

Mara

"The Realest"

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Nigga,
See what you done started now
You done fucked up now
Farther journey
You take the journey, of life
Gotta be ready to fight
You the realest
You gotta be ready to let the world feel it
Ahh, man

(Chorus) 2x
Nigga gone' feel this
La la la la, la la
Nigga gone' feel this
La la la la, la la
You started war with the realest
La la la la, la la
You started war with the realest
La la la la, la la

[Verse 1]
Get this money, get with it
If its dirty you can't spend it
Leave mama the whole buisness
Just in case I get sent to prison
I done made some bad descisions
But I put my last on these fuckin' lyrics
To make the world feel it
And run over all competition
Takin the pain, on the mission
Say it in vain, contradict
Felony, and jealousy raw enemies
You ain't never, had a friend like me
Will I live to see twenty three
Or will them guerillas come for me
They gone' remeber evil L-I-L-E
My destiny, what's in the cemetery
This is what's left and this shit done got scary
Don't come near me, is it deadly, very
What's his name, Eric

(Chorus)

[Verse 2]

Melody, revolved around felony, cuttin our body
Tell me will this one bring evil things
Emarked, by enemy, I need thoroughs eve
The son inside of me
Tellin me, it's old fella Duke
And if they kill me
They gon' have to kill you
Now gimme death
The realest nigga to put his hood on the map
Took the hood off the track
Put gangsta on the rap
Kept my strap, cause the game gettin' cold
Even if my laws collapse
Bitch I'm dying like a soldier
The killa still ain't know, mama told us
The law will show ya
Twenty five feets on the streets, fuck peace
I'm tryna make a mealticket before I rest in peace
You and me, me and you, in this bitch together
Nigga what, we gone' represent this bitch forever

(Chorus)

[Verse 3]

Nigga I'm from the M.I.
Where there ain't no such thing as dying
Get mine, I need it all I'm tryna get by
From 6-1 to 6-5, 6-5 to 6-9
Cheatin' on a dime, I ain't hard to find
I done crossed the line, half the world mine
Let me get meat, I know it brings enemies
But momma gotta eat
Kid need shoes on they feet
Shit ain't lookin' sweet
I'm a man now
Young, black, and thugged out
But when it comes to the money
Fuck the playa now
Don't mess up the couch
Put it all in the right of my
Fifty goin 50, what that be bout
The dirty south wit me, I'ma riv a brick
Cause I know they comin to get me
They don't wanna see that nigga rich
Fuck this shit, until they kill this
They done started war with the realest

(Chorus)2x

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