

## For Real

8Ball & MJG

When hard times seem to find you (yeah, that's for real)  
When all your good days behind you (yeah, that's for real)  
When there's no sofa to recline to (yeah, that's for real)  
And you just constantly have to pay a due (yeah that's for real)  
But if you broke shit straight till you make a little money  
E'ybody gonna say you done changed  
And e'ry motherfucka think e'ry other motherfucka tryin' to find a new hold  
in the game

See it ain't nothin' but the real  
Niggas gettin' killed for the materialistic  
Hoes on the hunt for a quick trick  
Ain't shit shakin' but the leaves in them trees  
Yo motherfuckin' knees and my goddamn car keys  
I know it ain't really shit to it but to do it  
But trying I usually go through it  
But so we do it like a mack, in fact, I keep my cool  
You ask me who my master is, I say my gun rules  
It choose only to make moves with a certain pack  
The real pack, 'cause them bustas try to hold you back  
In fact, I could name a few, but I ain't gon' waste  
No precious time talkin' about them on my precious tape  
Pussy sucka—in disguise, undercover  
Fake brothas—tryin' to come between another  
Just like a wedge and some wood  
Tryin' to put a split in your shit, slick busta up to no good  
As I kick back, smoke a beedi with the needy  
Society's gettin' greedy, ain't no future in your peace treaty  
They try to label every rapper in the industry  
Especially if he speaks of Hennessy and independency  
If you're real

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Who am I?  
It's 8-Bizzal  
Do you recall?  
Mr. Big, Mr. Big  
In your trunk splittin' wigs  
Mane, that's the same time I could recollect  
Young trick in my face asking me if I claim sets  
And here's this other fool with dreads growin' from his head  
He tryin' to tell me 'bout some shit Farrakhan said  
I try to listen cause 8ball ain't the one to knock it  
But I can't hear over the echo from my empty pocket  
Instead of sweating me, fool, sweat Chuck D  
Cause I been true to playa shit since '83  
Southern funkadelic preacher, I'm here to reach ya  
Don't be so prejudiced, and let my holy words teach ya  
I never rap about sets, 'cause I ain't been through that

Even though a nigga did dirt and packed straps  
I don't do what you do, and you don't see what I see  
Therefore we could not be the same, do you feel me?  
I come from Tennessee and love drinkin' Hennessy  
Peace to KRS, but here's my philosophy  
I got the remedy four seconds after now  
Yo my nig', tell 'em who you is

Who am I?

MJG, Pimp Tight

Knock on wood twice, pour the drinks, dim the lights  
What I say, is every day, P-O-etry  
The R-E-A-L, same shit that I sell  
Hell, you gon' do yo' thang, I'm gon' do mine  
Fine, I'm gon' sip some wine  
You might find some other way to pass your time  
It ain't bout where you from, it's bout what you do  
And doin' wrong gon' make clues, so trouble gon' stick to you  
True blue pimp shit is hard to break  
But playa hatin' bustas put the icin' on the cake  
Hate to see they own homies with a few ends  
And still wonder why they can't get no dividends  
A man ain't who he say he is  
If he gotta give false information, 'bout what he had and how he live  
And don't shit but the truth set you free  
So trick, stop all that lyin', get those shackles 'way from me  
He who tells the first lie gets the first smack  
A chain react on the mack, flossin' fake facts  
A freaky naked hoe makes no record deal  
Perpetrators, get for real

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See in my past, I thought it was all in my mind  
But in time, I came to find, people are blind  
To the fact, I don't give a fuck about your thoughts  
Motherfuck the radio and fuck the magazine talk  
Walk with the playa down the highway of what I say  
Hear what I say is just another way to make me paid  
Instead of gettin' sprayed or runnin' from police  
I am in the studio, smoked out, bustin' rhymes  
And jealous hoes, male and female  
Been givin' a nigga hell, now that I am Jealous of the fact that my mack is  
not an act  
Instead of packin' gats, I'm strapped with my DATs  
And all my homies slang dope for a livin'  
Or livin' in a prison 'cause they couldn't fade the system  
I miss them, but still I gots to get up on my I'm on a mission so the future  
won't see me in prison  
Niggas come to me with demos of they poetry  
I try to listen, cause I used to be that nigga, G  
Now do you feel me?  
I hope you feel these  
Words, from Iz-8-Biz-all, for real

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