

Paul Wall "I'm Real, What Are You?"

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"I'm Real, What Are You?"

Big City Terrorizer, say it, say it now.

Hello World, Sup everybody, I'm speaking to all the ppl out there.

There comes a time to where, you have to know, who you are,

(Dipset, Skoal game)

And what you are, to overcome things

Oh and by the way, My name is KL....C

The drum ma__ ya heard me?

but this not about me, This is about the PPI's Champ

From Houston Texas, My Partner, Paul Wall,

Tell em who you are!

[Chorus]

I'm a real motha fucka what are you? (what are you)

I'm a real motha fucka what are you? (what are you)

I'm gettin money stayin' true, chasin paper what it do,

I'm a real motha fucka what are you? (what are you)

I'm a real motha fucka what are you? (what are you)

I'm a real motha fucka what are you? (what are you)

I'm gettin money stayin' true, chasin paper what it do,

I'm a real motha fucka what are you? (what are you)

I'm grindin like a rotor, and I'm postin like a sticky note

Stackin up that paper, pockets fatter than a dukie rope,

boyz lookin sick, But that docta got that antidote,

hatin cuz they broke suckas, fake as a 30 spoke.

I'm watchin the stock quotes, I'm real as a pac __,

But these clowns be actin funny, like a knock knock

joke,

They cramp on my style, cuz I got money and power,

My paper long as the nile, so how them hatas like me

now?

Them bustas on the prow so I'm ten tokes down,

I'm puttin all yall to sleep so put on your night gown,

Some tatoos and a ice grill dont make you real,

These cats be actin frauder than a 4 dollar bill.

[Chorus]

I'm a gun holdin, blunt smokin, paper chasin, ladie
banger,
fly boy somethin like a aviator, ha yeah,
I'm you girls super hero, her caped crusader,
So go head and hate me cuz I hate a hater.

it take money to make money I said,
So you gotta have dough to make bread where I'm
From,
I aint chew get it, I stay true with it,
Barbed wire flow, dont get tangled in it,

Real nigga yes, all about the hustle,
till I get that call from god sayin, "I want you"
I been trough it, I past struggle, thats right,
Every day I in the street trying to complete a mad
puzzle

white coupe, pedal mashed down,
Seats soft like I sat on hash brownies,
I get money, dont ask me, ask 'round,
Big money like I work downtown.

[Chorus]

I'm one hundred, but them other boys frontin,
They just sideline commentating, we call it dumb
fuckin,
They sweet as apple pie, as they spreadin them lies,
They smile up in your face but so quick to jump F__

You swear they so cool, but they turn like doorknobs,
They say they hardcore, but they friendlier than
spongebob,
Im tryin to stay afloat, stayin up on my note,
So that Highness is what I tote, affordin the overcoat.

I roll with a platoon that'll put you in your tomb,
and then mark up your body like Mr. Cartoon,
Its real in these streets when you chasin that guap,
Cuz that hatin around the clock, will it ever stop,
Probobly not.

[Chorus]

