

## **Matt Damon, Jude Law, Fiorello And The Guy Barker**

### **"Real Nigga Blues"**

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Damn, its hard being a real nigga  
Clutching on steal triggers  
Pouring kool-aid on hilfigers  
For niggaz I cut for  
Pull a hoe out my truck for  
Take a bullet to my gut for  
Shoot up your cuz for  
And nigga you askin' me what for?  
'cuz this check I wrote until death won't bounce  
'cuz to quit is to care and excuses don't count

Yeah, the real nigga blues

Short sticks and long brooms  
Two feet planted whether it be the tomb or the  
courtroom  
Bullet wounds in my flesh  
Powder burns I digest  
On the front line I press  
Until in peace I may rest  
For battles I can't win  
With stripes I must defend  
Done been to the pen, behind friends  
And I still can't turn my flags in  
When you break weak I got to stand strong  
I strive to go hard while you strive to go home  
These checks I write are required day and night  
For better or worse, ups and downs  
Or just plain old fist fights  
Packin' all the weight  
Puttin' in work from birth  
Running myself in the dirt  
And you askin' me why my back hurt?  
Even when your dad tried to give me some fish  
I eighty-sixed that shit  
Pulled your coat but you was scared to dismiss that  
bitch  
But I guess you got to be one of me or walk in my shoes  
Or drink from the cup that I drink to feel my blues

Yeah, the real nigga blues

I can't bend, brake, front, fraud, fold or get hacked  
Its like I'm married to this game and my team loses if I  
get sacked  
Turning down licks on niggaz I know ain't got no heart  
Arguing with my baby momma because shes convinces  
you'z a mark  
My word is my bond, my life is my son  
My duece is my gun, and my fear is to have none  
'cuz I refuse to run  
And for my honor I'd die, and for my mother I'd lie  
My heart done got hard  
I still show regards, call out to the Lord  
But it seems like I can't cry  
So when bullets fly...  
Yeah, its my fault  
Locked in with no way out  
Fuck some clout, this is what I'm about  
Even if I am the only one to get caught  
It ain't in me to back down  
Thats like laying my gat down  
Nigga I ride for the cause, and I hide from the laws  
And I ain't scared to get ragged on  
And for my crown... yeah  
Caps gonn peal  
I ain't no threat, nigga but I will kill  
And to all my partners up under them hills  
Y'all know how it feels and thats real

Yeah, dig these blues  
The real nigga blues

Dig this  
My partners hit a lick for two and a half bricks  
And since I'm the cornerstone of the clique  
They came to me when the shit got thick  
I took in all their evidence and made it mine  
Not realizing that while they were ballin'  
I'd be doing time  
All they had to do was push the witness out of  
existence  
And I would've walked because the case was  
inconsistent  
But insted they got caught up in the joys  
Of the fruit from the hussle  
Said fuck me, let the witness live  
And I got twenty five years  
All 'cuz I kept it real  
A mark would've squeeled  
But insted I chilled, put it on the pill  
But got ?chofferred in? a deal

See I respect the code of the streets  
The code of the ?jeeks?  
But when they gave it to me they said 'Fuck the police'  
We'll never help these hoes solve a case  
Now tears in my sons face  
Because his daddy is out of place  
With no trace of my peers  
Missing my little nigga younger years  
All because I kept it real  
Regrets?  
Sometimes have some  
I'ma walk when me time come  
It wasnt my prints on the gun  
In yo' eyes, you'z a real nigga  
So what you would've done?  
Stand strong?  
I'm not surprised  
I was in the county camoflauging my cries  
Squabbling niggaz twice my size  
For mistaking tears for fears in my eyes  
But I ain't ask to be real  
I was born like this  
Sacrificing my fo' sho's for your maybes  
Got me scorned like this  
Tattered and torn like this  
But my roots won't pluck  
I'm the only reason your tooth won't buck  
But is my authenticity worth the price I be paying?  
All the shit I've been through  
Nigga, do it look like I'm playing?  
I'ma be down 'til I get laid down  
All the ex-real niggaz would've still be real  
Only if they would've stayed down  
But these my blues  
I just spread the news to who I choose  
A tale of a real nigga  
Can you dig his blues?

Yeah, the real nigga blues  
And all I got are my balls and my word  
Yeah, my balls and my word

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