

## Elysian Fields

### "It's Real"

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[Chorus]

Keeping this real  
Oh baby, keeping its real  
Oh baby, keeping its real  
Oh baby, keeping its real  
Keeping its real

[Brotha Lynch Hung]

I put you up nigga, don't trip  
You did your work for that mark and he left you in the  
dark  
Skydiving in a bulletproof parachute  
No remorse left you hanging, easy aiming lockdown  
Shoot, the clock sounds two  
One minute till I'm in it got a business  
Fill they ass to death and get my scrilla in the corner  
none left  
Shots out to my nigga in the penn getting switch  
That whack bitch tried to stop a nigga from getting rich  
You can dig a ditch but you won't find shit  
Left you in flames, kept you roach, you can smell the  
shit when I  
approach  
I be off that stanky sack of indonesia  
It's an evidential, I leave you hungry eat your cheesa  
Heard you was sweet like an almond joy  
And I know you heard of me cause I'm a west coast bad  
boy  
And I'm a sick nigga, sick made (made)  
It gets real as I pull the pin out this grenade (nade)  
Body parts like the movie old school oozie  
Rip your arms out from the elbows nigga I smell those  
green leaves  
Those sick thieves, a twenty sack of green weed  
Is all I need, I make you bleed, I take your green  
I know you got it from the ice cream man  
Before you make that transaction I need to cash in my  
hand (god damn)  
And if you don't we can do the murder man dance

Under any circumstance I'm a have your pans

[Chorus]

[Master P]

Brotha Lynch, I'm a make you a deal you can't refuse  
My phone tapped the new code for hafts and hoes  
Is t-shirts and tennis shoes from the yay I got the  
sneaker  
65 for a shoe nigga you got the tweaker  
Meet me down south, new orleans we bumping  
I get this bitch jumping, you got the money  
I got the g's, flip the keys and the oz's  
We can blow some weed, and talk about that shit  
smoking some trees  
But watch your back, keep your handlebar on cock  
Too many federal agents pretend to be hustlers but  
really cops  
Send across the border nigga like taco bell  
Pulling a plane or boat, UPS, nigga I could get it there  
I'm surrounded by cocktails, i mean hoes in mini skirts  
Aint no free dick out here, it's time to put in work  
Put these hoes on a grayhound, fool if it's going down  
And make em bring it back from my hood to your town  
And it's all good, nigga it's like wax  
And we can slang these records like motherfucking  
crack  
And if they bumping we gotta keep them jumping  
Cause it's all about the cheddar, the cheese and the  
money

[Chorus]

[Mr. Serv-On]

A criminal tatted from front to back, always bout my  
jack  
Doin a dope deal, forget to bring your strap, let it be  
fact  
I blast first, I know no nigga that slugs in a hurst, who  
cursed  
my dope and money  
I'm leaving more blood stains then a stove  
be my wife, live your life  
Till death do us part, start my gangsta bounce, 36  
ounce  
To a key, got this d.o. dick in your face to tell me the  
fuck else you  
got free  
A thousand pounds of that skunk, ready to jump,

smokin everything I  
can't hump  
Master P and Brotha Lynch Hung  
Let me serve some dip to these niggas with thier  
tongues out  
Eighteen five in the south  
Twenty four in the east, see my scrilla blow like geese  
Cross my fingers for my wife, it's hot tonight  
A murder case got away with a hundred g's and a  
couple of wild geeks  
headed west  
Kapish, a hundred cluckers awaiting my arrival  
Dirty survival

[Chorus]

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