

## **Brown Lew**

### **"Real to Me"**

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[Triple Seis]

uhh huh, it's what's real to me  
staying up ( fucus ).....dj honda  
getcha mind right

[Chorus: Jkeon]

faded visions of what I could be  
So let me show you what is real to me  
Money, success and my family, to survive in the streets  
That's what's real to me

[Triple Seis]

who ever thought it would happen like this  
rockin' these hits, poppin' these clips  
going over seas and making these chips, stop doing  
the dirt  
and going legit, cause if I stay in the street I'ma fall in  
the pit  
it ain't about the money it's about gettin' quick  
so I'll probably get locked, cause I'm playing the strip  
since the QB spotted these corner flips, I aint trying to  
get knocked  
nigga that's common sense, trying to be on top so I  
could represent  
FULL A CLIPS to the death of me, I keep it moving with  
Cuban right next to me  
It's like destiny, no matter how tight shit get  
He keeps blessing me, keep testing me, to change the  
whole recipe  
Carry the choice live out the whole legacy  
I can't call it, if it's ment to be, it's ment to be  
this aint a game my life is in jepardy, make sure you  
ready to die  
Before you step to me, why you even telling me lies on  
ecstasy  
Hatin' like you all that fire, I know as well I see

[Chorus]

[Head Crack]

I zone on tracks, I'm lost in this earth were we at

the only source of money is crack, protecting is gats  
I'm hurting inside, look at my tacks it forced me to be a  
thug  
with a heart to clap, I feel like a animal trapped  
up in this cage of life, fighting for freedom  
Busting gats what we teach them  
the young youth for good reasons, be smart  
Braveheart, protect your family, let the rest starve  
6/15/76... I hit the earth  
11:22 thats the time my mom gave birth  
a star was born, at the same time my heart was torn  
Pops gone but fuck it doe cause life goes on  
I gotta stand strong, I gotta make my moms proud  
and make my grams laugh in heaven  
let her know I'm still counting the blessings  
I rock a vest for protecting  
and rock a nigga to sleep with a smith & wesson  
a little gat have a big nigga undressing  
My heart pure I spit raw, a flow like this, there's no cure  
I said I lose it put it on track, mash music in the thug  
form  
that got the hood singing my song

[Chorus]

[Triple Seis] lalalalalalalalalalalalalaahh

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