

Inspectah Deck f/ Carlton Fisk, Fes Taylor

"Really Real"

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[Intro: Carlton Fisk] Aiyo, INS, yo, these niggas talking real stupid, again Nigga, you know what it is, nigga How you gonna stop the real, nigga? It's impossible Nigga, fuck is wrong with you niggas, is you stupid or something, let's go [Carlton Fisk] Aiyo, go against House Gang and handle the war In the streets we ain't asking who you handling for Wave my hand have you faggot niggas hugging the floor Scarface, shower scene, Angel blood and the chainsaw Shells hit your car, tear your frame off Beef got you covered like the faggot niggas, bodies in steak sauce What you think I brough all these lions and apes for Shotgun pele timey, dumping your face boy Baby, it's a jungle, I got animal taste for Real estate cards, plus keeping my safe full La Banga, Donnie Cash, I'm catching a case for Duct tape your face, then, empty your safe off Soldiers got more than 8 balls, you just a running back Play the front line with handoffs Carlton Fisk, ready for the stand off Five hundred grams, half a man, watch me get that man off [Fes Taylor] Real shit, we tryiing to get a mil quick Son try and block the shots, right after the steel clip Click, go and get your clique, crews, squads, bring 'em through I'm so soulful, flow like a singer do So bitches love me, I live like a swinger too Niggas scared to play in the game, I brought some ringers through Go ahead, say my name, the type to look for drama I snatch your chain, test out your body armor My reputation like Jeffrey Dahmer, I eat niggas You running with rappers, I get money with street niggas I put fire to leech niggas, gasoline homey with cheap liquor Burn unit see the picture C.S.I., S.I., chief retire Rest in peace La, cut 'em like a pizza pie I need paper, cop cars I don't even drive I am not a rapper, nah, I don't even rhyme Just speak true life stories, that's on format So I use these fake ass rappers like they was doormats Taylor put in work, no W-2's So I don't file taxes, I just hustle my way through [Chorus 2X: sample] I'm the real real... I'm the real real... I'm the real real... I'm the real real... [Inspectah Deck] Born with the struggle, used to hustle for crums Filling blunts in the building front, thugging for ones Full clips fly,

nicks, dimes, something to pump Whole clips fly,
whips, dimes, nothing to son City boy on the corner, I
was so involved So the drama, I embraced it with open
arms I'm trying to shake the fame, hoping I can break
the change Everyday the same, who am I to make a
chance When my niggas risk it all just to play the game
And the youngings going through it, trying to play the
same Through the rain, through the fire, handcuffed
by desire Cynthia son, forgive me for the sins that I've
done [Chorus] [Inspectah Deck] Stop the real, really?
You only feel me if you walk the same road Talk the
same code Still dwelling in the hell, and find a time to
make a home The few who escaped with trying to find
a safer zone I ain't waiting for Obama, never doubted
him, I'm proud of him He real, he'll spend a couple mil
in the housing then Seeing is believing, my vision is
blurred Cuz I ain't seen nothing I heard, really nothing
but words The bottom line, I'm still stuck to the curb Sky
high, but it wasn't the sherm, really nothing but herbs I
risk it all for the cause Even if it's war, with the law, I
won't pause I can't, won't, don't stop, I ain't got an off
switch Dying trying to live it, just to get a small part of it
My squad is sick type, that you don't want problems
with Rolling like seventy mack trucks, what's stopping
it? [Chorus 2X] [Outro: Inspectah Deck] You gots to be
kidding my niggas, I worked too hard Fought too long,
I'm standing on my own two

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