

Ted Nugent

"Real Live Shit Remix"

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[Ghostface Killah]

God body represent this shit without a shotty
That's my word, youknowhat!msayin
Verbal intercourse, youknow!msayin

[Cappadonna]

Chorus:

Hot rock slang, reversable talk
Sound check, architect, mega talks yo
Alphabet kings politic quick
We on some real live thug shit

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, yo, break down's the law, cats walk away holdin
they jaws
Wishin they had drawers, tossed posters plus sneaky
stores
Balls be gettin licked kid on whatever airline
Restroom style courtesy from stewardess, the bitch
washed mine
Sell box nine never been popped, now his bill's shocked
It's real it be hittin me things def made the store hot
Jewels link, niggas beam, whole team labelled wally
king
Goldie poured a beer, Johnny's man dot him with the
green
World's greatest, Las Vegas played us, rap crusadest
Casino champs, Gods sport the latest
Today's math, fuck nuthin but ass, take Cristal baths
Go half on his robbery, you wind up on Johnny Cash
Kid's invincible, back to back screws, Wu's suspenseful
You get lynched, start to play it cool
Like a man, like a night out, whitey's callin me like a
double date
Alkies get his shank so it's wine inside Hostess cakes
Yo my man, check the marble or get deaded
You bust a big shot and the big bullet was unleaded
Word up, yeah, bounty killer

[Lord Tariq]

Yo I'm elected by a landslide, well known, heaven sent

element

That shit you talk's irrelevant, got power like the president

My dialogue's benevolent, no question I'm connected got a

Gift for stick-up and late night coke pick ups

Money talk gets my dick up, especially drug related

Money boss contemplated, Bronx blocks complicated

New York by us so don't try us

Mad corrupted minds for mad corrupted times

Thank God I had rhymes

I be the rapper who be hustlin the black entrepreneur

Openin doors for the poor though it's against the law

Livin the climate for a killin smack the law and fuck your order

Some others watch your daughters, it's a slaughter

In the world of scramblers and gamblers, dicks and dykes

Long cars and caviar, you know the project star

I give a penny for your thoughts, hey a nickle for touch

So stop beatin round the bush and give it to me

The way you look is goin through me

Sue me, takin everything I got and

Plottin animosity for my property

Got me and lock me away from the world

I'm wonderin who's puttin use to my money and my girl

[Cappadonna]

Chorus (2x)

[Killa Sin]

Check it, yo

Thoughts collaborate with gun talk, shatter weak force

My strategy's stalk for casualties walk

They tragically caught a cavity in they anatomy

Assault and battery for havin me

Believin that they bad, in actuality they cavalry's butter soft

Niggas runnin off with the gun and talk

Loose lips, slip the fucker two clips to shut him off (blaow)

So sweet dreams to your weak team, I heat fiend's ass to rest

See who pass the test and guns that blast the best

You never win against Killa Sin, you're similar to

Gilligan

We're feelin his ass, not worth the mentionin

Like snatchin pocketbooks and claimin bodies that you didn't catch

Aimin empty glocks at niggas' necks without intent to wet

You just a wannabe, gonna be dead nigga
In front of me with no abundancy amongst your
currency
Flat broke, sellin lady powder maybe even flour
Last thing I heard a fiend that flips over a baby shower

[Larry-O]

Yo I remember gettin ganked, staggerin on the plank
Dwellin on the edge, full fledged, grabbin for bank
Auto pounds touchin clowns, DT's clock rounds
For slick was in the SL, forty shells hit the ground
55 on the Belt, fifty grand in my belt
Then I swerve to New Jers, that's where Iceberg melt
It was a ruthless type of homicide, this is the drama
side
Porcelin nine milli slugs tear up your insides
Venomous vocabulary, mad niggas heard it
Got annointed like the Juice, two minutes before the
verdict
Who make a claim, who movin caine on trains
Slick lines is open, out of state kids give me the lane
Def flip the track, cut the rhyme like quanines
Stampin undertaker and the slums is mine nigga

[Cappadonna]

Chorus (2x)

[Larry-O]

Real Live up in this piece, the remix
Word up, Wu-Gambino representin
Tony Starks, yeah yeah
Cappadon doin his thing
Killa Sin, hit em, hit em kid
Yeah, Lord Tariq, get nice dude
Uh, K-Def, knowlmean, keep questin em dunn

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