

What's Real

Sir Mix-A-Lot

1977 was a no cocaine in my hood-ject
The brothers was stuck on Chuck without a mind set
I got tired of watchin "Good Times"
feelin like J.J., I'm standin in the food bank line
My momma was ridin on the bus tryna get to work
Early in the morn', it's cold and her knees hurt
She got a .38 sittin in her purse
Cause my moms was the King County Jail nurse
So how in the hell could you tell Mix
That I never lived this, when you was just a snotty nose age six
Young buck, just graduate
And your lyin when you say your street educated
Cause I'ma veteran boy and you's a new booty
So stop frontin to your friends like you knew me
Cause you don't and you never did, kid
So FUCK your respect and the shit you claim ya did
To all ya real, when ya claimin ya gang bang
Doin everythin to gain fame and get yourself a name
But I done seen my homies gettin smoked over dice games
When you was still at home doin nice things
Back in the days of turtle wax on Cadillacs
Life to a brother was hoes and macks
I had to come up some way
Pimp daddies and ex-Black Panthers used to school me
Why moms was puttin in eight to twelve
I was in the hood gettin schooled on makin mail
I can't let my moms die a poor black sister
Gotta make her richer
So tell me what's real, partner

(Da-da-da-down for mine)
(You gon' buy me a motherfuckin car?)
So what's real fool?
(Da-da-da-down for mine)
(You gon' buy me a motherfuckin car?)

Back when MLK Way was Empire Way
I was stuck on broke, but I used to hear pimps say
Better get what you can get before you get got
Come up and snatch yours and buy yourself a nice spot
And that's stuck in my head 'til this day G
So I apply pimp game to life you see
But I ain't beatin on my sister in the streets
I'ma focus on my real enemy, yeah
So if I'm pimpin, then who's my hoeys
In D.C. livin in a big white house bro
Changes his name every four years
Mr. Carter caught me slippin, but Reagan wasn't gettin his
I never wanted a hand out young Jake
I never got jealous over how much a brother makes
So I was on my own, no love in the school zone
No blacks in the books, so I'm gone
And now the only color that I love is green see
Cause my history books never taught me about me
I may not like where I've been, but I'm lovin where I am
Prime rib, fuck Spam
So tell me what's real partner

(I fought back, then heat check)
(You gon' buy me a motherfuckin car?)
So what's real fool
(I fought back, then heat check)
(You gon' buy me a motherfuckin car?)

Yeah, I'd much rather be behind the mic, then the gat
But the simple fact that my pockets is fat
Means I can't relax, you know what I'm sayin?
Haha

Criticized by the main stream
For not bein the house jig and keepin things squeaky clean
But I can't, so I ain't
But I won't play the hard role just because you think
that is real, to say you kill, when you never held steel
You try to sing when you rollin in cake-ville
Back in the days you was breakdancin see
I remember when you had tight pants G
So Mr. Rap Critic when you trys to check me
about my cars and my girls, claimin you never could respect me
You really think I give a damn partner?
The shit I've been through man
I used to roll with the hoes
Hit the Caddy, slam the doors
Livin alone, cellular phone
Havin no furniture in my home
Rollin to Canada, makin my mail
Givin a trick a piece of tail
Livin it large, keepin it hard
Life was kinda odd
And rat a tat tat with my gat, sat in my lap G
The Hilton Hotel was my spot, I'm runnin my things see
I went from hustlin cheese, to double platinum LPs
But you still can't feel me
Boy the head don't get fat if you know where your at
Instead of ridin my back, check your own dat and that's facts
Now what's real partner

Haha, so what's real?
Yeah and all you clown runnin around town
Tellin people me and yous was down
When I was doin parties at the Boy's Club
You was sellin match books of weed, partner
I was about handlin my business
And you was about smokin your gri-nass
So check yourself, you wanna see the big head champ
And that's real to the fullest and I'm out