

Kurupt F/ Latoya**"You Ain't Real"**

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(Verse One)

I been bustin rhymes since 84
And motherfuckers got the nerve to ask me to do a
free show
Aint that a Bitch, with a capital B
If I rap it'll be, for pay, here on out, never free
This ain't the day for being fraud
Every fool that gotta tape out in the rap game
be swearin up and down they hard
The most pimpiness, the most mackiness
pushin most keys, hardest nigga, most jackiness
I used to have a lotta partners in the game
Till a struggle came, and just like a women, it make a
man change
You need to quit being fake and illegite
Don't be asking me how many tapes I sold if you ain't
buy my shit
Steppin to K-Rino, lips in a straight pucker
Little sweet potato pie ass motherfuckers
The game you runnin boy gon' get you straight killed or
hurt
Tryna cap, when you know we both broke as dirt

(Hook)

Cuz you ain't real, motherfucker, you ain't real
Poppin all that weak shit, thinking you got skill
You ain't real, motherfucker, you ain't real
Claiming you the man when you out there in the field

(Verse Two)

I ain't no gangsta, but sometimes I fuck around wit 'em
But every homeboy that I roll wit', they know that I'll get
down wit 'em
I spit my trash going deep from the past flowin
I'm tired of girls walkin around wit they ass showin
The cash growin, gettin dollars shoved up your crack
Half them fools getta dance and snatch they paper
back
Next day she waitin, for the bus, on the cut, check it
17 years old, dancing at there butt naked
Disrespected, unprotected, think you built to last

Same crusty little panties on your filthy ass
Talkin bout you own a good man, you lyin now
At the motherfuckin flea market buying hair
Getting ready to hit the club at 12 'o clock mid
Callin around tryna find somebody to keep your kids
Gotta ??nuttin?? on the way, still smokin blunts
Pregnant than a motherfucker, in the club at seven
months

(Hook)

Cuz you ain't real, lil mama, you ain't real
Hoppin your ass in every car that pass, you better chill
You ain't real, you ain't real, lil mama, you ain't real
Fake eyes, fake hair, fake nails, fake grill

(Verse Three)

I used to tell my little homeboy, "don't run wit' them
fools
Aint nuthin but murder in them streets, why don't you
done go to school"
Broke down all the drama that they gave K-Rino
How they show my album cover on that cop killin show
How ourself, and the government, keep holdin us back
How them punk ass, perpetratin hoes invented that
crack
How a black man a sell is soul once he get rich
How he fuck over a women and then call her a bitch
North side against the south side, leave it alone
Killin eachother over land that we don't even own
Understand that's the plan, I'm tired of sayin that shit
I'm smokin this, i'm smokin that, why the radio playin
that shit
I try to do right, but tonight, I might as well blast
Let the preacher give the sermon while he sang for yo
ass
And when I click, on these haters, all the laughin gonna
stop
Pop pop, pop pop pop, till the whole world drop, cuz you
ain't real

(Hook)

You ain't real, motherfucker, you ain't real
Tryna buy some Jordans wit a 20 dollar bill (you ain't
real)
You ain't real, motherfucker, you ain't real
Claiming you my homeboy, but trick, I know the deal
(you aint real)

