

Jay-Z

"Real As It Gets"

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Yeah, see it's that
It's that 'Blueprint 3' shit, right here
It's that 'TM 103' shit, right here
You ready? You ready, Hov? Let's go!
Hands up!

Allow me to reintroduce myself
At the same time reintroduce my wealth
At the same time rejuvenate the game
It's for my ol' dog niggas that shoots the 'caine

Now, what my B-dawg said, I respect the game
GD's, Vice Lords, the Crips, the same
And I know y'all 'bout to say this off the chain
Tell 'em fake trappin' ass niggas stay out my lane

See I ain't dead or in jail, I can't complain
And when these fake niggas gone, I shall remain
And if you just tunin' in, let me explain
You know I keep that 47, Uday Hussein

These niggas way too far, I played the game
And if you listen hard enough I say some things
And when that sack got low, I shave them things
And put 'em right back together, I made them things

Now, put your sacks in the air if you represent your
clique
Money in the air if you ever hear the lick, baby
Wave your hands in the air, if you know that you that
bitch
Say you looking for the real, hey, well, this is real as it
gets

Hey, hey, oh, oh
(South-side)
Hey, hey, oh, oh
(South-side)
This is real as it gets
Hey, hey, oh, oh
(South-side)
Hey, hey, oh, oh

(I got it, Jeezy)
This is real as it gets

Now, where the south-side at? Wassup, wassup?
Where the west coast at? Put your W's up
Where my east coast niggas, that hustle to live?
And all my niggas up north that's doin' a bid?

Oh yeah, I'm rare, I'm aware that I'm rare
I rap and I'm real, I'm one of the few here
These other boys lyin', I wonder if y'all care
They stories about this world, I wonder if y'all hear

It don't really matter as long as they stay clear
Clear of the real shit we doin' over here
When my nigga get home, I'm gonna send him a Lear
For all the time he been down, get him right up in the
air

With a couple of broads, get him right up in the air
Mile High Club, get him right up in there
Send my nigga some gear like he never missed a year
By the time you hear this song, he'll be standing right
here
Real nigga shit there

Now, put your sacks in the air if you represent your
clique
Money in the air if you ever hear the lick, baby
Wave your hands in the air, if you know that you that
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Say you looking for the real, hey, well, this is real as it
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Hey, hey, oh, oh
Hey, hey, oh, oh
This is real as it gets
Hey, hey, oh, oh
Hey, hey, oh, oh
This is real as it gets

A hundred million to the good and I'm still talkin' yayo
At a snails pace I won this race that y'all trail
Uh, uh, Blueprint's for sale
Follow in my footprints, you can't fail

Set sail, I used to duck shots, but now I eat quail
I'll probably never see jail
Each tale contains more of the truth
Of the statute allows me to go into detail

Uh, close your eyes, you can smell
Hov's the audio equivalent of Braille
That's why they feel me in the favelas in Brazil
And Waterhouse, 'cause real recognize real, rah

You know me, I don't need no introduction
Call me, make a lil' somethin' out of nothin'
Everywhere you go, we the topic of discussion
Damn, that's gotta be disgusting

Uh, shit make you wanna throw up
This is BigBoy Music, it should make me wanna grow-
up
Flows like syrup, it just make you wanna pour up
And is it just me, or this makes you wanna roll up?

A big fat one, then unpack one
Then unwrap one, peel back one
They use to call me Jizzle with the stamp in the middle
And you can tell the color when it's damp in the middle,
wassup

Now, put your sacks in the air if you represent your
clique
Money in the air if you ever hear the lick, baby
Wave your hands in the air, if you know that you that
bitch
Say you looking for the real, hey, well, this is real as it
gets

Hey, hey, oh, oh
Hey, hey, oh, oh
This is real as it gets
Hey, hey, oh, oh
Hey, hey, oh, oh
This is real as it gets

This is real as it gets
Yeah, I am serious, straight-up
No bullshit

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