

# I-20 "Realist"

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[Hook] X4

I'm the realest  
the realest nigga  
the realest nigga

[Verse 1]

I-20's in the building, set it off and get it cracking  
I got something in the truck, to get the crunk and start  
the action  
Keep 'em popping, I'm a pop it, where ya crews at?  
(crews at?)  
Oh yeah you ridin' clean but nigga where ya shoes at?  
(shoes at?)  
I said I put this on my momma, ain't no hoe in me nigga  
I keep it loaded just for drama, let it go in you nigga  
And I ain't scared of none of y'all, talking gums with  
you white  
Yeah you packin', but you actin', shootin' nothing but  
dices  
Now, who the realest down south?, spittin game with  
that speech  
These niggaz recognize my face and keep they name  
on the street  
Oh you been waitin', you been hatin', you can't breathe  
now (breathe now)  
Shit, we been cookin for a while, its time to eat now (eat  
now)  
You tell these ballin' muthafuckas that I'm blocking they  
dreams  
I'm top five, dead or alive off one sixteen  
And this twenty talking to you nigga neva forget  
And since y'all a bunch of pussies, you about to get  
wet, bet

[Hook] X4

I'm the realest  
the realest nigga  
the realest nigga

[Verse 2]

It ain't easy, but I do it like its nothing to me  
Now everybody talking greasy but they frontin' to me

Oh yeah you down to move a pound, where ya weight  
at (weight at)  
I got a deal just off a verse and niggaz hate that (hate  
that)  
After the show, pull ya hoe, make her leave with the  
clique  
Disrespect, cause an effect of pimpin' a trick  
While you was on her, you was hoping, we would fold  
up and quit  
We on tour, pullin whores every city wit hit  
Then that yak get the flowin', DJ play the record  
If you know you ain't swaggin, time to head for the exit  
'cause I'm fiendin' for the top, I can taste that (taste  
that)  
I know you down to cut me shawty, where that face at?  
(face at?)  
Don't ever play the dealer, nigga try and get smoked  
My niggaz chop a brick in half and call that shit diet  
coke  
And it's the hardest shit going, nigga leave it ain't that  
I-20s in this bitch, and that shit is a wrap, Lets Go

[Hook] X4  
I'm the realest  
the realest nigga  
the realest nigga

[Bridge]  
Decatur, Decatur, Decatur, (Clap it Out Shawty)  
Decatur, Decatur, Decatur, (Clap it Out Shawty)

[Verse 3]  
Its time to dig into ya chest, I been waiting for a minute  
Know you heard about my vest, you can't wait to get up  
in it  
If ya girl is into singing then its no prob (no prob)  
But I don't care if she can blow, I want a blow job (blow  
job)  
Push the seat way back, while a pimp ride slow  
With a short dog 'Lac, gone off Hydro  
Playboy 2-0, shoot a grand on a stripper  
And she down to fuck us all, and give a damn if we tip  
her  
'cause this the big league and you all street shooters  
And ya shoots going go, so the heat's going through ya  
If you ain't down to make a stand, you get laid down  
(laid down)  
That just the way these niggaz livin gin the A-Town (A-  
Town)  
Throw ya side up high, let the people know you repping  
Any zone, any hood, any block, any section (come on)

I'm the streets first choice, when its come to who's  
realest  
Eastside, A-Town, I-Dub, you feel it

[Hook] X4  
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