

**UGK****"You Ain't Real"**

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[Unverified]

Brothers wanna know, what's goin' on about the 4-1-1

On the group, and so on and so forth

So what you talk for, you know what I came for

A motherfuckin' ground war

Talkin' that same old style

Same old song, same old thang

Sweatin' yourself, you're gettin' busy yo

Huh, but you still can't hang

I'd rather rip, and still the flip trip

On the mic grip and hit, and then trip

Into I never ever miss yo

You still ain't shit

Thinkin' you're all that, you've got

The rep and props but you still can't rap

Wanna talk about a wannabe, never gonna be

Ever gonna be, who's gonna see

Come near here, come here child yeah

I got flavor, style, compare

[Unverified]

Yo, you can't compete

You wanna steal my voice, steal our sound  
Steal my beats, you wanna fuck around  
I don't play son, shorts do I take none  
You need help better call 9-1-1  
Or the Beatles, or Susannah  
Drink you up like a cup of Tropicana juice  
I got more, flowin' like a river  
Yeah, style's what I give ya  
Shakin' 'em, keep fakin' 'em, make make makin' 'em  
Takin' 'em, bakin' 'em, no mistaken 'em  
Dope, hyper, raw def MC  
Wanna talk about a man, yo who is he or she  
You got nerve to even talk that  
What about that, yeah, what's up with that rumor talkin'  
We can't make a hit  
We've been makin' hits while you've been suckin' dicks  
Around the town, lookin' for a hardcore deal  
Yeah, you ain't real  
Niggaz, yeah, you ain't real  
Niggaz, yeah, you ain't real  
Niggaz, you ain't real  
Niggaz, yeah, you ain't real  
Niggaz, who are you? You ain't real  
Niggaz, yeah, you you ain't real  
Niggaz, man

Niggaz, get out my face  
Yeah, motherfuckers wanna blast  
I keep rhymes in store for they ass  
They ain't got the style to kick no shit  
I bust rhymes and heat and just blow shit out  
Let me ask one question  
You think I fell off? Well come test then  
You ain't the man to stop the Big X  
Fuck around become [unverified] next  
Yes, shit is gettin' wild  
Very wild, slick and much wild  
But watch when I come with the Rhythm X shit  
Then after that, motherfuckers wanna quit  
Whether or not, you like it or not, you're wack it's true  
Your whole crew sound doo doo  
I keep tissue to wipe the first face  
I'm like a team that stays in first place  
Winnin', like the motherfuckin' Giants  
You got rhymes to kick? Then drop science  
Math, English, fuck it I said it  
Yo Ced, come and grab the mic  
Yo let's begin with a phrase that's quite hype  
I'll control with soul Gee get right  
Into the mix like a DJ spinnin' on  
The crowd is buggin, rememberin', "Bring it On"  
The phrase that stand to all that wanna try

To step to the Gee get roast and I wonder why  
Hmm, like Arsenio Hall said, "I think  
You rhyme like butter you're soft and you're quite stink  
Tryin' to perpetrate, sayin' you're hard right  
You hit money grip you're fake like a bad night-mare  
with Freddie, you know you're not ready  
You sound immature, like a amateur petty  
Yeah  
(You ain't ready)  
Tto step on the stage, get hit with the rhyme jab  
Just like the Flintstones, I'll break like bam bam  
Bam bam bam bam bam  
I'm smoke ya  
You slept on the Gee, better yet, true Ultra  
But now we're back and, MC's we're slappin'  
We're givin' no slack and, because you're wack  
And yeah, you ain't real  
Niggaz, yeah, you ain't real  
Niggaz, yeah, you ain't real  
Niggaz, yeah, you ain't real  
Niggaz, who are you? You ain't real  
Niggaz, yeah, you you ain't real  
Niggaz, man get out my face

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