

Real as It Gets (feat. Young Jeezy)

JAY-Z

Yeah, see it's that
It's that Blueprint 3 shit right here
It's that TM 103 shit right here
You ready? You ready Hov'? Let's go! (Hands up!) Allow me to re-introduce myself
At the same time re-introduce my wealth
At the same time rejuvenate the game
It's for my ol'dawg niggas that's used to 'caine Not what B-dawg said, I respect the game
GD's, vice lords, crips the same
And I know you're 'bout to say this off the chain
Tell 'em fake trappin' ass niggas stay out my lane See I ain't dead or in jail, I can't complain
And when these fake niggas gone, I shall remain
And if you just tunin' in, let me explain
You know I keep that 47 who??
These niggas way too far, I played the game
And if you listen hard enough I say some things
And when that sack got low, I shave them things
And put 'em right back together, I made them things Put your sacks in the air if you represent
your click
Money in the air if you ever hear the lick, baby
Put your hands in the air, if you know that you that bitch
Say you looking for the real, hey well this is real as it gets Hey! Hey! Ohh! Ohh! This is real as
it gets Hey! Hey! Ohh! Ohh! This is real as it gets Wassup, wassup I got it Jeezy Now where the
south side at, wassup, wassup
Where the west coast at, put your W's up
Where my east coast niggas that hustle to live
And all my niggas up north that's doin' it big
Oh yeah I'm rare, I'm aware that I'm rare
I rap and I'm real, I'm one of the few here
These other boys lyin', I wonder if y'all care
They stories out this world, I wonder if y'all hear But don't really matter as long as they stay
clear
Clear of the real shit we doin' over here
When my nigga get home, I'm gonna send him a Lear
For all the time he been down, get him right up in the air With a couple of broads get him right
up in the air
Mile high club get him right up in there
Send my nigga some gear like he never missed a year
By the time you hear this song, he'll be standing right here Real nigga shit there! Put your sacks
in the air if you represent your click
Money in the air if you ever hear the lick, baby
Put your hands in the air, if you know that you that bitch
Say you looking for the real, hey well this is real as it gets Hey! Hey! Ohh! Ohh! This is real as

it getsHey! Hey! Ohh! Ohh! This is real as it getsA hundred million to the good and I'm still
talkin' yayo
At a snails pace I won this race that y'all trail
Uh, uh, Blueprint's for sale
Followin' my footprints you can't failSet sail, I used to duck shots but now I eat quail
I'll probably never see jail
Each tale contains more of the truth
Of the statue allows me to go into detailUh, close your eyes you can smell
Hov's the audio equivalent of braille
That's why they feel me in the favelas in Brazil
And water-house 'cause real recognize realRrraaahhh!You know me, I don't need no
introductions
Call me make a lil' somethin' out of nothin'
Anywhere you go, we're the topic of discussion
Damn, that's gotta be disgustin'Err, shit make me wanna throw up
It's big boy music, it should make me wanna grow up
Flows like selvage, it just make me wanna pour up
And is it just me or this makes you wanna roll upA big fat one, then unpack one
Then unwrap one, peel back one
They use to call me Jizzle when they stamp in the middle
And you can tell the color when it's damp in the middleWassup!Put your sacks in the air if you
represent your click
Money in the air if you ever hear the lick, baby
Put your hands in the air, if you know that you that bitch
Say you looking for the real, hey well this is real as it getsHey! Hey! Ohh! Ohh! This is real as
it getsHey! Hey! Ohh! Ohh! This is real as it gets

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