

## George Harrison

### "Return of the Real"

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Yo, what's up with all these niggas  
On these muthafuckin records talkin all this bullshit  
(Man, I don't know about these niggas out here  
Them other sucker-ass niggas, them old fake-ass  
bitches)  
I ain't tryin to hear that shit, man  
These bitches ain't players, man  
(Yeah man  
You know these niggas out here been fakin for years,  
man  
I'm glad my nigga Ice comin with that HP shit  
That high-powered shit..)

[ VERSE 1 ]

Peace to my street niggas movin that weight  
Much love to my comrads who's out in upstate  
Mad connections from the bottom to the top of the  
game  
Street fame, I got much that's in touch with my name  
Got a overload of guns to unload on a lame nigga  
trippin  
Wake up my posse, interrump the RÄ©my-sippin  
Four in your back and keep bailin  
Listen to the HK wailin and your vital signs failin  
Everyone that ever met me knows  
I work bitches like niggas, pimp niggas like hoes  
Command a mack that's immaculate, your girl's naked  
You think she ain't been hit, kid yo, you best to check it  
For ten years I been connected to the top of this  
Hold your breath, kid, I'm never droppin this  
Too busy rollin off them fat chrome rims  
And niggas who trip get sung hymns  
We crash clubs and security shits  
Cause they know they got size but they know we keep  
clips  
Crazy muthafuckas lickin shots in doors  
Leavin suckers' bodies bleedin over nightclub floors  
You don't want none, son, stay gone  
Break north when I come and you might live long  
Yeah, my face kickin treble, you're just a pebble  
You're gettin rocked, yo E, cock the glock

And let these niggas know, yo, that the west don't play  
none  
Fire shoots out of my strap like a ray-gun  
You broke ill and you cold fucked up  
Now you're bleedin through your fingers while you're  
holdin your gut  
For real

[ CHORUS ]

So get your money how you want to, friend  
But when it's time to count the chips only the real will  
win  
(Return of the real) the game of life is only fake and  
true  
But it's all about the dollars when the day is through

[ Hot Dollar ]

(Cause the pimps don't get no bigger  
Than these here niggas)

It's the return of the real

(These muthafuckas best to get to recognize  
Before I gets to chastizin  
Cause see, the shit all ties in  
It's just some of that pimp, player, hustler shit  
Ice-T been around for a while now  
Nigga was gangbangin when gangbangin wasn't even  
cool, nigga  
What you know about that shit?)

[ VERSE 2 ]

I go deep into the street life's anatomy  
A nigga take me out - yo, what a upset that'd be  
And if I fall I fall on cushions, ???  
Hittin niggas up with the Tec and watch the blood  
gushin  
I see your videos, a 100 niggas in it you don't know  
Framed in the lens, bought friends  
Who really got your back, nigga, check it out  
You really possess like zero street clout (think about)  
The only place you're safe is in the studio  
Yellin in the mic, you'se a bitch, that's right  
I take a nigga like you and make him prostitute cute  
So what you got a gun, punk, you're scared to shoot  
You front hardcore, but I don't feel ya  
Kids from my hood'll take your punk ass and peel ya  
Let me check my Rolex quick because time's money  
Squintin from the Pavet face because it's kinda sunny  
Skinnin the top back, flossin the rag and the thing  
Feelin the sun, backin off of my pinky ring

Hittin the 'Shaw with my niggas and clown  
Lift the ass, hit the switch, raise the front off the  
ground  
But most of the time you can't see a nigga  
Deep in the archives parlayin new ways to get my bank  
bigger

[ CHORUS ]

[ Hot Dollar ]  
(As I slides up out the do'  
Gots to give a special props shout out to that nigga the  
O.G.  
Got muthfuckin Red in the house  
[Name] and the muthafuckin ringleader of funk, DJ Ace  
Hot Dollar's up in this muthafucka  
If you didn't know  
Count your muthafuckin blessings and handcuff your  
hoe  
You know what I'm sayin?  
It's all good for my hood  
Comp-town in the muthafuckin house  
Nigga don't know well I tell ya like this  
West Hollywood Hills  
That's the deal, fool  
You know I know the rules..)

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