

Da Brat F/ Mystikal

"Is It Real"

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Chorus:

Is it fiction, is it fact?

Is it fake or reality?

All I know for sure

Is my mind's still playing tricks on me

Verse 1:

Here I go again, the same old shit

My mind is still playing tricks

Cause today when I left my residence

I heard we had a new black president

And he wasn't no Uncle Tom

Rudy poof stankin' fetch house nigga scum

And white folks wasn't planning to murder him kid

Cause they voted for him just like the blacks did

And this might sound reckless

But I got a loan on a brand new Lexus in Texas

If I'm lying I'm dying, everybody was color blind

Went to church and I gotta admit

Walked in, didn't see one hypocrite

It appeared every single soul was reached

Cause the pastor practiced what he preached

Then I woke up in a cold sweat homie

My mind's still playing tricks on me

Chorus

Verse 2:

I took a cold shower and I got dressed

It's Christmas so I gotta look my best

Everybody going to my dear house

That's my grandmother, and she the boss

As I drove up in my low

I saw cars on both sides of the road

Then I started saying 'what's up' to relatives

That I hadn't seen in years

Walked up to grandma, and gave her a big smack

And she gave me one back

She said "there's plenty of food, Willie

Help yourself when you get into the mood"

I marked on the paper

As my man slammed bones on the domino table
The women played cards
And the children were playing in the front yard
It was getting late so I had to break
But yo, not before I ate
And gave grandma a goodbye kiss, nigga
I reached to hug her, but I couldn't feel her
Fell to the ground and I snapped holmes
Looked up, and saw a bunch of headstones
My grandma's name was on plot 11
Now I remember, she died in '87
It wasn't close to Christmas or Halloween
I was at the cemetary having a daydream
And that's real fucked up, homie
My mind's still playing tricks on me

Chorus

Verse 3:

I used to make big money, drive big cars
Everybody know me, the fool who left the Geto Boys
Thought I could be a bigger nigga by going solo
But my record sales said no no
So did concert promoters and magazines
I went back to eating rice and lima beans
No more fancy restaurants
And I hadn't seen the mall in months
Now why would I leave the group
Just when it's starting to blow up, troop
I got tired of being famous, black
When my motherfucking pockets didn't reflect that
I need help before I go left
Cause I'm starting to second guess myself
I know I can't have a nigga fucking me
But I want to get back with the group, gee
Now if you believe that shit, duke
Your mind's playing tricks on you, too

Chorus

Is it real (5x)

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