

'n Sync "Still Real"

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[Fat Joe]

It's so depressing, uh..

Be the realest shit I ever wrote (Money and cars
bitches)

Shit Is Real Part 2.. (drugs) modern day.. (society
yaknow?)

See what it's like to walk in my shoes

It ain't all fun and games (ya heard?)

Yo yo

I'm sick and tired of stressin, every days a different
lesson

I'm free-fallin tryna leave this deep depression

My son Joey still slow, my moms got cancer in her
throat

My big brother sniffin dope

Lemme know how many motherfucker wanna be just
like me

Screamed at and treated like shit by your wifey

This hot bitch be sweatin the coke cash

My baby mother think I grow dough out my ass

It's like, how much fight I got left in me?

Niggaz won't be happy till they bring the fuckin death
of me

But you never see Joe look weak or flow off beat
and Charlie sees the board in four more weeks

[Chorus] 2x

You gotta walk where I walked

Bang where I bang

Slang where I hang

To get where I'm going to

Stay where I stay

Blaze who I blazed

Pay dues how I payed

To get where I'm going to

[Fat Joe]

Uh, yo, the South Bronx, nine years later

Ain't nuttin changed, niggaz still playa haters

T.S. the best that's done it, forever live and never front
it

Reminisce of when I used to hold heat and tell niggaz
"run it"

Now we flooded with jewels, hundreds of dudes
Crowd the Coliseum to hear they favorite tunes
Then at the time of our prime we caught a sick one
The angels came down, took my twin Big Pun
Shit were unbalanced throughout the whole world
All I could do was try to provide for his seeds and his
old girl
Hope your listenin, tell Ton' that we still missin him
I'm like a prisoner in jail with no visitors

[Chorus] 2x

[Fat Joe]

Yeah, uh, ayyo the third verse is dedicated to you
Even though you switched teams, I'm praying for you
We used to stay up all night countin dollar for dollar
You was my son's godfather, where the fuck is your
honor?
Can't even rap the shit we did together
You'd probably have me shackled locked down doin
bids forever
You broke the first code
I'd like to twist ya wifey till it roasts gold
Snitch nigga, turned state to sold ya soul
How could a nigga that was clappin in the streets
start yappin to the deez, like what I rightly should
believe?
Like ever verse is a charge, for every hurt there's a
scar
I never once tried to hurt cha'll
I'm just tryna do me, sell a few CD's
Buy land in Miami and cop a new B come on!

[Joe talking]

Motherfuckers think it's sweet
Think a nigga got money and a nigga don't feel pain
You ain't never feel my pain
You don't know what the fuck I'm goin through
Niggaz lookin at me like, "He got it made"
Like I ain't lose Pun, my grandfather a week later
My aunt a month later
Like my fuckin sister ain't in a coma right now!
You motherfuckers don't know pain!
Let's get one thing clear; money'll never buy you
happiness
My true niggaz walk with me now!

[Chorus] 2x

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