

OJ Da Juiceman

"Who's Real"

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He's phony, she's fake
That's the type of people I hate
Hey, hey, hey, Jada, Jada, hey, hey, hey, Jada, Jada
Point 'em out, point 'em out, point 'em out

He's phony, she's fake
That's the type of people I hate
If you're real and you know it, clap your hands
If you're real and you know it, clap your hands

Wait a minute, who's real, who's not?
She's real but he's not
If you're real and you know it, clap your hands
If you're real and you know it, clap your hands

Yeah yo, guns go clack, packs go move
Blood gettin' draw, skin gon' bruise
'Cause real gon' win, the fake gon' lose
The love overpowers the hate by twos

All they left was the yellow tape in his shoes
It's real when the funeral wait to make the news
[Incomprehensible] so we six up on 'em
So when they act corny, we jus' switch up on 'em

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Wait a minute, who's real, who's not?
She's real but he's not
If you're real and you know it, clap your hands
If you're real and you know it, clap your hands

Who's phony, who's fake?
[Incomprehensible] on eights
Life's good, I'm straight
Clap your hands one at a time, you were late

Can't keep it 100 then the ones I hate

But I'ma keep it 200 for the ones they fake
Red and black cars on the red chrome stakes
Young Juiceman I should warn off my plates

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If you're real and you know it, clap your hands

Who's real, who's not?
She's real but he's not
If you're real and you know it, clap your hands
If you're real and you know it, clap your hands

Yeah yo, pocket full of cash, wallet fulla class
In and out the lane, dippin' through the traffic
We ain't hustlin' no more, we doin' gymnastics
Couple of flips and they stash it, vastly

Real gon' recognize real, phony gon' recognize steel
I reckon I will 'xpose those who are, if you ain't what you
are
I don't gon' too far, sorry, muah

Get yourself a fresh flesh or a new scar
Bullet holes on the side of your new car
Load up the AR, spray yo, kayo
It's real on this side, phony where ever they are

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