

JF % CP

"Keep it Real"

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[Mr.CHEEKS]

Yo believe I paid the dues man I started in the game
With mans on linden and devane we drinking ghetto
champagne
Slinging rocks and packing glocks on the blocks
It's early in the morning I'm selling tumbs from my
reeboks
Tres nicks and dimes I write rhymes
But the ghetto times they got the cheeks doing crimes
The street life yeah that's the only life I know
Where niggas sling rocks bust shots and push yeahyo
Sit on crates keep their backs against gates
Every man is insane he's got a brain like norman bates
Timberland boots ski hats we pack gats
Carry across town because we tapping niggas hoodrats
But they don't want the fam
See a south side jamaica queen fellas get down man
Listen so what your crew is x-rated
Peoples if you violate you getting violated

(Chorus)

Come on and keep it real; this is saying
that the lost boy and group home fam want it all what
would you do
And if you feel that you're a real soldier from the street
throw your hand in the air we salute you
Bounce it up town bounce it down south
Bounce bounce it up town bounce it down south

I had a messed up childhood the head is mad nappy
I need money in a snap gee kid I'm trying to blow like
papi
Fat cat the street life is where it's at
Peeling caps so yo we got to stay strapped
Terrified cause the crew from the south side is bustin
No question
I keep my hear in braids taliq got dreads
Hangin out in the reds wearing levis and pro-keds
Pouring beer on the curb for the dead
I had to bring drama to some powder head
(Freaky TAH) hey yo cut the music down

Yo half the world thought the album failed in this 94
and its on..
I'm smoking weed in 96' with my peeps
Jetting from the police cause police they'se a bunch of
creeps
I'm testing off the new burners in the park
We sleep during the day and creep when it's dark
I once had to cry when I seen Tyrone die
This black on black crime I cram to understand why
Baby girls having kids in their teens
Young fellows baggy jeans slinging crack to the crack
fiends
That's the type of lifestyle that I lead
With my fams on the corner drinking beers and
smoking weed
Yo believe I been through all the struggles and the pain
I'm ripping out my hairs and I can't get to my brain
I want the gold teeth and chains
I hustle with timberland boots and rainsuits when it
rains.
Fools make your moves pay dues
Give up your cheese you loose my baby boy need
shoes
Stepping to the CHEEKS you made an error
You been to the "house of pain" now welcome to my
yard of terror
What you think I'm some sucka
Word to him I stomp you out with my tim chukkas
Who who you stepping to the lost boy crew
Boy get stomped that ass is through

(Chorus)

See we live the street life
Smoking blunts with the wife stay on point like a
Every day on rockaway is getting hotta
I can't do what a wanna I do what I gotta
Survive I might not be around in 95
See I was taught young to be strong and just strive
So nowadays we packing guns
We racking grimy hills for funds and I stash all my sons
mons
A little man to look after
Taking rap as a joke but I see no laughter
To man Charles Suitte and big tig in Atlanta and Va.....

(Chorus)

