

Entombed

"Shit is Real"

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Check this out.

(Yukmouth talking)

Yes.

2wice.

Uh.

(What's crackin?)

Drink-A-Lot, Smoke-A-Lot.

(Haha, is that right?)

And Phats Bossi.

Yes.

All of my niggas ridaz.

Check it.

Chorus *(Yukmouth)*

All of my niggas ridaz.

small time grindas, pimps and big timers.

Whether it's heiron or hemp wit China.

Or got a bitch on the strip sellin vagina.

Shit Is Real.

One mo time.

Verse 1 *(Yukmouth of the Luniz)*

Niggas fat

nigga I come down strikin from the clouds like lightnin

and smoke the ground

show you how to blow a pound

wit out coughin

how to work a Nina Ross wit out walkin

funny style

wit out a half honey child jockin wit out flossin

my niggas could peep out what I'm thinkin bout, wit out

talkin

one look at a crook

my nigga book, an then the Tech start barkin

shoot up the whole parkin lot

bullets ricochet apartments

got bitches slangin martian

wit big titties like Dolly Pardon
in the projects
dope fiends loose they check, then flip like Martin
walkin down the street butt naked and crack rocks
sparkin
startin shit in front of my buildin
here comes the sargent
raid a nigga house, juss some days to pay a warrant
that dirty varmit
back to the Regime conglomerate
where the climate
is always sunny for money
the small timers
become grindas
escalate to big timers
pimp niggas got bitches trickin vagina.
This Shit Is Real nigga!

(Chorus) 2x

Verse 2 *(2wice)*

Give us rememory morse
of course
takin no short fa sho
poppin the cop wit glocks
like I'm Tupac Shakur
cuz everyday we high as hell
dope is what we try an sell
nickle and dimes for buyin yayo
til I got lines of clientele
load up yo clip
click-clack
hold up yo shit
get back
if ya know ya shit
admitt that
roll up a spliff
an hit that
roll up the crib
made a nigga cost mail
you tried to post
but ya lay 'em in a coffin
the boss man
whips up another batch
pick up some other scratch
wit clips and some other straps
the 2wice suguest you stop
cuz my loot no share
cuz I invest in glocks
How ya shoot that there?

I do got playas
pimps slash some hustlas
that do got they rapid self
pass them suckels
I flip a Tech wit a muffle
greet the flex wit my muscle
the Luniz
doin they thing-ama-jig
an it must sell.

(Chorus) 2x
Eh!
Shit is real!

Verse 3 *(Numskull of the Luniz)*

Niggas feel that
when niggas found at
Drink-A-Lot wasn't even found yet
when 4, 15's was the only sound check
yo, what happened to the side shows
when niggas used to ride those
Vet's and 50's
to be connected drunkin rhinos
when bitches was dusted
sex was like "Fuck it"
an no real nigga was ashamed to ride a bucket
when shit was goin down
we followed it
if she ain't suckin dick by now
she swallowed it
wallow in yo guiltiness
everybody candy
and everybody rich like filthiness
but I can still see this
Ghost Town
ridin to another status
where everything is based on who the baddest
we had Lil Kim's
but they juss wasn't out the closet
an now we got 'em fuckin wit each other on some Mobb
shit
Mobb shit
Mobb one
Mobb two
an then I got a Mobb for when there's else to do
get used to the crew.

Verse 4 *(Phats Bossi)

What?

See all young guns
where they come from
blocks of hoodlums
the fake shook ones
they get touched wit busted ear drums
raw meat
me an Keek Sneek we start the big beat
if they mouth leak
wit big heats
get put to sleep
Mr. Phats slash Jaco
I'm out for pecos
go for gusto
Mobb villans we flippin Lexos
never trust those
dirty cats
they get the wet nose
get they head froze
Thugged Out, playin in wet clothes
the life of cut throat
cut throat
I'm in my hustle
show my muscle
flex off, then start to tussle
young guys, pushin Hot Rods
begin the saga
blow like Hoffa
stack chips like Godfather
Shit Is Real.

(Chorus) 2x

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