

Busta Rhymes F/ Flipmode Squad, Mariah Carey

"Keep it Real"

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(Master P talking)

Yeah, huh, my boy Young Bleed in here, C-Loc in here,
an you know the
colonel MP up in here

Chorus: Young Bleed

Nigga we gonna keep it real dawg, hustiln high, cuz
live niggas keep it
real young, can we keep it real Loc? Tryin not to spill no
blood, if
it's real show a nigga love, nigga.

Verse 1- Young Bleed

Nigga it burns for gold that rose before me that was
fakin' the funk,
long an behold I come to get it, so I'm takin' it in
chunks, out to
lunch for brunch, maggots gonna munch in
perpendicular, order money, man
slaughter, I write this shit thats good for you, how many
mutha fuckas
must get dealt wit? Before someone kick down yo door,
an leave you
helpless, is you feelin' my fear, feelin' my vibe, at the
same time, I
dirty my theroy, clickin my tribe, tryin' ta claim mine,
hush,
what you discovered don't shake the rictor, my nigga,
my nerve, go get
the camera, get the picture, I'm laughin' at y'all for
tryin' to ball,
wit yo mug on me, movin' a million mutha fuckas
strappin murder machine,
I come dainty an benidine, so gimme mine, sippin
great wine, polishin
pussy thats genuine, paralized to the format still
smokin' blunts for
days, an mama's theroies an ways, got me prepared

ha, niggas ain't
ready, but if it wasn't for the grace of God, they say
you couldn't live
life against all odds, I know it's hard, but it's real
though, I'm 'bout
ta peel out, everytime I touch somethin', what ya feel
yo, nigga, give a
fuck if you bigga.

Chorus

Verse 2- C-Loc

It be a piper push poundses, wit playas who wanna rise,
pick the pen
then ??? my rhyme, eh, so now I can make a leagal
paper in this rap
game, at the first used to hear that boy playin' wit steel
toys, now I'm
worse, can't break the curse, y'all laugh until I die,
comin' from the
dirt, so watch a young hustler rise an shine, like the
ghetto
mastermind, (bout it bout it) let em know, why do, doin'
all that lyin'
got the nation down to ???, young mutha fucka ain't do
shit, can't stand
the heat get out the kitchen, before trigga fingas get to
itchin', getty
up, get into position to have twitchin', thinkin', damn,
how could I
have mention, stop trippin', keep it real nigga.

Chorus x2

Verse 3- Master P

Ughh! I live my life of a youngsta wit money, to many,
bitches
pandhandlers, beggas an dummies, tryin ta, steal my
soul, I mean suck me
dry, for these 20 inch rims on my ghetto ride, I couldn't
lose my life
tryin' to keep my shoes, sell my soul to the devil, in the
ghetto you
lose, an ain't no, nigga gonna make it, fakin' the game,
too many blacks
behind bars for fortune and fame, I live, my life,
readin' jail house
letters, I'm workin', money orders sendin weed through
sweaters, I seen

mama's turn off of hustlas and killas, my last supper
probably gonna be
wit fiends an dealers. Ughhhh!

Chorus x3

(Master P talking during chorus)

C-Loc records, keep it real, for all the records, keep it
real Loc the
whole south, to the east, to the west, to the middle,
huh, we gonna keep
it real though, keep it real Loc.

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