

Be Real

Chevy Woods

This the place that I come from, my nigga
It's a million niggas like us too
Uh, let's go

Young nigga from the hood, got his whole chest open
So that tell you that it's more than weed that this nigga smokin'
Livin' the fast life and the cold game
All he know is money, bitches, weed and cocaine
What a life, right?
45 when he sleepin' but a night life
Just a lost soul cruisin' through that night life
Family turned on him but he blamed his self
For the shit that they ain't do, they know he needed help
Got him outside, with his mask on
45, same one to get his cash on
In the presence of other niggas don't stop, let's focus
Who could he turn to, Shitty knew that he was hopeless
Just the pressure make you wanna kill
You don't ever know how that shit feel

They telling that they loving but they don't accept it
I just wanna ask some questions, can we be real for a second?

Let's just be real be real be real...
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For a second let's just be real be real be real...

Gunshots go off and he don't even budge
Impoxit at the best cause Shorty wanna be a thug
Actin' blind to the fact so they never pay attention
He say he don't care, he just gon get juvenile detention
That's fucked up, yea he cool with the crossroad
He stuck on it up just cause his watch was cold
Nowhere to go, walls closin' in
I tried to school him, he told me you gotta lose or win
I said you know what Shorty? You fuckin' right
Same night, young'un lost his life

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