

# Real (feat. Sarah Green)

## Lupe Fiasco

Uhh, Food & Liquor  
Yeah, my man said he wanted somethin real.  
real. real. real. real  
Somethin he could recognize, somethin he could feel.  
feel. feel. feel. feel  
Baby girl said she was in the mood for somethin real.  
real. real. real. real  
Somethin that could make her move  
Somethin she could feel. feel. feel. feel Lust... sometimes can override trust  
She said that's why she gave it up  
My man said blood spilled out of everything he touched  
He crushed everything he crushed  
Ruined everything he loved, he just wanted to rush  
Blamed it on the times bein' rough  
Doin dirt, with the devil, chasin' after the dust  
Make a fuss, if it's them, but we hush, if it's us  
That's why, my mama said she wanted somethin real.  
real. real. real. real  
Somethin she could be proud of, somethin she could FEEL.  
feel. feel. feel. feel  
She said they so used to not havin nuttin real.  
real. real. real. real  
That they don't know how to act  
They don't know how to feel. feel. feel. feel Life... ain't meant to come around twice  
Yeah, that's why I gotta get it right  
They said I got it honest now I gotta give it LIFE  
But sleep on it, that's why God give you night  
I mean, I had a dream that, God gave me FLIGHT  
Too fly for my own good so, God gave me plight  
If I wake up in the mornin now I gotta give 'em SIGHT  
Make 'em see, break 'em free, ain't a G, sho' you right  
The game is not to give 'em nuttin REAL.  
real. real. real. real  
Nothin they could use, nuttin that they could FEEL.  
feel. feel. feel. feel  
Give 'em a bunch of lies and teach 'em that it's REAL.  
real. real. real. real  
So that's all that they a-know  
That's all that they a-feel. feel. feel. feel Struggle... yeah yeah, another sign that God love you  
Cause on the low, bein po', make you humble  
Keep they names in my rhymes to try and keep them out of trouble  
Cause bein po', also teach you how to hustle

All they want is some shoes or some rims for they bubble  
Now that I got my own, I can hit them with a couple  
Couple, my homies so they ain't got no reason to cuff you  
That's my plan, if I can, on the man, up above you That's why, I gotta give 'em somethin REAL.  
real. real. real. real  
Somethin they could recognize, somethin they could FEEL.  
feel. feel. feel. feel  
To my homies on the block I gotta give 'em somethin real.  
real. real. real. real  
Somethin that'll make 'em stop  
Somethin they can feel. feel. feel. feel Yo! For real, really real, yeah!  
Know what it is!  
Baby girl said she was in the mood for somethin REAL.  
real. real. real. real  
Let's go. (Sarah Green - to fade)  
So real. so real...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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