

I'm Real, What Are You? (Featuring Juelz Santana)

Paul Wall & Juelz Santana

Big City Terrorizer, say it, say it now. Hello World, Sup everybody, I'm speaking to all the ppl out there.

There comes a time to where, you have to know, who you are,
(Dipset, Skoal game)

And what you are, to overcome things
Oh and by the way, My name is K-L C
The drum ma, ya heard me?

But this not about me, This is about the PPI's Champ
From Houston Texas, My Partner, Paul Wall,
Tell em who you are! [Chorus]

I'm a real motherfucker what are you? (what are you)
I'm a real motherfucker what are you? (what are you)
I'm gettin' money stayin' true, chasin' paper what it do,
I'm a real motherfucker what are you? (what are you)
I'm a real motherfucker what are you? (what are you)
I'm a real motherfucker what are you? (what are you)
I'm gettin' money stayin' true, chasin' paper what it do,

I'm a real motherfucker what are you? (what are you) I'm grindin' like a rotor, and I'm postin' like a sticky note

Stackin' up that paper, pockets fatter than a dukie rope,
Boys lookin' sick, But that docta got that antidote,

Hatin' cause they broke suckers, fake as a 30 spoke. I'm watchin the stock quotes, I'm real as a pac,

But these clowns be actin' funny, like a knock knock joke,
They cramp on my style, cause I got money and power,

My paper long as the nile, so how them hatas like me now? Them bustas on the prow so I'm ten tokes down,

I'm puttin' all y'all to sleep so put on your night gown,
Some tattoos and a ice grill don't make you real,
These cats be actin' frauder than a 4 dollar bill. [Chorus]

I'm a gun holdin', blunt smokin', paper chasin', ladie banger,
Fly boy somethin' like a aviator, ha yeah,

I'm you girls super hero, her caped crusader,

So go head and hate me cause I hate a hater. It take money to make money I said,
So you gotta have dough to make bread where I'm From,

I ain't chew get it, I stay true with it,

Barbed wire flow, don't get tangled in it, Real nigga yes, all about the hustle,
Till I get that call from god sayin, "I want you"

I been trough it, I past struggle, thats right,

Every day I in the street trying to complete a mad puzzle White coupe, pedal mashed down,

Seats soft like I sat on hash brownies,
I get money, don't ask me, ask 'round,
Big money like I work downtown.[Chorus]I'm one hundred, but them other boys frontin',
They just sideline commentating, we call it dumb fuckin',
They sweet as apple pie, as they spreadin' them lies,
They smile up in your face but so quick to jump FYou swear they so cool, but they turn like
doorknobs,
They say they hardcore, but they friendlier than spongebob,
I'm tryin' to stay afloat, stayin' up on my note,
So that Highness is what I tote, affordin' the overcoat.I roll with a platoon that'll put you in your
tomb,
And then mark up your body like Mr. Cartoon,
Its real in these streets when you chasin' that guap,
Cause that hatin' around the clock, will it ever stop,
Probably not.[Chorus]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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