

The Game

"Keepin It Real"

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I wanna talk to the World and tell em how I feel
How everytime I drop an album one of my n-ggas get
killed
Make a n-gga wanna stop spittin'
Plus Interscope be bullshittin' Scott Pippen
This is not livin'
Livin' is when you working a 9-5
Liftin' heavy ass boxes just to stay a-f-cking-live
N-gga aint got a car but he got drive
So he appreciate the rims sittin on his ride
The world going crazy, n-ggas going crazy
They say the Illuminati affiliated Jay-Z
I'm in this Mercedes seeing how L.A be
My life should be a movie shot by Martin Scorsese
Gun's off safety n-ggas is Polamalu
The cops killed BIG and drove off in the Impala
And Pac did biz? just to get a couple dollars
F-ck rap, I shoulda took my black ass to college

[Hook]

I'm just tryna be real
I'm just keepin' it real
I'm just tryna be real
I'm just keepin' it real
I'm just keepin' it real

I'm tryna see my kids through college before I gotta die
Still sayin' R.I.P Aaliyah 'fore I gotta fly
N-ggas running out of time
So they doing homicide
Gotta take the stand tell the judge and jury their alibi
And they all racist so they giving boys 25
Stand up be a man, and stare straight into his momma
eyes
And she still traumatised, her baby boy shot up
Kissed him on the forehead right before he got up
You shot him in the forehead twice before he got up
All over a bitch, n-gga the devil wears Prada
Amber Rose wears nada
And that's how she should keep it
'Cause you can go Tyra from wearing Victoria's Secrets

They say there's a secret society
To get notoriety from selling your soul to 'em
N-gga you aint buying me
Only thing for sale is this Phantom
It's Aftermath, that's why I rep the A like Atlanta

[Hook]

They say I look like Kanye or Wale in this Louie napsack
Rather be them than them dumb n-ggas f-cking with
Kat Stacks
I smoke kush to get my mind right
I used to listen to Nas to get my rhymes tight
I used to sell them dimes and keep my 9 tight
But now I'm f-cking them dimes, but in hindsight
Almost turned on my family for the limelight
And I'mma go see God when the times right
They say the purly gates white but my President black
My money green, the sky blue and that's where heaven
is at
I don't carry a gat, but my n-ggas do
It's like my jumper is off, I let my n-ggas shoot
And don't none of my n-ggas do
Take the time to listen
I'll tell you what my n-ggas do
Scream Suwoo while they dumping out of billy coupes?
But I'm just tryna be a good n-gga, master
And take this rap money and give this shit to the Pastor

[Hook]

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