

# Real Life In Rap

## Joe Budden

I hate y'all, dudes  
That get real life and rap confused  
Don't get it fucked up and don't get shot  
Tryin' to be somethin' you're not  
My niggaz want war, whatchu think you good for?  
I hate y'all, dudes  
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My niggaz want war, whatchu think you good for?  
Yea, you talk like them threats is real  
A pine box, closed casket and mommy's black dress is real  
I only spit what I live and I play my part, feds know  
You just talkin' burners 'cause your A and R said so  
Don't play the game like it's just a scrimmage  
Don't think that what you hearin' is just a image  
How your songs though? You never spent a day in the bing  
Niggaz is movin' they mouths but they ain't sayin' a thing  
Half y'all vets is heartless and rep regardless  
Only time you seen a courtroom was pressin' charges  
How you baggin' up white, but won't scrap in a fight?  
Shit, c'mon man, shit ain't addin' up right  
When shit's thick, whatchu gon' do with that pound  
But real recognize real, you must be new in this town  
All I'm hearin' is another nigga's life over tracks  
And you, lames ain't willin' to lose your life over rap  
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My niggaz want war, whatchu think you good for? Tired of hearin' 'bout you, rap dudes comin'  
with the guns  
Never caught a body, had the smell comin' from the trunk  
And I'm tired of hearin' 'bout your four's bust  
While I was cuffed on a up north bus  
Y'all fucked on a tour bus  
All them stories 'bout you gettin' money with gangsters

Guess what? The shit is pretty funny to gangsters  
 I'm tired of hearin' 'bout that gat in your boot  
 'Cause when it's said and done  
 And you finished that rap in the booth, it's back to the truth  
 And your shit is glass thug and you never outside  
 'Cause youse a in the lab thug, youse a pen and pad thug  
 It sounds good, you ain't pushin' work in the projects  
 But you spittin' 'bout it when you work on your project  
 Clown answer back, y'all never seen the hammers flash  
 Just photo shoots when cameras flash  
 All I'm hearin' is another nigga's life over tracks  
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 My niggaz want war, whatchu think you good for? In direct beef between rappers, they be all  
 thugs  
 See each other in the street and dap, it's all love  
 War stories ain't yours, about the pounds your man got  
 Only time you move bricks is when the soundscan drop  
 You ain't never cooked nothin' by that kitchen sink  
 And the only time you been behind bars, was fixin' a drink  
 You actin' a fool, got real life and rap confused  
 With them ten o'clock songs, you just rappin' the news  
 But I ain't mad atcha flow, he tryin to stack his dough  
 But everybody's a thug until them ratchets show  
 The same dudes that rap about it get stuck for all the one's  
 And if everybody's a killer, where the fuck is all the punks?  
 I hope you gettin' your loot, just remember  
 What you spit in the booth  
 There's other people that's livin' proof  
 Y'all cats with all the mouth, just stay in your lane  
 And pray that a real nucca don't decide to call you out I hate y'all, dudes  
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