

Smilez & Southstar

"The Real World"

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[Verse One: Spice 1]

Survival of the real, my niggas they know the deal
How niggas be creepin up on you like they wanna fill
Ya body with slugs, it aint no love in this game of thugs
Push come to shove it's deeper than dubs in this game
of drugs
Mean mugs cause they high and turnt into habits
Used to be ballin but now they just some dope fiend
addicts
Mad at the world, drunk with the engine revvin'
Broke with a 357 thinkin about a 211
Tryin to put capers on anybody with some paper
Followin niggas around that's rollin in Escalades and
Navigators
Picked the wrong one keep the dough it's goin' down
Found yo self face down foolies all in yo crown
Lettin off rounds, yellin stop but it's on square
Slugs flyin through the air, brains flyin through yo hair
Grabbin on a chair with that dead man's glare
While the Grim Reaper's there thinkin life ain't fair, uhh

[Chorus] - repeat 4X

Survival of the real, my niggas you know the deal
Welcome to the real world, niggas get killed!

[Verse Two: Jayo Felony]

Now came 6 deep and got put 6 feet in the ground
Niggas hungry? Well I'ma keep feedin 'em rounds
I gets medevil up on they ass, desert eagle up on they
ass
No sequels when I pass just a memory from the past
Is what the fuck you gon' be duckin on me
Or just get you shot in the head in the face instead
So stand still and take each slug to ya chest through a
mail lead
Cause we don't fuck around with that return from the
dead
The survival of the realest niggas how long can you
last?
You got 1 minute to pray the next second could be your
ass

In the real world it ain't over 'til it's over
Niggas talkin about a squad, but you still lookin' over
your shoulder
Hold a calico keep a arsenal please beleive it
Ready to clap in case of drama, stayin' heated
I hold a blunt between my fuck you and my trigger
finger
Hit it hard and choke and let the smoke linger

[Chorus] - repeated 4x

[Verse Three: Celly Cel]

The nigga wanna hear some G shit nigga and y'all
should
The most talked about rhymer if it's bad or good
It's all hood, you wanna give me somethin then give me
ya house
Cause you can keep your stank pussy bitch just give me
your mouth
They get excited when we write it, don't bite it nigga
watch me light it
Thugs blind until we talkin bout he won't bite it
Bitch we smoke big drugs with thugs and fuck bitches
on plush rugs
Even though this her nigga house, yea, but this is
drugs
Cuz, so I skeeter it on purpose, man your wife is
worthless
The way she slirp dick the bitch need to be in the circus
Fuck a hoe keep it crackin' I got deadlines to make
Albums and soundtracks I got headlines to make
It's real simple, study the amps with your lazy ass
I'll be in Baghdad somewhere with my crazy ass
Be in cell keep pushin a strong line
We keep theses bitch ass hoes a long time

[Chorus] - repeated 8x

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