

# Keep It Real

Jamal

Yo look who just jumped up on the scene  
Pocket full of green but in leather and all  
I be's that nigga named Jamal  
Mackin' hoes in the tight clothes with pretty toes  
Kickin' flows for all the rowdy bros and it goes look  
1 2 to the breaker 1 9 9 5  
Jamal representin' keep it live  
It don't matter how I come on these funk raw tracks with raps  
We bout to still make snaps  
We got bitches for days, rich as it pays  
Damn shits changed since back in the days, get money  
And my mouth is where the blunt stays blazed  
And I get dazed to kick a phrase to amaze  
I'm gettin' busier, leavin' hoes dizzier  
Than they even been with the grown men  
Is he a straight looney type of nigga  
That'll drop the temperature?  
Bitch, I ain't really into ya

Chrous:

To all the tramp goldiggers  
Keep it real y'all, gotta keep it real y'all  
Keep it real y'all, gotta keep it real y'all  
To all the misrepresenters  
Keep it real y'all, gotta keep it real y'all  
Keep it real y'all, gotta keep it real y'all  
To all the bitch ass niggas  
Keep it real y'all, gotta keep it real y'all  
Keep it real y'all, gotta keep it real y'all  
To all the tramp goldiggers  
Keep it real y'all, gotta keep it real y'all  
Keep it real y'all, gotta keep it real y'all

I drop the lines above your mind y'all  
When I be comin' on that ill tip  
My whole crew pack nines, don't make me have to kill shit  
Uh, I bring the flavor to you ear  
Smash and trash MC's from the front to the rear  
In '95 until, I still kick the ill lyrical miracles  
Leavin' rappers hysterical  
I keep it raw and when I got the gat I hit'em all  
And on the M-I-C I rip'em all  
Yeah, word up, this is dedicated to my peeps  
on 6-0 and 6-1 on the Illedelphiatic streets  
Take it to the recently deceased  
H-Town, Tall D, rest in peace  
Word is bond, as the beat heat up  
Psychotic thoughts starts to lead up  
I got the sauce to make the Billboard bullet speed up  
Yo, word up, right on, Jamal gets the vibe y'all  
And that's the deal on the real, I gets ill y'all  
It's Philly's finest behind this doin' damage  
No matter how scandalous they can't handle this, handle what?  
Underground sound, I stick my dick in the ground  
And I turn the whole world around!  
And blow the sun up, word is bond, we blow the sun up

Niggas they run up, tryin' to stop the come up and get done up  
Put your guns up, I blaze your buns up when I rock your spot  
Niggas they all stiff when the red dots to they knot

Chorus x2