

That's Real (feat. Beanie Sigel)

AZ

I holds it down for the convicts that live in a box
And them little grimy niggaz that live in them spots
Venimous plots, real nine [?] glocks
Spin with the drop
Hammer cocks, sent you a shot
Brooklyn motha fucka, we blend with the blocks
Live niggaz, type to spend 10 on a watch
Face lift it
Hit it straight nuttin' to taste wit it
Fuck shots
Cop bottles, whole case wit it
Street war
Niggaz don't beef no more
See the kill for real or don't eat no more
Sleep no more
Hollow tips'll eat you raw
Straight through the right cheek of your jaw (blaow)
Lets get it on
With the guns drawn
Ride or die
No whats wrong
Gettin' shitted on
My reply
Cut you up with some shit that'll tear your soul
Wrap up if you feel the cold
That's real
My' spit from my block men
Everyday ya upstate gettin' boxed in
Stick a (marriage?) through the gate when they locked in
You can hear 'em when they break when they boxed in
That's real
My spit from my street men
All day, smuggle yay pull ya Jeep's in
Never play where you lay we ain't sleepin'
Spot clean, FED's dumb let 'em creep in
That's real
I break laws when I want to
Jaws when I want to
Everybody, get them on the floor when I come through
Know the rules not to move when I come to jam you
Two hammers
One in my hand one in the tan room

The General

I could care less if there's ten of you
I'm built for stress
Do what few men can do
Send a few into you
Injured you, you injured two
Mack 11 ya hit your Chevy
Sent it off in his inertubes
Mack pop the pistol well
Cop fish scales
Used to pop a pistol quick
Cock that [?] shit
Gun still on the missile tip
Hit that main tissue shit
Kidney, lungs, heart, spleen, brain tissue shit
I hit you niggaz where it hurt at
Where you little niggaz they dirt at
Where they pump they work at
Recognize when the motha fuckin' truth in here
Beanie Sieg hottest thing in the booth this year
That's real My spit from my block men
Everyday ya upstate gettin' boxed in
Stick a (marriage) [?] through the gate when they locked in
You can hear 'em when they break when they boxed in
That's real
My spit from my street men
All day, smuggle yay pull ya Jeep's in
Never play where you lay we ain't sleepin'
Spot clean, FED's dumb let 'em creep in
That's real Ya little mind and the things that it conjure up
Even worse when you Henney'd and Ganja'd up
Could see it now
Feet duck taped, arms in cuffs
Your conscience fucked
Pissey be on your bluff I roll with niggaz that'll clap you up
Get locked and wait for you to get knocked and whack you up
Stick a motha fuckin' sword in ya
Make everybody on the block see the motha fuckin' broad in ya Arm the [?]
Niggaz need to bomb wit us
Dawn wit us
Bust of they chronic wit us
Quiet Money, Roc-A-Fella nigga arm your pups
Play the game before your palms get touched (nigga) I (spiffin?) niggas doin' a long time
All day, could see new spades and keep a blade on a phone line
Keep the guards payed so they got they own line
Hustle on the block still make they own wine
That's real My spit from my block men
Everyday ya upstate gettin' boxed in
Stick a (marriage?) through the gate when they locked in

You can hear 'em when they break when they boxed in
Tha'ts real
My spit from my street men
All day, smuggle yay pull ya Jeep's in
Never play where you lay we ain't sleepin'
Spot clean, FED's dumb let 'em creep in
That's real

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