

## 2 Live Crew "Real One - Ice-T"

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The real one  
The real one

Only the realest can feel us, cap-peelers and killers  
Hundred dollar billers and real niggas  
Bitches with dime figures, telekinesis in my mind  
Make my diamonds shine then I blind, niggas

Pussy punk perpetrators and playa haters  
They can't fade us 'cause we two are the greatest  
Back out to let 'em have it, fake fucks and faggots  
Bow down in the presence of players and kiss the  
karats

A wrist full of baggage for all the maggots  
Back up and get embarrassed, bitch, get off my  
carriage  
Uncut, no lactose, hear the raw dose  
Straight off the key, hundred percent G

Who's puttin' it down on Miami's behalf?  
Home of the nickel pooch and the raw half  
Everywhere we go, the impression's felt  
The real is stamped on the bag when the dope is dealt  
(The real one)

Gat in the back, sunroof top  
Real one on the scene with the gangsta lean  
The real one, huh? What?  
The real one, huh, nigga, what?

Gat in the back, sunroof top  
Real one on the scene with the gangsta lean  
The real one, huh? What?  
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It's '98, playa, check your game  
Make sure them young boys respect your name  
Keep your head at arms, reached, cocked and ready  
'Cause the streets'll catch you slippin', rock you steady

Watch your back with your homies that you feel is real

Your homeboys from your crew, yeah, they're the ones  
who do  
Yeah, the suckas that got the playa hater venom  
I wanna take 'em outside and lay slugs up in 'em

But that's trippin', and that ain't my sport  
I'd rather lamp up my cirb and flip to rob a port  
I sip my Vdozen on the street, bump my beats  
That's when I'm twistin' my dub, can't nobody compete

Imagine this, hundred G Lex on your wrist  
Imagine this, about 10 karats on your fist  
Imagine this, all dime hoes on your list  
Huh, that shit would be nice but your name ain't Ice

Nigga trip and screw the silencer on, rock you softly  
How you gonna step to me, kid, you grew up off me  
TV, movies and records and tours  
So many buses in Versace, I don't wear it no more

Called my nigga in Miami, "Marquis, wussup?"  
He said, "Playa, chop some game on this bubblin' cut"  
I said, "Shoot me the track or you can come too  
Or if y'all wanna ball in Cali, I'll fly in your whole Crew"

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(The real one)

I'ma stay in the field, on a quest for the mil's  
And try to keep it real till I die or get killed  
So I can sit back and kick it, write my own ticket  
Livin' lavish lifestyle of trickin' and big dickin'

Seein' that the West and the South's connected  
Formulatin', plottin' game to perfection  
Down with the Syndicate, bossin' new tennis shit  
Crimes cold defended, get caught, do the sin

There's politickin' in the 600, drunk and blunted  
That's how we front it but you don't wanna run up on it  
Inside the club packin', actin'  
Got my bitch at home C sackin', got my ones stackin'

Parlay, playin' diamond link, cubin' cable  
Baddest bitches in the stable, mo' money on the table  
I'm back in the game to show 'em how it's done  
Ice-T and Marquis, you're fuckin' with the real one  
(The real one)

Gat in the back, sunroof top  
Real one on the scene with the gangsta lean  
The real one, huh? What?  
The real one, huh, nigga what?

Gat in the back, sunroof top  
Real one on the scene with the gangsta lean  
The real one, huh? What?  
The real one, huh, nigga what?

Oh, you're fuckin' with the real one  
Yes, you are, yes, you are, oh, yeah  
I'm the real one, yeah, the real one  
Said the real one, real one, real one

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