

## **Lil' Scrappy & Trillville**

### **"Be Real"**

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

[Chorus: 2X]

If you a thug my nigga be a thug  
if you sell drugs my nigga then sell drugs  
if you gonna rap about it be trill about it  
and dont say shit if you can't BE REAL about it

[Verse 1]

Comin up as a child my city was hell  
My moma was the best soldier, dad stayed in out of jail  
I came robbin and kickin in doors then on my behalf  
and 17 old  
But ya see shorty, My mom was a G  
she made it real easy for my sista and me  
She did what she had to do, and got and got on the  
grind like a damn nigga would do  
Talkin about pimpin, o she did that too  
I got robbed, a bunch of old niggas took all my loot  
And I was just 12 years old on 13 I'm sellin' dope thats  
why I thank my heart is so cold  
I gives a fuck about none of you hoes  
All you fake thugs think about is grills and gold, and  
pressin these doors  
(shorty) and cakin these hoes  
Ima pimp, I spend my time makin these hoes

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Nobody loves me so I guess I stay to myself  
A nigga thinkin bout change comtemplating my death  
Fell my pain as it reigns all over a nigga  
and the only way I can get away is weed and liquor  
Fukin niggaz up on the daily if they didnt pay me  
Niggaz pullin guns on me damn near drove me crazy  
Young nigga went to school just to sell some dope  
A lil crazy ass nigga wit a knife in his coat  
And in the streets broke heathens went through drama  
especially  
moma swung on a nigga, I stabbed the bitch in her  
head (nigga)  
I dont scratch my head unless it itchs

an I dont smoke unless I'm bustin at you hatin bitches  
nigga we was brave to die, dont be askin me why  
Ill rather hustle then be poor cuz niggaz sprayin wit fire  
All the childhood fixins wit tha devil inside the kitchen  
Got my mind on my gun and I'm finna pull a pistol

[Verse 3: Bohagen]

You see the streets, they'll shallow you whole, yo mind  
body and soul  
And leave you in a ditch cold wit no shoes and clothes  
Waitin for the trash collector  
Follow me mind selector to the ghetto sector  
They'll kill you over thirty dollars  
I seen a man cut wit a dirty bottle blood squirted on his  
shirt and collar  
I heard him holla a sound that I cant forget  
Ran home, watched cartoons and ain't said shit  
And to this day moma thought I was up at the park  
while she was at the church praising the lord  
I made through amazingly unscarred  
She had to be praying becuz I made it by the grace of  
the god  
Im proud of my hard times, I spit hard rhymes  
Bible in one hand, the other hand 9  
dreaming of naming streets and boulevards mine  
Grab yo piece of the pie, the other parts mine

[Chorus - 2X]

Visit [Lil' Scrappy & Trillville](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.