

## Musiq & Redman

### "Keep It Real"

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Ayyy, motherfucker  
Yo, Funk Doc, my man Musiq, check it out

It's the Doctor Bombay, da yellow hombre  
Spotted like Kwame for smackin' a blind date for  
scratchin' my Hyundai  
It's Doc way, don't like it, then move on  
The bullshitter push a Yukon with bullhorns

Arguin', what the fuck we doin'?  
Starin' eye to eye like, who the fuck we screwin'?  
Here take these nickel bags and deduct your doin'  
With Knicks, I can't ball so who snuck me Ewing?

No ice with no blue and, tires with no shoe and  
Cribs with no boo in, pockets like I'm Jewish  
Tight, I'm an Aries born in April  
That means my attitude is I'm born to hate you

Now let's get it gritty  
I'll doggystyle while you watching, "Sex and the City"  
My palms on your tittie, I'll bomb yo' committee, if y'all  
midi  
I treat your girl like spades and walk off with the kitty,  
kitty, kitty

Tell me why, when I, saw you the, other day  
You spoke to me as if I was your best friend or sum'  
But when today I tried to say whassup and you walked  
on by  
You had nothin' to say to me then

Now how come when I be seein', you chillin'  
All by yourself, you, always actin' like you know me  
And act like you don't  
When you're around someone work on my nerves

Oh, tell me what is on your mind? Tell me, what you  
wanna do?  
Tell me, how you feel about me? So I know how to deal  
with you

Because, people like you really without them I can do  
All you, fake frontin' motherfuckers

Sometimes, I can't even understand why you'd even  
Bother to pass my way no  
'Cause, dealin' with you kinda makes me wonder  
Exactly where, yeah, does my time go

I can't believe the things that you be doin' for me  
Knowin' in yo' heart, you don't really mean to, no  
Why ya, tryin' to get over with yo' shuckin' and jivin'  
When the, only person gettin' hurt is you, oh

What is on yo' mind? Tell me what you wanna do?  
Tell me, how you feel about me? So I know how to deal  
with you  
Because, people like you really without them I can do  
All you, fake frontin' motherfuckers

Nah nah nah nah girl you wrong  
You wrong, no no no

Almost from the door you ain't shit  
I want the bracelet, the necklace, the anklet  
That foot spa with the nail and toe paint kit  
That half a pound I loaned your pops he ain't flip

That itch your boyfriend keeps Gaultier sniff, y'all good  
together  
When y'all tongue kiss, y'all suckin' my wood together  
Fallin' in love, I won't do it, 'cause some of these  
women  
Their clothes look so good, but they act stupid

Next time, that you see me, walkin' down the street  
Don't even bother to speak, don't even bother, no  
'Cause, if it ain't genuine then ah, don't waste my time  
'Cause um, I can't deal if you can't, keep it real

What is on yo' mind? Tell me, what you wanna do?  
Tell me, how you feel about me? So I know how to deal  
with you  
Because, people like you really without them I can do  
All you, fake frontin' motherfuckers  
All you, fake frontin' motherfuckers  
All you, fake frontin' motherfuckers

Keep it real  
Keep it real  
Keep it real

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