

## Steven Gately

### "Real Life in Rap"

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[Intro/Chorus: repeat 2X]

I hate y'all duuuuuuudes

That get real life and rap confuuuuuuused

Don't get it fucked up, and don't get shoooot

Tryin to be somethin you're nooooooot

-- my niggaz want war, whatchu think you good for?

[Joe Budden]

Yeah you talk like them threats is real

A pine box, closed casket and mommy's black dress is real

I only spit what I live, and I play my part, feds know

You just talkin burners cause your A&R said so

Don't play the game like it's just a scrimmage

Don't think that what you hearrin is just a image

How your songs though? You never spent a day in the bing

Niggaz is movin they mouths but they ain't sayin a thing

Half y'all vets is heartless and rep regardless

Only time you seen a courtroom was pressin charges

How you baggin up white, but won't scrap in a fight

Sheeeeit, c'mon mayne, shit ain't addin up right

When shit's thick, whatchu gon' do with that pound

But real recognize real, you must be new in this town

All I'm hearin is another nigga's life over tracks

And you lames ain't willin to lose your life over rap

[Chorus]

[Joe Budden]

Tired of hearin 'bout you rap dudes comin with the guns

Never caught a body, had the smell comin from the trunk

(And umm) I'm tired of hearin 'bout your 4's bust

While I was cuffed on a up North bus

Y'all fucked on a tour bus

All them stories 'bout you gettin money with gangsters

(Guess what?) The shit is pretty funny to gangsters

I'm tired of hearin 'bout that gat in your boot

Cause when it's said and done  
and you finished that rap in the booth, it's back to the  
truth  
And your shit is glass thug (and you) never outside  
Cause youse a in the lab thug (youse a) pen and pad  
thug  
It sounds good, you ain't pushin work in the projects  
But you spittin 'bout it when you work on your project  
Clown answer back, y'all never seen the hammers flash  
Just photo shoots when cameras flash  
All I'm hearin is another nigga's life over tracks  
And you lames ain't willin to lose your life over rap

[Chorus]

[Joe Budden]

In direct beef between rappers, they be all thugs  
See each other in the street and dap, it's all love  
War stories ain't yours about the pounds your man got  
Only time you move bricks is when the SoundScan drop  
You ain't never cooked NOTHIN by that kitchen sink  
And the only time you been behind bars was fixin a  
drink  
You actin a fool, got real life and rap confused  
With them ten o'clock songs, you just rappin the news  
But I ain't mad atcha flow, he tryin to stack his dough  
But everybody's a thug until them ratchets show  
The same dudes that rap about (they get) stuck for all  
the 1's  
And if everybody's a killer, where the fuck is all the  
punks?  
I hope you gettin your loot; just remember  
what you spit in the booth  
There's other people that's livin proof  
Y'all cats with all the mouth, just stay in your lane  
And pray that a real NUCCA don't decide to call you out

[Chorus]

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