

## **Knife, The "Who Be The Real"**

Visit "[Who Be The Real](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Artist: Knightowl  
Album: The Wicked West  
Title: Who Be the Real

[Knightowl(Talkin)]  
I'm back(laughing)  
Knightowl and Frost comin at em for the 9 - 7.  
Slashin our way through  
Been doin the shit you muthafuckas couldn't do  
So Fuck You

Come step my way and get smacked  
I be that fool leaving your muthafuckin head cracked  
You'll never be able to deal with this lunatic  
Cause when I'm strollin my shit I'm unloadin  
You'll go inside of a bag when you mess with that  
unbelievable  
Unconceivable lyrical thugs  
Crossed the mind of the baddest  
The roughest, I be the toughest, you can't stop this  
The shit I speak puts em all in a state of panic  
Nobody's better than the man do you understand  
You might try, but you'll die  
Gaspin for breath I'm the one that'll lead that ass to  
death  
Knightowl's blowin up the city, 6 to the 1  
9 to the spine when I rhyme  
Get the fuck out the way  
No delay when I'm comin through  
Cross my path and take lead from a 22

[Chorus 1: Knightowl]  
Who Be The Real,  
The Knightowl you know it,  
Who be the fake,  
Them fools tryin to bust a (..?..)  
Who wants to try,  
Them punks that must wanna die.  
Die muthafucka, die muthafucka die,

[Chorus 2: Frost]

Who Be The Real,  
It's the Frost you know it,  
Who be the fake,  
Them fools tryin to bust a (..?..)  
Who wants to try,  
Them punks that must wanna die.  
Die muthafucka, die muthafucka, die,

[Frost]

My nutz hang so low you would think I was sixty  
Chamber full, trigger finger itchy  
Don't trust that vato I heard that he's snitchy  
Don't trust that women like the evil cause she's witchy  
Now everybody beware there's a killer shootin vatos up  
And grabbin bitches by the hair

CLICK ABOVE TO VISIT OUR SPONSORS

I see Him in my dreams He gives me scare  
I see Him in the mirror, He gives me a cold stare  
It say put em to sleep but I can't stand needles  
So once again I'm on the creep through the smog  
Like a sick dog, with my mouth on it  
It's like part three daily owned and growlin  
Through your hood like I was homeless  
Little did you know that I got the chrome  
Yes to your chest  
Cause that's what you've been wantin  
You got no battle so I guess you be frontin

[Chorus 1 and 2]

[Knightowl]

Fools I be smoking when they be provoking  
Try to mess around and get a bullet in your dome  
Everybody knows, that I be pimpin hoes  
Knightowl'll be the one to put the tags on your toes  
I'm the one with the gun  
So run when I blast  
Or you will be another mutherfucker in the past  
I'm the man with the plan  
You best get away if your ass wants to live another day

[Frost]

The set you claim is weak as fuck you best duck  
My bullets got your name so feel the pain  
When the chrome speaks, fools like you collapse  
Dirt naps to the weak, so don't speak  
Cause I'm comin at em, lead be at em  
Let me show you how to buck em, fuck em  
When they wanna rumble

They all crumble enemies all get dropped just like a  
fumble  
Those that got my back know what I'm all about  
The West Coast gotta rock, I won't stop  
So everybody in the house  
Wave it around throw that set up and see the way I wet  
em  
Them muthafuckas tried to get crazy  
You couldn't pass me so you wanted to blast me  
Tuck that tail between your muthafuckin legs bitch  
Or be the next fool I dump in a ditch.

[Chorus 1 and 2]

Visit [Knife, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.