

## Mathematics f/ Poppa Don

### "Real Talk"

Visit "[Real Talk](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: Poppa Don]

Ok, I'm sayin' man

They sayin', Pop, man, they

They sayin' that you singin' too much, man

They sayin' man, that, you know

They don't think you got the rapping skill no more

Man, you can't hold it down on the streets

Man, you too much, focused on the ladies

Nah, God, I've been rappin', I just took a little break,  
man

You know, everybody's rappin' now, knowwhatimsayin'

I'm mean, damn, huh?

[Poppa Don]

You got a lotta rappers, but how many rappers is ill

How many rappers you know in platinum and touched  
the mill

How many rappers you know that's nice, without a deal

How many rappers pumpin' the things, that I can't feel

How many rappers up in that Source, with 5 mics

How many rappers you know that's rhymin', sound a  
like

How many rappes is kickin' rhymes, they didn't write

Talkin' that thug shit, and really can't fight

How many rappers that wanna step to me, and get ate  
up

Many rappers I done battled, made 'em all shut up

Ooh, I'm not the best, I'm one of the best

Get it off your chest, don't hold your breathe

I'mma be that nigga, to show niggaz in hip hop

Who's hot and whose not, and one of the best is Pac

Ooh, I'm not the best, I'm on the best

[Interlude: Poppa Don]

And they sayin' that... you ain't ill, nigga

I can't see that, what you did to me, man

That shit got me fucked up, knowwhatimsayin'?

I'm like, shit, this nigga's the hottest nigga in the  
game, right now

I'm the man

[Poppa Don]

You got a lot rappers, then you get out the game quick  
Talkin' that same shit, that lame shit, like  
We give a fuck about your chains, and your whips  
And your rollie, and how icey your shit is  
Nigga, talk about that, pain that it really is  
That's for my niggaz locked up, my thugs on the block  
With the glocks up, wanna hear  
That shit you talkin', was played out last year  
You fuckin' clown, cuz of you  
Nigga that don't even rhyme, wanna rhyme now  
Get in the game and twist it around  
See what you did, I should kill you on th strength of Pac  
and Big  
Cuz them niggaz loved and lived and died for this shit  
Hear you come, playin' with this, talkin' how you been  
rich  
You was never poor, never been through a struggle  
But never seen no bars, quit screamin' you're hardcore  
Or star like bar, somebody gon' fuck around and call  
your bluff  
Allow the gat, and me like "nigga what"

[Outro: Poppa Don]

You gon' be like... yo yo, hold up man  
All I'm sayin' is, I was just gettin' jigged  
Spittin' out blood, knowwhatimean  
Man talkin' about, this nigga don't spit  
What the fuck is wrong with you? What the fuck  
He speakin' a different fuckin' language?  
These niggaz is not listenin' man, pay attention  
What the fuck, and ooh, and ohh  
Oh shout out to my nigga 50  
For hollerin' at your boy, yeah  
That oooh... haha, yeah, real talk, nigga

Visit [Mathematics f/ Poppa Don](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.