

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
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 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.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>