

## Mana

### "Real Talk"

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[Intro]

On them streets  
You better keep your hand on them heats  
And live what you sayin' on them beats  
Real talk..

[Verse 1]

They ain't walkin' the walk, they just talkin' the talk  
Some people look at me as the real talk of New York  
I ain't these like these niggaz who be feinin' to front  
Like they the first to ever put green in a blunt  
Look I don't be meaning to stunt, but I zip down like  
jeans in the front  
In somethin' that you seen and you want  
But otherwise I'm cool wit' it  
They say only the ones who never had gon' get and act  
a fool wit' it  
Everybodys' gangsta through the promotion  
Even if they raised in a house wit' a view of the ocean  
The bangers is growin' upset  
Cuz' ya' ass is on t.v. throwin' up sets  
And you know you ain't like that  
But you'll say that you is  
Go and rent a bunch a shit and and then say that its his  
You ain't a pimp or you wouldn't go to dinner wit'  
groupies  
Ain't a baller cuz' you wouldn't put spinners on hooties

[Hook 2X]

1-2-3; you don't really wanna fuck wit me  
Get in the way you could get yourself shot  
Fuck the cops, you on my block  
Fuckin' wit a gangsta nigga

[Verse 2]

How can niggaz say they be on the other side of the  
seas'  
Where the steering wheels are on the other side of the  
v's  
And the home look like the spot on the other side of the  
c's

When they ain't never been on the other side of the p's  
I ca' see through em', ya tents are too light  
Every sentence you write is far from the truth  
You wanna be that nigga you are in the booth  
But you ain't got the heart, the scars, or the proof  
And now you flash ya' shirt tag in our grill  
But I'm hearin' you was a dirtbag before the deal  
You walk around talkin' how every dime sucked  
When they don't even speak to you, nevermind fucked  
you  
Ya' hood sayin' don't come back  
Step foot in here, and they gon' put you where you  
won't come back  
Dog, how the fuck you gon' have keys in ya' house  
When ya' moms' won't even give you keys to the house  
loser

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Nigga you in the mirror, checkin' what your make ups'  
lookin' like  
Tryina fool the world wit' a Jacob look-a-like  
Jiving like you hold stacks  
But ya' car is ten years old homie, ya' drivin' in a  
throwback  
They gon' strip you, have you runnin' naked next  
Without security you like unprotected sex  
You ain't never gon' finger a trigger  
All you do is look in the mugshot book and finger a  
nigga  
I real recognize real, you'd be a john doe  
You livin' in a closet and call it a condo  
I don't member you as a slinger that was on the bench  
Just a little scrub ass ringer in the tournaments  
Now they try to blame the fall of hip hop on fans  
Nah, I think its these hip hop con mans  
Studio gangstas is played out now  
This ain't the eighties, battle raps'll get you layed out  
Fucka

[Hook]

[Outro]

1-2-3; and any time that you on them streets  
You better keep your hand on them heats  
And live what you sayin' on them beats  
Real talk  
Real talk  
It's really really really really real talk  
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It's really really really really real talk  
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