

9811**"The Real One"**Visit ["The Real One"](#) on MotoLyrics.com

Verse 1: Brother Marquis

Only the realest can feel us, cap-peelers and killers
Hundred-dollar billers and real niggas

Bitches with dime figures, telekenesis in my mind
Make my diamonds shine, then I blind niggas

Pussy punk perpatrators and playa haters -

They can't fade us 'cause we two of the greatest

Back out to let 'em have it, fake fucks and faggots

Bow down in the presence of players and kiss the
karats

A wrist full of (?) for all the maggots

Back up and get embarrassed, bitch, get off my
carriage

Uncut, no lactose, hear the raw dose

Straight off the key, 100% G

Who's puttin' it down on Miami's behalf

Home of the nickel (?) and the raw half

Everywhere we go, the impression's felt

The real is stamped on the bag and the dope is dealt

Chorus (2x):

Gat in the back, sunroof top,

Real one on the scene with the gangsta lean

[The real one! Huh? Whut?

The real one! Huh, nigga whut?]

Verse 2: Ice-T

It's '98, playa, check your game

Make sure them young boys respect your name

Keep your heed at arms, reached, cocked and ready

'Cause the streets'll catch you slippin' and rock you
steady

Watch your back with your homies that you feel is real

Your homeboys from your crew, yeah, they're the ones
who do

Yeah, the suckas that got the playa hater venom,

I wanna take 'em outside and lay slugs up in 'em

But that's trippin', and that ain't my sport

I'd rather lamp up my cirb and flip to rob a port

I sip my v-dozen on the street, bump my beats

When I'm twistin' my dub, can't nobody compete

(Imagine this) Hundred-g Lex on your wrist
(Imagine this) About 10 karats on your fist
(Imagine this) All dime hoes on your list
Huh, that shit would be nice, but your name ain't Ice
(Nigga trip) And screw the style and so on, rock you
softly
How you gonna step to me, kid, you grew up off me
TV, movies and records and tours
So many buses in Versace I don't wear it no more
Called my nigga in Miami, "Marquis, wussup?"
He said, "Playa, chop some game on this bubblin' cut!"
I said, "Shoot me the track, or you can come too,
Or if y'all wanna ball in Cali, I'll fly in your whole Crew."

Chorus

Verse 3: Brother Marquis

I'ma stay in the field, on a quest for the mil's
And try to keep it real till I die or get killed
So I can sit back and kick it, write my own ticket
And live this lavish lifestyle of trickin' and big-dickin'
Seein' that the West and the South's connected
Formulatin', plottin' game to perfection
Down with the Syndicate, bossin' new tennis shit
Crimes cold defended, get caught, do the sin
There's politickin' in the 600, drunk and blunted
That's how we front it, but you don't wanna run up on it
Inside the club packin', actin',
Got my bitch at home c-sackin', got my ones stackin'
Parlay, playin' diamond link, cubin' cable
Baddest bitches in the stable, mo' money on the table
I'm back in the game to show 'em how it's done
Ice-T and Marquis, you're fuckin' with the real one!

Chorus

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