

2 Live Crew "The Real One"

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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?
The real one, huh, nigga, what?

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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