

Jagged Edge F/ Jermaine Dupri, Mr. Black

"Everything is Real"

Visit "[Everything is Real](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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
exstacy
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]

Visit [Jagged Edge F/ Jermaine Dupri, Mr. Black](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.