

Ednita Nazario**"Real Talk"**

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(Lil Wayne Talking)

I never felt better, Never have, Never will, (Holla)
I mean all I see is money, I got a C-Note between my
eyes, (Its Real)
Please feel me, Squad Up nigga, (For Real)
I'ma dig deep folk, Dig deep dogg, (Its Real)
Now listen, Now what you is?

(Verse 1)

I am what you call a survivor, like trouble with drama
But I recover with power, and love it with honor
Discovered as a son of a problem
Remember smugglin powder throught the doors of my
high school
To force up they nostril, 'til it got full
But now they pop for a pill
Lil one here's what's up, Drugs could kill
But drugs could heal
If ya, ahh, ill for that good feel
And it feels good when them fields pull
We wheels quarters through the real raw parts of the
streets
My hearts in the streets, So watch what ya step
When ya run from the gunfire of Glocks and Tech's
Specials and Pumps, Vests is for chumps
Eat ya chests for lunch, munch
Young country dude, hunt ya down with tools
Repsect my presence, I step with weapons
You fall in seconds
Its all in the code of the streets, we go by it and stop
from it
Real nigga talk, No frontin
Heh

(Chorus)

Do you understand the words that are comin out of my
mouth?
If ya dont its because I'm speakin real nigga
Real nigga, This here is real nigga talk
Real nigga talk dogg, I hope you feel me
Let me talk to you dogg, You gotta feel me

I hope you feel me, You gotta feel me
Listen

(Verse 2)

Chrome's hidden inside of my tires
You should see the size of my tires
Ridin' on Mark McGwires, I spark the fire
Got me higher than a late flight
From L.A. to New York twice in the same night
Got some shit in my bag to make ya vein white,
Cocaine pipe
Watch homie's brains get rain whipped
That's the type of sight to make Wayne right
They sayin life is short but money is long, And money is
life
So for now I'm runnin the lights, in the 600 with pipes
Hop out, Collar Polo, and under the stripes is
something that bites
We will be thuggin for life
And can't nothin pursuede or change us
We gangstas, we live it, I'm in the post without a Pippen
But fuck it, I'm just shootin when I can't move
Who'da knew I can't lose
And truthfully through the loot that's Young Money
Entertainment
You get it arranged then holla at me

(Chorus w/ minor variations)

(Verse 3)

I burn in the winter, stand up in the fall
Stand up in the stands, and stand up for my dogs
Them asses I will spall, the plan is too ball
But the stuff I got in my pants cuff
is enough to make'em put my hands on the wall
Work, push on the strip, I'm pushin the whip
Fat back pockets, my cushion if I'm lookin to slip
I'm hookin ya lip, If ya play hookie with my chips
Put that ass kitchen, bitch, when ya cookin that shit
Dodge hoes, jukin and shit
Cause I can see beautiful women, but I'm not lookin for
shit
I'm from the hood where you taken for shit
So you gotta take the shit, and make ya shit
I had to bring home the bacon bits
Cause Pop's was fakin, and he left a nigga bakin shit
Now my heart ache and itch, from all the flagrant shit
I gotta take in, and thug out
Real nigga talk, bitch

(Chorus w/ minor variations)

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