

**Buddha Monk f/ P.G., Streets****"The Real"**

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[P.G.] Hurry up, let's go, take all his riches That's what I  
used to learn from these older misses You gotta, stop,  
cock and roll with mister Flip, flop, my robes from dub  
to misses Only run with real dudes, with the guns for  
sticking Big dicks for sticking, fat tongues for licking  
The type you like, she can have all my riches Pretty Girl,  
you thorough, cancel all my business Like to stick my  
pretty two's, but known to get stitches Since a young  
girl, I've been grown up figures Little older now, and  
I'm getting grandfather figures More grands, than the  
grams, my poppa was sniffing Laid up, slumped up, is  
how we leaving these niggas Turned up, cooked up,  
like turnips in momma's kitchen Burned up, like niggas  
banging dirty bitches There's many ways, with a kiss,  
blazing niggas [Chorus 2X: P.G. (Streets)] Real  
recognize real, we known to spill (Get back, flip tracks,  
been known to peel) With hoes and fake niggas like  
Kodak film (Kill tracks, murk beats, and we'll take your  
deal) [Streets] It's real, kid, I'm that chick Time to  
recognize who she runs with Spit, bars, I'm so sweet  
Gutter langer by the name of Streets Son get soaked  
when by myself Heavyweight bitch, I hold the belts I, rip  
tracks, yes, she's hot I, run them Streets, I run blocks I,  
keep my heat, don't fuck with cops, no Tell Diddy, I  
won't stop, no Time to cop, so step your game up The  
reason why these fellas open From rags to roaches,  
we've been had though Been smoked that 'dro, beef  
for a ho Holla, come on now, bitch, I know my work Who  
you talking to bitch, yo, I sold myself [Chorus 2X]  
[Streets] Been enemy of the state since I was born  
Trying to make some moves like Farrakhan Trying to  
see the world before I'm gone Spitting over Buddha's  
beats in Brooklyn [P.G.] Yo, I'm caging niggas, I'm  
flaming niggas Like drag queens in parades on  
Thanksgiving, niggas Uh, it's real with no deal, I'm  
hiding man for niggas Like mixtapes in the hood, over  
instrumentals [Streets] Why, yo, we move in silence  
Nowhere, to run, nowhere to hide Bitch, keep that  
thing, by my sidekick You jack and laid off to bust a nut  
[P.G.] Uh, feel it in your guts, you know what's up, and  
what's what Get bucked, fired up, light it up, it's a must

Cuz, we be the chicks, niggas cannot touch Chicken  
mimic how we spit, stop riding us [Chorus 4X]

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