

**Marc Anthony F/ Jennifer Lopez****"On Da Real"**

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[ VERSE 1: Big Mike ]

On the real, baby, I ain't got no ends  
Yeah, I got a record out, but I ain't got no Benz  
You ought to be glad that I'm givin yo ass somethin  
Cause it's some niggas out there that ain't givin up  
nothin  
Then he got a baby, but the nigga don't take care of it  
Anything I make, my baby always gets a share of it  
Yeah, a young nigga tryin to make it  
And it's gettin harder when you're always on my back  
tryin to take it  
And it ain't even gotta be like that  
Gettin at me like that ain't gon' get your fuckin pockets  
fat  
Used to have some love for you, but now you're just a  
selfish bitch  
Takin all my money, spendin it on your self and shit  
Or that nigga that you stayin with, layin with  
But on the real, I ain't that nigga you should be playin  
with  
Cause when I'm dead  
Ain't nobody gonna take care of another man's kids, he  
might, shit  
Nine times out of ten they don't  
Nine times out of ten them muthafuckas won't  
So baby, pump, pump yo brakes and put a end to all  
them hoe games  
Cause hoe games equals no game

[ CHORUS: female background singer ]

Comin (comin)  
Comin (comin)  
Comin on the real  
(Comin on the real)

[ VERSE 2: Big Mike ]

What's up, young fool, I see that you're anxious  
To jack a nigga like me cause you ain't got no patience  
Think I'm rollin Daytons or maybe even Elbows  
The only way I roll em if I catch em on sale, bro  
Huh, I'm like you, tryin to get my hustle on

Ain't got time for no muthafuckin scuffle, homes  
I'm sellin records, and you be sellin crack  
I got fans, you got the police on your back  
But I don't knock you, cause I used to do the same  
So don't knock me cause I'm in a different game  
See, it's still about comin up  
Still about puttin niggas on they ass if they be runnin up  
Different game, same attitude  
Everybody wanna take shots at the badder dude  
But it don't matter, dude, on how you feel  
Cause I still kick back and make a mill  
And that's on the real

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3: Big Mike ]

Shake em up and let the dice roll  
I bagged dough two times and left a nigga twicfold  
Fight sole on the peeweess  
Be makin em raise up when I hit seven easy  
See me makin muthafuckas break theyself  
To the point where they wanna shake the dice theyself  
Fool, what you think this is?  
I'm 22 and I been tryin to stack bank for years  
Huh, and in my dreams I seen  
That life ain't all about makin money and havin yo face  
on the scene  
It's about bein comfortable, takin care of yours  
And that's what I'm strivin for  
And with God on my side  
Ain't none of that hard to find  
And that's on the real

[ CHORUS ]

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