

Inspectah Deck "Really Real"

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Aiyo, INS, yo, these niggas talking real stupid, again
Nigga, you know what it is, nigga
How you gonna stop the real, nigga? It's impossible
Nigga, fuck is wrong with you niggas
Is you stupid or something, let's go

Aiyo, go against House Gang and handle the war
In the streets we ain't asking who you handling for
Wave my hand have you faggot niggas hugging the
floor
Scarface, shower scene, angel blood and the chainsaw

Shells hit your car, tear your frame off
Beef got you covered like the faggot niggas
Bodies in steak sauce
What you think I bought all these lions and apes for
Shotgun pele timey, dumping your face boy

Baby, it's a jungle, I got animal taste for
Real estate cards, plus keeping my safe full
La Banga, Donnie Cash, I'm catching a case for
Duct tape your face, then, empty your safe off

Soldiers got more than 8 balls, you just a running back
Play the front line with handoffs
Carlton Fisk, ready for the stand off
Five hundred grams, half a man, watch me get that
man off

Real shit, we trying to get a mil quick
Son try and block the shots, right after the steel clip
Click, go and get your clique
Crews, squads, bring 'em through
I'm so soulful, flow like a singer do

So bitches love me, I live like a swinger too
Niggas scared to play in the game
I brought some ringers through
Go ahead, say my name, the type to look for drama
I snatch your chain, test out your body armor

My reputation like Jeffrey Dahmer, I eat niggas

You running with rappers, I get money with street
niggas
I put fire to leech niggas, gasoline homey with cheap
liquor
Burn unit see the picture

C.S.I., S.I. chief retire
Rest in peace La, cut 'em like a pizza pie
I need paper, cop cars, I don't even drive
I am not a rapper, nah, I don't even rhyme

Just speak true life stories, that's on format
So I use these fake ass rappers like they was doormats
Taylor put in work, no W-2's
So I don't file taxes, I just hustle my way through

I'm the real, real
I'm the real, real
I'm the real, real
I'm the real, real

I'm the real, real
I'm the real, real
I'm the real, real
I'm the real, real

Born with the struggle, used to hustle for crums
Filling blunts in the building front, thugging for ones
Full clips fly, nicks, dimes, something to pump
Whole clips fly, whips, dimes, nothing to son

City boy on the corner, I was so involved
So the drama, I embraced it with open arms
I'm trying to shake the fame, hoping I can break the
chain
Everyday the same, who am I to make it change

When my niggas risk it all just to play the game
And the youngings going through it, trying to play the
same
Through the rain, through the fire, handcuffed by
desire
Cynthia son, forgive me for the sins that I've done

I'm the real, real
I'm the real, real
I'm the real, real
I'm the real, real

Stop the real, really?
You only feel me if you walk the same road

Talk the same code
Still dwelling in the hell, and find a time to make a
home
The few who escaped with trying to find a safer zone

I ain't waiting for Obama, never doubted him, I'm proud
of him
He real, he'll spend a couple mil' in the housing then
Seeing is believing, my vision is blurred
'Cuz I ain't seen nothing I heard, really nothing but
words

The bottom line, I'm still stuck to the curb
Sky high but it wasn't the sherm, really nothing but
herbs
I risk it all for the cause
Even if it's war with the law, I won't pause

I can't, won't, don't stop, I ain't got an off switch
Dying trying to live it, just to get a small part of it
My squad is sick type that you don't want problems with
Rolling like seventy mack trucks, what's stopping it?

I'm the real, real
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I'm the real, real

I'm the real, real
I'm the real, real
I'm the real, real
I'm the real, real

You gots to be kidding my niggas, I worked too hard
Fought too long, I'm standing on my own two

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