

Bryan Adams And Barbara Streisand

"Real"

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Niggaz don't you know? Never promised tomorrow
man
Check it, check it *the next life*
Life life (yeah) right now for what it is before you lose
that shit
For real man, shit can happen
in the blink of a fuckin eye you can lose your life man
Recognize that for real
You're never promise tomorrow, you know
Any niggaz that you know, knahmsayin?
You never know about these things, word up

His body was cold yet his face remained calmly
He spoke differently, as if he was Godly
Layin on the ground the gat still in his clutches
Shoulda saw it comin but he smoked too many Dutches
Situation, made me sober as fuck
As he coughed up blood, tellin me he's stuck
Gunmen, drove off in a Yukon truck
Said a prayer for him, hopin that his soul was blessed
Cause my hands couldn't cover all the holes in his
chest
His eyes told the story that his heart was diminished
The ambulance took about a hour, ten minutes
They didn't have to tell me that my Son life was
finished
I guess his heart never knew the love that was in it
Yeah, word up, goin back

Chorus: Tragedy

If your heart stop beating I'll go back in time
Make your heart beat again, real niggaz to the end
It's all about cash, and the diamond rings
Dedicated, cause real niggaz do real things
(repeat 2X)

Word up, real things, real niggaz do real things
Yo, movin on

Through his eyes I seen the next life flash in front of his

Cocked back the gat wonderin who the gunner is
The blood drenched in his Armani linen
I guess that's the karma of a thug when he sinnin
From the beginnin, I reminisce the younger years
When we were younger peers on the block pourin out
beers
And now the tears, I can't stop from comin
I wanna bring it to this nigga blaze him while he runnin
It seemed stunnin, the way we started in the game
I never wanted, my Son dyin in this pain
Now the nigga that shot him I wanna find him and kill
him
Heard he's a Willie and keep a bunch of killers with him
The Jake snatched him up so I just had to forget him
But on the low, if I ever see him, I'ma hit him
Yo when he bust a slug in the heart of a true thug
It's real love, this is what a real nigga does

Chorus

What yo, real niggaz do real things
Word up, real niggaz do.. real niggaz, yeah
Yo, 41st side, Queensbridge yo, yo

The words cut like a knife, ma your son was shot
Her mouth, wide open, seemed like her heart dropped
She fell to the floor with her eyes in shock
I was standin there stuck off the words I said
Worst thing to tell a mother that her son was dead
Shoulda knew what love is, 'fore he learned what a
thug is
Now he left his kids to be raised by they mothers
From the cradle to the grave we was like brothers
Went to same schools and fucked the same bitches
Pumped on the same block with the same snitches
Burnin lye on the roof, talkin bout riches
And I remember, when we was both five percenters
Goin hand to hand, gettin bent, crashin renters
And now the end is, justifyin all the means
That's just the story when you're dyin out in Queens
and it's real, word up, yo, yo, yo, yeah, yo

Chorus (repeats)

Yeah, Capone-N-Noreaga still my niggaz
Even if you don't get no bigger
Finsta, Crash, presedential
Confidential, fuck it, yo, yo, what?
Japan rules, foreign exchange, how we do, yo
Begins, world currency
The way the dollar bends, and it haunts me

It wants me it traps me, in the hole
Reachin for my soul, fuck it, yo

Chorus

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