

# L-Burna "Real Life"

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Intro: Layzie (Treach) [Bizzy]

Bone Thug Nature,  
Naughty By Harmony.  
(Forgive them father for they not know what they do.)  
Yeah!  
Huh.  
Treach in the muthafuckin' house.  
[It's time to hit 'em wit' the real shit.]  
Like Mo Thug.  
(Can you please get off my Bone, Bone, Bone.)  
[Uhh.]  
[Yeah!]

Chorus Part 1: Bizzy

We've been willin' and dealin' all our lives.  
Money gon' make me crazy.  
Jesus Christ I see the light through Lil Layzie's eyes.  
Hope he can see it in mines.  
This money gon' make me crazy.  
This money gon' make me crazy.

Chorus Part 2: Layzie

We've been willin' and dealin' all our lives.  
Money gon' make me crazy.  
Jesus Christ I see the light in Lil Bizzy's eyes.  
Hope he can see it in mines.  
Money gon' make me crazy.  
Money gon' make me crazy baby.

Verse 1: Layzie

Woke up this morning with my eyes wide.  
Feelin' the pressure of livin' today.  
Now why should I try?  
I'm tired of feelin' this pain.  
Game don't recognize game.  
And any nigga' that really ain't feelin' me is the opinion  
of me.  
What I be doing.  
This niggas is slipping.  
If it's the history let it repeat it self.

Treat yourself.  
Don't treat yourself to a life live long.  
Watch your health.  
Better yourself and take care of yourself.  
Tell 'em to suck on these nuts.  
Money don't grow on trees.  
What?  
Killas will stop and squeeze bust.  
Funny how shit don't ease up.  
Straped with the heat.  
Livin' these streets.  
I gotta go get it what ever we need.  
My wife and my kids depending on me.  
I'm tryin' to be the best I can be.  
Talk about life.  
I won't get it twice.  
Makin' this money for me and my wife.  
Niggas just wanna shut me down!  
What about the kids?  
(The kids.)  
The kids is straight.  
Watch out my nigga'.  
We dominate.  
Making to were you can't consentrate.  
Releasin through were we bomb on hate.  
Real life comin' at you.  
Real life shit can happen.  
Real life talking to you.  
Now holla at me.

#### Chorus Part 1: Bizzy

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#### Chorus Part 2: Layzie

We've been willin' and dealin' all our lives.  
Money gon' make me crazy.  
Jesus Christ I see the light in Trigga Treach's eyes.  
Hope he can see it in mines.  
Money gon' make me crazy.  
Money gon' make me crazy baby.

#### Verse 2: Treach

The twenty,  
the twenty.  
The bottle,

the bottle.  
The bein',  
up against the wall.  
The twenty,  
the twenty,  
the twenty.  
The bottle,  
the bottle,  
the bottle.  
Feel me.  
Now after one of the,  
one of the dollas'  
the dollas.  
Happen to happen to fall.  
Being click clack,  
kli kla,  
hunana,  
bli bla to all a ya.  
I got my chrome.  
To take my dome.  
Plus my mask and my mic.  
I got my own verse it's called the Ghetto Pasion of  
Christ.  
Niggas feel they self too much.  
Can smell the shit to urine.  
I wanna save all the jurine but I'm pissed like urine.  
Whether it's telographic,  
telospy,  
tell a lie.  
Tell if there's a revolution this time will be televise.  
I keep it funky.  
Fuck you hustla'.  
With a musty hustla'.  
That's why my OG's we be hanging out like rusty  
mutha's.  
Don dolla dolla.  
Pon the granma.  
Nada nine to popa.  
I love you boo don't want no more that baby mama  
drama.  
Haters call me I hate it all who drive me yeah.  
Whether you're bald or you braided.  
Plus some hustlas can never fade me.  
Come on.

#### Chorus Part 1: Bizzy

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Verse 3 Part 1: Krayzie

It's like I'm livin'.

Got me illest livin' like everyday.

I'm spending my time.

Preventing my mind.

Flo flipping and going the same.

And now that we coming up on these last days.

We'll end in the fast lane.

It only contributes into my bad ways.

This ain't even my life cause I was supposed to be livin' forever right here in the flesh.

And now up in Heaven cause I now God gon' make it betta'.

We runnin' around chasing this paper like that's gon' save us.

We so caught up in trying to get famous.

It's a shame but,

can you blame us.

Cause taking all of this hard times,

keep on blinding our minds.

Why don't we wanna be like God?

Shot for the stars and the sky.

Niggas determine to get rich.

I'ma afraid they gon' lose their glasses.

So the question is,

You wanna stay alive or try to be wealthy?

Verse 3 Part 2: Bizzy

Unknown

Chorus Part 1: Bizzy

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