cause Imma drink what I drink, Imma smoke what I smoke

If I die from the liver cancer, bitch I joke

I'm a real motherfucker till they kill me (Yeah I'm so real, real, real, real)

Thou shall never kill, this is how they grill me

This is how they gonna feel me, this is how they are awoken

And this is that, that awoke, they say "BB you still smoking?"

Course I need some chronic in my system

Motherfuckers won't even fucking listen

Gotta get them when you get them, you ridding them when you rid them

If you listen then you listen if not what the fuck

Chorus: Chris Notez (Bizzy Bone)

To heal (I'm a real motherfucker till they kill me)

I'ma blaze the weed, hit the drink

Baby that's just me (I'm a real motherfucker till they kill me)

Yeah I'm so real, real, real, real

(x2)

Outro: Bizzy Bone

One time for their motherfucking mind, most motherfucking definitely

Motherfuckers can't even come up in this motherfucking garden

With no shit, flat out get the fuck outta here

World wanna know nothing, that's why God put 9 percent of the brain

Take out that cerebellum for me mayne

They don't need to know nothing, one time for they mind

Be easy on them cuz

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.