

# Keep It Real

## Lost Boyz

Yo believe I paid the dues man I started in the game  
With my man's on Linden and Devane we drinking ghetto champagne  
Slinging rocks and packing glocks on the blocks  
It's early in the morning I'm selling tumbs from my Reeboks  
Tres, nicks and dimes I write rhymes  
But the ghetto times they got the cheeks doing crimes  
The street life yeah that's the only life I know  
Where sling rocks bust shots and push yeah yo Sit on crates keep their backs against gates  
Every man is insane he's got a brain like Norman Bates  
Timberland boots ski hats we pack gats  
Carry across town because we tapping niggas hoodrats  
But they don't want the family  
See a south side Jamaica Queen fellas get down man  
Listen so what your crew is X rated  
Peoples if you violate you getting violated  
Come on and keep it real, this is saying  
That the lost boy and group home fam want it all what would you do  
And if you feel that you're a real soldier from the street  
Throw your hands in the air we salute you  
Bounce it up town, bounce it down south  
Bounce, bounce it up town, bounce it down south I had a messed up childhood the head is mad  
nappy  
I need money in a snap gee kid  
I'm trying to blow like Papi  
Fat cat the street life is where it's at  
Peeling caps so yo we got to stay strapped  
Terrified 'cause the crew from the south side is bustin'  
No question I keep my hair in braids, Taliq got dreads  
Hangin' out in the reds wearing Levi's and Pro-Keds Pouring beer on the curb for the dead  
I had to bring drama to some powder head  
Hey yo cut the music down  
Yo half the world thought the album failed in this '94 and it's on  
I'm smoking weed in '96 with my peeps  
Jetting from the police 'cause police they're a bunch of creeps  
I'm testing off the new burners in the park  
We sleep during the day and creep when it's dark  
I once had to cry when I seen Tyrone die  
This black on black crime I cram to understand why  
Baby girls having kids in their teens  
Young fellows baggy jeans slinging crack to the crack fiends That's the type of lifestyle that I  
lead  
With my fams on the corner drinking beers and smoking weed

Believe I been through all the struggles and the pain  
I'm ripping out my hairs but I can't get to my brain  
I want the gold teeth and chains  
I hustle with Timberland boots and rainsuits when it rains  
Fools make your moves pay dues  
Give up your cheese you loose my baby boy need shoesStepping to the cheeks you made an  
error  
You been to the house of pain now welcome to my yard of terror  
What you think I'm some sucker?  
Word to him I stomp you out with my tim chukkas  
Who, who you stepping to the lost boy crew  
Boy you stomped that ass is throughCome on and keep it real, this is saying  
That the lost boy and group home fam want it all what would you do  
And if you feel that you'se a real soldier from the street  
Throw your hands in the air we salute you  
Bounce it up town, bounce it down south  
Bounce, bounce it up town, bounce it down southSee we live the street life  
I smoking blunts with the wife stay on point like a  
'Cause every day on Rockaway is getting hotter  
I can't do what a wanna I do what I gotta  
Survive I might not be around in '95  
See I was taught young to be strong and just strive  
So nowadays we packing guns  
We racking grimy hills for funds and I stash all my sons monsA little man to look after  
Taking rap as a joke but I see no laughter  
To my man Charles Suitte and Big Tig  
In Atlanta and V ACome on and keep it real, this is saying  
That the lost boy and group home fam want it all what would you do  
And if you feel that you'se a real soldier from the street  
Throw your hands in the air we salute you  
Bounce it up town, bounce it down south  
Bounce bounce it up town, bounce it down south

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