

## Jagged Edge F/ Jermaine Dupri, Mr. Black "Everything is Real"

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[Intro]

(Yeah. Yo. What's up, yo?)  
What's up? (You got that shit, right?)  
Yeah. I got it. (Good let's go then.)  
\*police siren\* Ah, fuck!

[Remedy]

Check your mirror, the scene couldn't get no clearer  
Exhaling you with intentions of nailing you  
They heard about canary rap sung through word of  
mouth  
Blow your engine out beyond regional doubt  
The stash house, next crash house  
The thirty six Z's for a brick in the smash house  
Sealing his pump jacks, release the pressure vac'  
Pressed the powder pack, craving gets that  
Cock my hammer back, what the fuck you looking at?  
With your hat turned back, dipped down in black  
These twenty two CI's like you and me, street guys  
The eyes of the yellow man disguised in lies  
They got the okay to make buys, slaughter the flies  
On the rise, planning my demise  
Lucky if you see the next day, never dawned on you  
Sun rise, open up your eyes, yo, they're on to you

[Chorus: Remedy]

Sunlight shines on my steel, everything is real  
What I see, what I feel  
Face the fears, yo, what's the deal?  
We must conceal, take a spin on life's wheel

[Remedy]

I'm on the lane with a package of raw 'cane  
And I'm waiting for a pick-up, carrying like stick-up  
Licking my lips out, fast flips, dips for action  
Cash rules, my only attraction  
My man selling point, v'fer grams off his beeper  
Let it be, come see me, I've got the same shit cheaper  
Check the spot, the whole shit's hot  
It's dead on the block cuz somebody talks a lot  
Yo, forget me not, two kids shot, in Huegenot

Knew the plot, blew the spot, never forgot  
From South Beach to Springville in big body benzes  
Through New Dorp to the landfill and we're making no  
menzes  
Level four vests and zoom lenses  
The bully all high and them Shaolin Island kids profiling  
It take place, no discrimination of race  
What a waste for the spotlight just to get a taste

[Chorus]

[Remedy]

Maybe the kid you're running with's and informant  
He got a fat file with the DA that just lay dormant  
Inditments for quigles, convictions followed appeals  
And dismissals got you thundering, can't help but  
wondering  
The club scene, a hundred books of acid and who's on  
exstasy  
Who sniffs shit and who's right next to me?  
Big John's on a cycle of steroids  
Him and his boys got behind, we've gotta go kill the  
noise  
Put my life in my man's, hitting speed  
On one fifty, one fifty-five, closing in on one sixty  
A pound a month habit, son, I can't stop smoking  
No joking, you never know, I'll probably die choking  
Smoking weed and leaves with Albanian thieves  
Together plotting up schemes that we all believe  
Mad tricks up the sleeve and  
We know when you're coming and leaving  
and we gotta get even  
Sunlight shines on my steel, everything is real  
Pray and kneal, take a spin on life's wheel

[Chorus]

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