

Buddha Monk f/ Drunken Dragon

"How Real Is Real?"

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[Intro: Drunken Dragon] Sometimes I don't understand these cats Fuck is you talking too, I'm telling you duke Better get the fuck out my face with that bullshit Niggas ain't havin' it over here, son, for real, kid It's like this... [Drunken Dragon] Thug life, drug life and fast money Bubblin', got young bloods searching for trouble And the myst of murder one, bustin' guns at scuffles Po-po, bout to fuck up your hustle, slithering Fair weather friends and broads go AWOL Houdini's in a total recall, afraid of predators Prey, say they prayers in nightmares Still get they panties rocked, by black cock ammunition Spittin' like semen from foul demons on a mission The six-six-six is still ticking You wishing for the mystical to redeem The spiritual, evil shit you do But whose looking out for you? Yo [Chorus: Drunken Dragon] How real is real, is it something you feel, or something you front Something you will and something you want Never want a mass of energies in your force field Still, the Guard-U-Now'll get you killed [Drunken Dragon] Nigga, don't front for my approval, shit ain't all good I grew up a po' nigga, strugglin' in the hood Get a mil, I barely could, til I started banging niggas Me in Guess jeans, connect, for triple figures Didn't dig it though, it wasn't me or my steeze Still tight, so hold a mics, caught a quick cash flow That crack shit, had 'em doing back flips and semi's Losing they sense, I learned alot from the dummies Searching for the other wise, and duties of the civilized Then I mutated, and formed three eyes Realized, my true culture, now vote ya life taking Giving more than I received, then I believed That, damn I stand for justice, must this be I'm moving fast They say I'm too damn old & outta control from smoking too much grass Bbut I got trouble in the myst, and all I got is Dragon fists Aiming at your brain, at point blank range, and oh this shit don't miss Yo, ain't nobody swinging like this, I bring the myst Leave ya blind to the shit, that my muthafucking clip spit Herbs yet, from the devastation, that be destination Trooping with that Nation, keep the foul bassing Ya blood rising like diamond crystal, when the nines in between Ya eyes, bout to take out ya third

sight Seen it all when I was younger, many nigga still
under Impression, and second guessing without doing
the knowledge Metaphorical, hypothetical, story tellers
Still don't understand how I stay a hot fella Ya barking
like Old Yeller, still ain't got the bite of this Vicious
rhymealicious, ambitious in the game Flame stay lit, to
spark the brain, start the session I make born the
seven, and find my own heaven [Chorus]

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