

Karaca Cem

"This Iz Real *"

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* features new second verse

[Shyheim]

Yeah yeah, hah
It don't stop
Sid, Vince, Tyler
Ta'He, Rubbabandz
Killa Kane, Redman
Let's go to war, baby!

[Chorus: Shyheim]

I keep it real, y'all know the deal
Every man for himself, similar to a battlefield
Never wack, its a straight up fact
Or dip down in black once you hear the clat-clat

[Shyheim]

It's be real, ain't no time to cash no butterflies
Pass the St. Ide's, screwface is my disguise
Don't look me in my eyes that aint wise
The first chump that jumps is the first chump that lies
Raw, spell that backward that's war
Lay low scarecrow I'm knockin at your front door
Pointin a pistol to your peekhole, sucker
Warning: my trigga finga gets pushy
Blaow, a single {shot} straight to the headpiece
Decrease the peace and watch the drama increase
See I'm ruthless, pistol whip a clown toothless
Me gettin hit, ludicris
I'm on my P's and my Q's
Try to put your foot in my shoes kid
You gotta pay the diggy-dues
I ain't the one to play Pammy
I leave the head all red like that little orphan Annie
I'm dressed in black like Streets of Harlem
Pat punk's pockets down with no problem
And get away just like an Unsolved Mystery
You don't believe me G, check my pedigree
And you can feel how I deal with the {god} damn steel
This ain't no game, it's real

Chorus 2x

[Shyheim]

Now what? Punk, run and get you guns
and premeditate on murderin me, the Godfather's Son
And I'm from Shaolin, home of the Gotti's
? thugs catch the body's, catch where I be
in the heart of the projects doin foul things
Livin like kings, known for pullin stings
Grimy as ever, roll my mom's when I'm broke
Keep my ? up to par, never had a tec-tote
My record label and the FCC don't like what I'm sayin
So on the radio, you might not hear this joint playin
I got styles like a, prayin mantis
Watch me do damage, pin that {nigga} to the canvas
My dirty broken language is a secret
Shaolin swordstyle, and never do we teach it, so peep it
Wu-Tang Killa Bee on the swarm
Word bond, I wet your block up like a rain storm
You think not, you see red dots on your forehead,
you're Elvis
Messin with these kids from Shaolin, you'll get dealt
with
Like Tip and Poetic, watch me set it with the quickness
Shyheim the good Son comes soon on 12-inches
The one man gang, never need an army
Killuminati got me at my window with a shotti
Like Malcolm, ready to touch anything that moves
Everyday lifestyle be a hustle like Smoothe

Chorus 2x

[Shyheim]

Brown Hornet, uh, Down Low Recka
June Lova, Big L
Gill-Gill, love you kid
Tump, Big Un
P's, Big Grease
Big Red, hold it down baby
Uh, hah
Big Bogey, represent baby
Uh, Little Kane
You my baby boy, represent kid

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