

## **Fat Joe**

# **"Still Real"**

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It's so depressin', uh  
Be the realest shit I ever wrote  
(Money and cars, bitches)  
Shit Is Real Part 2  
(Drugs)  
Modern day  
(Society you know?)  
See what it's like to walk in my shoes  
It ain't all fun and games  
(You heard?)

Yo, yo, I'm sick and tired of stressin', every days a  
different lesson  
I'm free-fallin', tryna leave this deep depression  
My son Joey still slow, my mom's got cancer in her  
throat  
My big brother sniffin' dope  
Let me know how many motherfucker wanna be just  
like me  
Screamed at and treated like shit by your wifey

This hot bitch be sweatin' the coke cash  
My baby mother think I grow doe out my ass  
It's like, how much fight I got left in me  
Niggaz won't be happy till they bring the fuckin' death  
of me  
But you never see Joe look weak or flow off beat  
And Charlie sees the board in four more weeks

You gotta walk, where I walked  
Bang where I bang  
Slang where I hang  
To get where I'm going to  
Stay where I stay  
Blaze who I blazed  
Pay dues, how I payed  
To get where I'm going to

You gotta walk, where I walked  
Bang where I bang  
Slang where I hang  
To get where I'm going to

Stay where I stay  
Blaze who I blazed  
Pay dues, how I payed  
To get where I'm going to

Uh, yo, the South Bronx, nine years later  
Ain't nuttin' changed, niggaz still playa haters  
T S, the best that's done it, forever live and never front  
it  
Reminisce of when I used to hold heat and tell niggaz  
"Run it"  
Now we flooded with jewels, hundreds of dudes  
Crowd the Coliseum to hear their favorite tunes

Then at the time of our prime we caught a sick one  
The Angels came down, took my twin Big Pun  
Shit were unbalanced throughout the whole world  
All I could do was try to provide for his seeds and his  
old girl  
Hope your listenin', tell Ton' that we still missin' him  
I'm like a prisoner in jail with no visitors

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Yeah, uh, ayyo the third verse is dedicated to you  
Even though you switched teams, man I'm praying for  
you  
We used to stay up all night countin' dollar for dollar  
You was my son's godfather, where the fuck is your  
honor?  
Can't even rap the shit we did together  
You'd probably have me shackled locked down, doin'  
bids forever  
You broke the first code, I'd like to twist ya wifey till it  
roasts gold

Snitch nigga, turned state to sold ya soul

How could a nigga that was clappin' in the streets  
Start yappin' to the deez, like what I rightly should  
believe?

Like ever verse is a charge, for every hurt there's a  
scar

I never once tried to hurt cha'll

I'm just tryin' to do me, sell a few CDs

Buy land in Miami and cop a new B, come on!

Motherfuckers think it's sweet

Think a nigga got money and a nigga don't feel pain

You ain't never feel my pain

You don't know what the fuck I'm goin' through

Niggaz lookin' at me like, "He got it made"

Like I ain't lose Pun, my grandfather a week later

My aunt a month later

Like my fuckin' sister ain't in a coma right now!

You motherfuckers don't know pain!

Let's get one thing clear, money'll never buy you  
happiness

My true niggaz walk with me now

You gotta walk, where I walked

Bang where I bang

Slang where I hang

To get where I'm going to

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