

Big Shug

"Spit it Real"

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[Big Shug]

I'm back again, still mackin, still packin
Still clappin, suspected snitches
I hold the weight, spit the game in different measures
Break dimes off with pleasures, f'real
Where I'm from cats still hate a mile a minute
Tryin to stop my shine and my spinach
Diamonds ain't never finishes, the games goes on
They write your rhymes and you supposed to be the
don
You lie so much you believe your songs
The only time you see a thong is when you wearin one
The queen is boss now but I'm still the king
You want the drama I still supply them things
Birds gats and yay, boy girls or haze
I do my thing while the music just plays
Blaze, and it's real
That's how I spit it - yeah~!
Let 'em know, let 'em know, let 'em know...

[Chorus - Shug singing]

I seen it good, I seen it bad
When there's money I got to have
Hustle and it's a habit
I spit it real, holdin the steel
And I do this for all of my homies
And they knowwww, I'm real

[Big Shug]

70's pimpin niggaz respect my shit
I spit Funkadelic, like George Clinton
I make sense cause that'll make me dollars
Cornballs need not to holla
Yes we ballin, still shot callin
Fake gangsters is fallin, still police callin
Real pimp niggaz tip the cap, pop the collar
Convince them hoes to hit the strip and get them
dollars
They lowride when they hit Cali
They escalatin from Boston to N.Y.
Enemies die, while my gangsters multiply

We stay on the block with them hoes pretty fly
Pretty girls in the bathroom doin one on ones
While I'm at the bar, clockin my sums
Not too tipsy, cause that's when they'll try to get me
Yes I stay shifty, one hand on the piece

[Chorus]

[Big Shug]

I used to make pancakes with that nigga
Break 'em up, hit the streets - 7 figures with that nigga
Flipped chicks, bought clothes with that nigga
Now I can't stand, to be around that nigga
I heard he was talkin, to the other side
I'ma catch him in puff mode when he deep in my ride
Then tear fire into his eye
Since he's a silly motherfucker, I'ma see what he got
inside
If you heard my music, you now know the score
come and peep my city, the horror and the gore
Forty-fours, blazin through the corridor
Either you spit it real, or see the coroner
Lot of ladies scream my name, know the game
I'm a wild motherfucker, I'll never be tamed
Big Shug, it's the journey from within
God please forgive me for my sins, I gotta win

[Chorus]

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