

Layzie Bone & Bizzy Bone f/ Krayzie Bone, Treach

"Real Life"

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[Layzie] Bone Thug Nature, Naughty By Harmony..
yeah!

[Treach] Forgive them father for they know not what
they doin

[Layzie] Treach in the motherfuckin house

[Bizzy] It's time to hit 'em with the real shit

[Layzie] Like Mo' Thug

[Treach] We say we gonna get our money, Bone Bone
Bone Bone

[Chorus One: Bizzy, Layzie]

We been wheelin and dealin all our lives

Money gon' make me crazy, Jesus Christ

I see the light through Little Layzie's eyes, hope he can
see 'em in mine

This money gon' make me crazy, this money gon'
make me crazy baby

(Hard time hustlin)

We been wheelin and dealin all our lives

Money gon' make me crazy, Jesus Christ

I see the light in Little Bizzy's eyes, hope he can see
'em in mine

Money gon' make me crazy, money gon' make me
crazy baby (hard time hustlin)

[Layzie Bone]

Woke up this mornin with my eyes wide

Feelin the pressure of livin today, now why should I try?

I'm tired of feelin this pain, game gon' recognize game

And any nigga that really ain't feelin me

is the epitome of what I be doin, these niggaz is
slippery

If it's the history let it repeat itself

Treat yo'self, don't cheat yo'self

To a life live long, watch yo' health

Better yo'self and take care of yo'self

Tell 'em to suck on these nuts

Money don't grow on trees, what

Killas will stop and squeeze, bust

Funny how shit don't ease up

Strapped with the heat, live in the streets
I gotta go get it whatever we need
My wife and my seeds dependin on me
I'm tryin to be, the best I can be
Talk about life, I won't get it twice
Makin this money for me and my wife
Niggaz is wantin to shut me down
What about the kids, the kids, the kids is straight
Watch out my nigga we dominate
Make it to where you can't concentrate
Releasin it through when we bomb on hate
Real life comin at ya, real life shit can happen
Real life talkin to ya - now holla at me!

[Chorus Two: Bizzy, Layzie]

We been wheelin and dealin all our lives
Money gon' make me crazy, Jesus Christ
I see the light through Little Layzie's eyes, hope he can
see 'em in mine
This money gon' make me crazy, this money gon'
make me crazy baby
(Hard time hustlin)

We been wheelin and dealin all our lives
Money gon' make me crazy, Jesus Christ
I see the light in Trigga Treach's eyes, hope he can see
'em in mine
Money gon' make me crazy, money gon' make me
crazy baby (hard time hustlin)

[Treach]

Twenty to twenty to bottles of bottles of beer on the
beer on the wall
A twenty to twenty to twenty to bottles of bottles of -
beer
And if the one of the one of the dollars a dollars
happen to happen to fall
It'll be a click-plow click-plow, hunana, BRICK-BRACK to
alla y'all
I got my chrome, protect my dome, plus my mask and
my mic
I got my own version called the "Ghetto Passion of
Christ"
Niggaz feel theyself too much, can't smell the shit that
you're in
I wanna save all the chil'ren but I'm pissed like urine
Whether it's telegraphic, tell a spy, tell a lie
Tell the feds the revolution this time will be televised
I keep it funky, fuck ya hustler wit a musty hustler
That's why my O.G.'s we be hangin out like rusty
mothers

Don-dotta-dolla, found a ground and not a nine-to-fiver
I love you who don't want no more of that baby mama
drama
Haters call me, I hated all who try me, yeah!
Whether you're bald or you're braided
Parts them hustlas can NEVER fade it, c'mon

[Chorus Two]

[Krayzie Bone]

This life I'm livin got me ill, it's livin like every day
I'm spendin my time preventin my mind from flippin
and goin insane
And now that we comin up in these last days
We're livin the fast lane, it's only contributin to my bad
ways
This ain't even my life, cause I was supposed to be livin
forever
Right here in the flesh and not up in heaven
cause I know God gon' make it better
We runnin around chasin this paper like that's gon'
save us
We so caught up in tryin to get famous, it's a shame
but, can you blame us?
Cause, takin in all of these hard times keep on blindin
all mine
Why we don't wanna be like God, but shoot for the
stars in the sky
Nigga determined to get rich, I'm afraid gon' lose they
blessings
So the question is - you wanna stay alive, or try to be
wealthy?
But nah

[Bizzy Bone]

What is you talkin about?
Look at these motherfuckers in the streets, walkin
around
Assed out, scared of the winter in another abandoned
house
They don't know nothin 'bout random outs, see 'em my
pitiful hand's out
Baby girl was ran down, harmony harmony stand down
Sound off, Bone takin the Beverly Hills and round off
Ante up, rubber bands, quicker than you can get an
ounce off
Uh, back to the real world where the murderin happens
It's touchin everybody, includin the news and the
rappin
Why would I babble and wouldn't nobody blastin
Everybody would only be spittin out metaphors put it on

Jesse Jackson
And you can just ask him
The rappin is real and you can't turn me down like that,
I'm still your child
(Put it on) 'Pac too, I got as much 'Pac in me as you got
in you
Give 'em the game, break it down, y'all better read the
Bible cause
Y'all better know who wrote the scriptures, y'all better
protect your souls
Now the Bone is finally focused, pay attention to real
talkin
7th Sign, Mo Thug, Thugline, still shinin on 'em

[Chorus One] - repeat 2X

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