

Dalbello

"Real Life"

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This one is for my people in the street and six feet
baby...
watch yourself kid, the jakes be deep and on the creep
now...
what the deal, this ones for my duns thats upstate doin'
bids...
stay reppin' Queens with infra-red beams...

[Verse 1]

I only rock with fam'n
plot plannin' niggas that cock cannons
roll with the ox jammin' niggas doin' whole bids in the
box standin'
8 niggas thats quick to hop in the van'n
cock glocks and put the drops on the whole block
gamblin'
turn it to knots landin'
gun shots got 'em scramblin'
leavin' 4 cops to examine
the streets are frigid so I speak it vivid
sleep it, love it, and live it
if you want one of these slugs I'm'a give it
and pop you 'till you drop liquid
your days are numbered and I'm droppin' the digits
bodies get sent to the chop shop like civics
all for poppin' up on the wrong blocks to visit
the wrong spot to risk it
nothin' but hollow tops in the biscuits
get helicopter lifted out your hot lizards
keep it far from the child shit
.40 cal. spit
runnin' with wild cliques
dead you and beat the murder trial shit
12 valve whips
the strip is scorchin'
flooded with drug enforcement lawmen
strippin' your fortune
shorties are like the statue of liberty, they stay liftin' the
torch'n
orphans that spit the fifth often
mad chicks get abortions

weak ones lay stiff in a coffin
federal stakeouts, spots get raided
shots get traded
come in a lock everything rock related
keepin' the cell blocks overly populated
incarcerated scarfaces intoxicated
bodies get operated
some get chopped and faded
leave 'em bleedin' in need for medical aid
for dough metal gets rasied
when shit gets hot it's hard to settle the blaze
the ghetto we praise.

Chorus -

The life you hold
is just like the dice you roll
be careful kid, these streets is ice cold
the thirsty worms out workin' the night patrol
for the price of gold
as the story of our life gets told.

[Verse 2]

How many make it out, it's one in a Million
scared to death 'cause one of your children
just might be the next one to get stretched in front on
the building
dumbin' out, pullin' guns out, runnin' wit' villians
livin' in pain, kid in a street gang
trapped in these blocks where the heat flames
where niggas reach for they thang
speak slang, chop your grill until the meat hang
bustin' they gat, runnin' their deep games
look out for the cheap dames that set you up
invite you to the crib to wet you up
lift your necklace up
quick to lift and mess you up
Smith and Wess' you up
never press your luck
be prepared to bust
how many you dare to trust?
keep your friends close and enemies closer
I pour double shots of Remi to toast ya friendly ghost
until they send
me over
send some Guinea's to roast ya
if they can't approach ya send me the semi-toasters
give 'em the Kennedy dose and send three in ya
boulder
life is about bendin' them slimmy's over
plenty Bentley's and Rovers
half naked Women for Limo chauffers

crib with the Fendi sofa's
black Costa Nostras
crack Jehovas stackin' like Sosa
Taylor made suits with Gucci penny loafers
MAC Tens in holsters for rats and vultures
havin' DT's package and coach us
these raps are vulgar
blow the backs of cobras
roll with the gat exploders, gun slingers
corners and slum hangers
the brick a ton bringers
keep one in the chamber

Chorus

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