

# Real Talk

## Outlawz

Now you dun heard a lot of talk about me and my niggaz  
Them Outlaw worldwide my figures  
From triumph to tragedy  
To right back on top the niggaz still mad at me  
For pushin' that big truck on 24's  
A square feat in ATL game [unverified]  
Man dat's what my nigga got shot for  
Bein' too mothafuckin' wrong for dis footballs  
See the darkness, see the light, he wanna feel it  
Misery loves pumpin' me and that's the real shit  
But in 2005 I'm on some ill shit  
Four niggaz sneak upon me and I'm fearless  
I'm takin' a stand, a born killer  
Like them niggaz in Pakistan  
It's simple, gotta git 'em fore' I die  
Like the old west see how we low tex da ride  
I know mama, you did your best at raisin' me  
Now your baby dun became a G  
When I'm out in them streets  
The only one that got me is me  
I keep my hand upon my heat  
Cause you know mama you didn't raise no bitch  
So if a nigga wanna get at me  
I be out in them streets, my thang cocked  
'Cause really all I got in the game everyday is me  
Real talk  
Everyday is a new challenge  
I'm a savage in my new balance  
A lot of rappers but not enough raw talent  
Blame the machine but fuck it I'm a hustla bitch  
So we start our own label sellin' bricks legit  
Power to the people, a lot of power in my pencil  
We da hope for the hopeless, the voice for the voiceless  
Outlaw soldiers, we still in the game  
Years later last members fuckin' feelin' the same  
Straight from the heart, makin' 'em walk  
Live for the day don't wait for tomorrow  
Hatas gettin' they wrong, I seen tha streets rap  
Rounda tough with some niggaz  
I seen [unverified] put religion in the roughs of some niggaz  
They say gangstaz don't live that  
long, too many turn-coals  
That's fucked up, puttin' cuffs on your folks  
Coincidental the Outlawz instrumental  
And raisin' a thug nation, we influential  
I know mama, you did your best at raisin' me  
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So if a nigga wanna get at me  
I be out in them streets, my thang cocked  
'Cause really all I got in the game everyday is me  
Real talk Yeah, my mother ain't made no sucker  
Raised in the gutta, I'm a made mothafucka  
All I know is get paid mothafucka  
All day mothafucka, one way over anotha And ain't no body no where that can stop me  
Call me Cachy, you tennis, I'm hockey  
Mix a little bit of pocky-ocky  
With black rocky in my pocks you got me Real tall, I never took a shall unless it was support  
I'm stressin' ain't my thought  
And I walk these dogs, I'm a soldier  
Dontcha wanna be like me when you grow up? A man of honor comma, good karma  
Niggaz wants drama, I got the problem solva  
Big ass Cig, that's that shit  
Plus the bully that a fully automatic I know mama, you did your best at raisin' me  
Now your baby dun became a G  
When I'm out in them streets  
The only one that got me is me  
I keep my hand upon my heat 'Cause you know mama you didn't raise no bitch  
So if a nigga wanna get at me  
I be out in them streets, my thang cocked  
'Cause really all I got in the game everyday is me  
Real talk, y la conchetumadree  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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