

## **Lupe Fiasco "Real Feat. Sarah Green"**

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Uh, food and liquor  
Yeah, my man said, he wanted somethin' real  
Real, real, real, real, yeah  
Somethin' he could recognize, somethin' he could feel  
Feel, feel, feel, feel

Baby girl said she was in the mood for somethin' real  
Real, real, real, real  
Somethin' that could make her move  
Somethin' she could feel, feel, feel, feel

Lust, sometimes can override trust  
She said, that's why she gave it up  
My man said, blood spilled out of everything he  
touched  
He crushed everything he crushed

Ruined everything he loved, he just wanted to rush  
Blamed it on the times bein' rough  
Doin' dirt, with the devil, chasin' after the dust  
Make a fuss, if it's them, but we hush, if it's us

That's why, my Momma said, she wanted somethin'  
real  
Real, real, real, real  
Somethin' she could be proud of, somethin' she could  
feel  
Feel, feel, feel, feel

She said, they so used to not havin' nuttin' real  
Real, real, real, real  
That they don't know how to act  
They don't know how to feel, feel, feel, feel

Life ain't meant to come around twice  
(Yeah)  
That's why I gotta get it right  
They said, I got it honest, now, I gotta give it life  
But sleep on it, that's why God give you night

I mean, I had a dream that, God gave me flight  
Too fly for my own good, so, God gave me plight

If I wake up in the mornin', now, I gotta give 'em sight  
Make 'em see, break 'em free, ain't a G, sho' you right

The game is not to give 'em nuttin' real  
Real, real, real, real  
Nothin' that they could use, nuttin' that they could feel  
Feel, feel, feel, feel

Give 'em a bunch of lies, and teach 'em that it's real  
Real, real, real, real  
So that's all that they know  
That's all that they could  
Feel, feel, feel, feel

Struggle, another sign that God love you  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
'Cause on the low, bein' po', make you humble  
Keep they names in my rhymes to try and keep 'em out  
of trouble  
'Cause bein' po', also teach you how to hustle

All they want is some shoes or some rims for their  
Bubble  
Now, that I got my own, I can hit them with a couple  
Couple, my homies, so they ain't got no reason to cuff  
you  
That's my plan, if I can, on the man up above you

That's why, I gotta give 'em somethin' real  
Real, real, real, real  
Somethin' they could recognize, somethin' they could  
feel  
Feel, feel, feel, feel

To my homies on the block, I gotta give 'em somethin'  
real  
Real, real, real, real  
Somethin' that'll make 'em stop  
Somethin' they can feel, feel, feel, feel

Yo, effin' f are real, really real, yeah  
Know what it is, woo  
Baby girl said, she was in the mood for somethin' real  
(So real, so real)  
Real, real, real, real

Let's go  
(So real, so real, so real, so real )  
So real, so real, so real, so real  
So real, so real , so real

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