

Wrote: 2008
Song: Real Talk
Album: Da Invisible Man

V1

Im askn God,whatz going on,
but he dont neva,holla bakk,
thinkn he got,a grudge against me,
n dont like,dat ganksta rap....
Kuz im a product,of da gutter,
being skoold,by a untaught mother,
bekuz popz,2 drunk & lazy,
so i had,2 raise my brotha....
Being influenced,by all my peerz,
so i got jumpd,n a gang,
kuz i was tired,of being broke,
now dey respekt,my street fame....
Walkn n stoz,datz own by gookz,
thinkn im gonna,get shot,
if dey witness me,stealn goodz,
bekuz im high,off da pot.....
Da racist government,be tryna,
blow up countrys,4 nothan,
n den dey ask,why i gangbang,
n da hood,gettn wasted....
Wantn us blaxx,2 draft n warz,
or dey gon' lock,us all up,
is what dey doing,anyway 2 blaxx,
kuz da pigz,are no good.....
Who wanna shoot,us,n da bakk,
& tryna pull up,our pantz,
pigz be gettn,away wit murda,
n dont neva,go 2 jail....
Rolln strappd,n dey squad carz,
lookn 4 blaxx,2 harrass,
tryna torture & lock us up,
neva forgettn,da past.....

V2

Ditchn classes,2 get my bread,
bekuz im slangn,da fruitz,
lookn pissd off,at skool teacherz,
not teachn shyt,up n skool....
Watchn my bakk,kuz da pigz trippn,
after da towerz,got bombed,
n a country,dat hate us blaxx,
n wanna take out,Saddam.....
Not knowing why,my people scared,
2 stand up,4 dey rightz,
all my life,i been gettn whoopingz,
4 everyday,startn fightz....
Thinkn my peepz,will get me out,
of kounty jail,i get lockd,
but dey ratha,i learn my lesson,
being raised,around croox....
Always sayn,dat itz my fault,
dey brainwashd,by da system,
telln me,i should pray 2 God,
i dont know,ever existed....
Not wantn me,2 date out my race,
on som racist bullshyt,
or da police,gonna crak my skull,
4 gettn high,wit white chixx....
N dey tell me,dat im messd up,
tryna survive,n dis game,
hearn haterz,wish i dont make it,
wishn me dead,n a grave....
N no matter,how much i pray,
i dont neva,hear God,
liven n dis,white manz world,
where us blaxx,cant get a jobb.....

V3

Not knowing if,derz really a God
so im pakkn,da heat,
seeing 2 many,foolz get buried,
over bangn,a street....
Going 2 hell,4 all da shyt,
i rap about,n my hitz,
so if i die,just tell my kidz,
not 2 follow,my footstepz....
Not wantn dem,2 be like me,
always gettn arrested,
n all my geez,n da hood love me,
filln out,dey voten ballotz....
N playa haterz,be gettn scared,
bekuz dey see,im da truth,
judgez be askn,4 my rap sheet,
conviktn me,wit no proof....
So when i touchdown,outta prison,
i got a "X",on my bakk,
gettn harrassd,by da punk police,
when im crossn,da traxx....
Lookn up,2 da sky above,
about my life,n dis world,
not tryna get,any honeyz pregnant
haven sex,n hott tubbz....
Wantn 2 find,a down ass chik,
who isnt on,som bullshyt,
so everytime,i get lockd up,
she hold it down,4 dis pymp.....
Instead of bouncen,bekuz she know
i everyday,got 2 mobb,
2 get my mail,befo da police,
wanna kick-in,my spot.....

Chorus:

I be keepn,my faith n God,
bekuz da world,is a trip,
estn a brotha,like everyday,
s i hustle,4 chipz....
earn bustaz,be lying on me,
kemen on,what i got,
atchn out,4 deze transformaz,
homeboy,datz real talk.....

