

Britney Spears F/ Pharrell Williams

"Keep it Real"

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(Lil' Rob)

Wacha, there's a difference between fact and fiction
Pay close attention, do more than listen
Hear what I'm telling you all these vatos be telling it

Claiming that they be having it
But really they ain't having shit
Fuck all that bullshit that shit is kid shit
Keep talking shit bitch that's what your skill is
Fools are ridiculous just don't know when to quit
Can't spit like I can spit straight up immaculate
Talented handle it Simon ey I'm a man that did
Feel so cold leave you frozen stiff like a manikin
Crazy like the bay that they named after a pelican
From pellet guns to Semi autos to automatic guns
Not having funds to having funds to having fun in Cali
Sun I love convertibles dog I had to have me one
You might know me from cruising around in my
Cadillac
Two pumps in the trunk the batteries on rack ten
switches on my lap

(Lil' Rob)(Chorus)

Keeping it real, got the skills to pay the bills ese
A lot of you vatos don't know how it feels to keep it
real ese I do what I do when I do it
I'm keeping it real when I do it
Unlike you did, everything you did was stupid.

Keeping it real, got the skills to pay the bills ese
A lot of you vatos don't know how it feels to keep it
real ese I do what I do when I do it
I'm keeping it real when I do it
Unlike you did, I don't wanna do what you did stupid

(Lil' Rob)

A lot of you vatos take a long time to bust a rhyme
and to Hit the ol' drawing board and take some more
time for real
Homeboy I ain't never heard nothing weaker
I can't believe that bullshit be coming out the speaker

Its like who heard you and told you that you were
good?
They lied to you, you can't rap but they said you could
Why, would they do that, now look what they done did
Made a shit talker out of a young, fucking dumb kid
I know where I'm from, I know what I've done
I know what it takes to be number one
You vatos cross the line all the time by dropping the
Dime Your questioning, I'm answering before your
asking it
I know what I said whatever I said homeboy I'm backing
It I'm backin it, while you're a lying fucking sack of shit
Chronic shit? Got a big ol' fluffy fuckin sack of it
It's no accident when I'm packing it, relaxing it,
kicking back and shit I loss my mind,
I loss the time where'd it go
I don't know, lost track of it

(Chorus)

(Lil' Rob)

San Diego, city I was brought up in
Home of Donovan, car hoppin and bomb droppin
I'm getting numbers while I'm dragging bumpers
Scraping it up, Juice, I think I've got more than
Enough In fact I think I got a little too much but never
Enough Living life so rough and so tough I pick up the
mic
Sabes Que? I'm sick of the mic, I'm sic on the mic
Your sounding like a bitch on the mic
I'm sick of my life and still kick the shit that you
Like Probably get myself a six-pack and just kick it
Tonight I'm tripping tonight feel like straight out picking
a
Fight Get wickie wicked tonight drug driven tonight
I'm going out of my head like little Anthony
Back in the days when he had tears on his pillow
Weeping like a willow it's Lil' Rob esse breaking it
Down Gangster oldie no mistaking the sound no
mistakes are allowed

(Chorus)

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