

Sir Michael Rocks**"What's Real"**

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[Verse 1 - Sir Mix-A-Lot]

1977 was a no cocaine in my hood-ject
The brothers was stuck on Chuck without a mind set
I got tired of watchin "Good Times"
Feelin like J.J., I'm standin in the food bank line
My momma was ridin on the bus tryna get to work
Early in the morn', it's cold and her knees hurt
She got a .38 sittin in her purse
Cause my moms was the King County Jail nurse
So how in the hell could you tell Mix
That I never lived this, when you was just a snotty nose
age six
Young buck, just graduate
And your lyin when you say your street educated
Cause I'ma veteran boy and you's a new booty
So stop frontin to your friends like you knew me
Cause you don't and you never did, kid
So FUCK your respect and the shit you claim ya did
To all ya real, when ya claimin ya gang bang
Doin everythin to gain fame and get yourself a name
But I done seen my homies gettin smoked over dice
games
When you was still at home doin nice things
Back in the days of turtle wax on Cadillacs
Life to a brother was hoes and macks
I had to come up some way
Pimp daddies and ex-Black Panthers used to school me
Why moms was puttin in eight to twelve
I was in the hood gettin schooled on makin mail
I can't let my moms die a poor black sister
Gotta make her richer
So tell me what's real, partner

[Break - Sir Mix-A-Lot]

(Da-da-da-down for mine)

(You gon' buy me a motherfuckin car?)

So what's real fool?

(Da-da-da-down for mine)

(You gon' buy me a motherfuckin car?)

[Verse 2 - Sir Mix-A-Lot]

Back when MLK Way was Empire Way
I was stuck on broke, but I used to hear pimps say

Better get what you can get before you get got
Come up and snatch yours and buy yourself a nice

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