

## **Lil' Romeo F/ Lil' Zane**

### **"Real Shit"**

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Yeah

It's the paragraph ambassador

The wild style fashioner

It's the god Rakim, the master

Feel this

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(1st verse)

This is that lost ass track off-the-rack kind of a track

You forced to rap, remember that? It's that

You know where I'm at, there go the gat

Pass me a bat, the kill-or-be-killed kind of attack

Steamin' \_\_\_, speedin' navigatin' the map

Negotiating with a chick, she got her head on your lap,

ya hand on your gat

Premeditated plan of attack, with two of your most  
deadliest mens in the back

Comb the block, stop in the zone that's hot

Get out like you own the spot, home or not

It's that no mood to play, move out the my way

Yo, I been whistlin' this tune from throughout the day

Hey, yo, this is that ol' y'all niggas don't wanna battle

Turn it up loud make the whole block rattle

Boom boom- this one is gettin' blazin' hot

Boom boom- make you bust another shot from the

Glock

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(Chorus)

From the streets below to everything above

To the heart that pumps Ra-kim Allah's blood

I swear I kick a hole in your speaker and pull the plug

You emcee's is playing tug-a-war with your tongues

From the streets beneath my feet to the sun

I'm number one and competition is still none

And I'm gonna keep kicking holes in your speakers and  
pullin' plugs

You emcee's is playing tug-a-war with your tongues

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(2nd verse)

Here we come now

Turntable spin like a merry-go-round

Never slow down, depending on how good your stereo

sounds

Set it, up in the hood where we go surround  
Tearin' through towns, turn 'em into burial grounds  
This is the track that made Theodore wanna scratch  
The track that caused the first kid to spin on his back  
And then we saw, kids spray-painting the wall  
While some of y'all was waitin' for war breakin' the law  
It's no antidote it's what you can't provoke  
So just relax with your girls or your mans and smoke  
And take a real hit, soon as it bang you feel quick  
It's real thick, this is that ol' real shit  
This is the description of designs for you to listen to  
Reminisce the times and nothin' in particular  
Keep you goin' just like a whole pot of coffee  
Have you and your shorty doin' 80 in a 40

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(Chorus)

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(3rd verse)

You know what this is  
Yeah kid, give up your riches  
Vicious, visions is not for motion pictures  
Unstoppable, rollin' witcha sickest clique of niggas  
Or witcha missus, gettin tropical kisses  
Makin' faces, anticipatin' places her tongue hits  
Suck her neck or just peck, better to funk it  
The EP is in effect from dusk to sunset  
She want a rim shot all over her drum set  
Jump the bed rubbin' your head- it's rough sex  
50 ways to keep a love wet  
Down and up the steps with crazy positions left till she  
upset

"Damn, baby, you ain't come yet?"

Hell, no- doomstick big as a elbow

Gel soft, well blow, give him a minute, he'll grow

And all you gotta do is play the track again

I'm ready and revived, baby, back again

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(Chorus)

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[Canibus]

Yo!

Check it, Yo!

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I'm faster than leopards running across the vast desert  
in twenty-two yards per second to catch me to daily  
delicatessen

It takes me thirty minutes to eat'em, forty minutes to  
digest'em,

and fifty minutes for it to pass through my intestines

So ask yourself a question?(What question?)

Can the Canibus rhyme?

Is a fuckin porcupine half swine?

No time to make up your mind, you wanna run or die?

Clip you while you're running by, trip you up from  
behind

My rhymes, confuse niggas

Like somebody try to gang-bang

Wearin' a blue shirt and red pants, throwin' up signs  
with there left hand

Standin' out on the corner of wetlands with a  
confederate flag for a headband

God dam eggplants, niggas getting' me vexed man

Cause I'm surrounded by garbage like Fred Sav

And I can't seem to get away from it

I dreamed that I stabbed leviathan through the  
stomach, and ate from it

In my past life I slayed hundreds, and in the life before  
that

I played trumpets, to warn you that I was comin'

There's one billion ways to die, and I already tried  
nine-hundred million nine hundred and ninety nine

When I aim and fire my rhymes, like a hundred cannon  
balls flying

Striking you one at a time, in a parallel line

While the art of emceeing is steady dieing

Canibus and Rakim Allah is still in there prime!

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(Chorus)

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