

Real Is Back 2 (Intro)

Young Jeezy

Just coolin'... (6x)

Look...

I was a boy in the hood before I ever knew Puffy

Bitch I been a made man, dare you muh'fuckas to touch me. (3x)

Guess I was too legit, like hammer, they can't touch me

Made a livin' off Arm & Hammer, guess I was lucky (Go)

Y'all niggas don't really want it with 'cool J'

I guess it's me against the world, God damn, what can I say?

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I put them little boys on my lap, I birthed niggas

How you think they got on the map? I earthed niggas

Keep buying bullshit chains, and pay some homage

Sell your music from the side of the road, the shit is garbage

Look at Young, came right back applying pressure

Just know that I'm a die by mine, might need a stretcher (Look)

Look at me, I'm back on my shit, nothing can touch me

I can buy a hundred sixteen bricks, move to Kentucky

Might buy a big house on the hill, might buy a farm

Bitch, I'm buying so many watches, might buy an arm (Yeeeahhhhhh)

Fresh as the white as I'm sellin' ya, a living legend

Street Bible say when I die, I'll live in Heaven

But just in case a nigga don't make it, see you in Hell

The streets ain't fucking with snow? I can't tell

I remember selling so much snow, I couldn't smell

"Where you learn to do your thing with the snow? " It wasn't Yale

Graduated at the top of my class, no cap and gown

Copped that candy-

cane Lam' on they ass, who's capping now? {Lam' - Lamborghini

Man these muh'fuckas hating to hate, that's what I hate

And deep down way in their soul, they know I'm great

Muthafuckas acting like I ain't did it, like I ain't done it

Then Michael Jackson up my lanes, and bitch I run it

I can see the finish line from here, I might sprint

Remember nothing inside my pockets but white lint

I should charge you mothafuckas to roam, just like Sprint

I'm used to bussin' licks all on my phone, behind tint {Bussin' - Busting)

I'm from where niggas pull them home invasions, behind rent

From where them folks have them dogs in the cars, behind tints

From where them best friend shoot up they friends behind cash

Best friends shoot up they Benz, behind ass

And I was the one keepin' it real, when they was fakin'

And I was the one to serve you a deal, when they was bakin'

Can paint a picture using my words, look like they posing

You know my chains like to dance in the light, look like they broken

I used to risk my life, that's everyday, that trap life

Make these muh'fuckas mad cause I know what that trap like

Y'all got these mothafuckas faking they street, they really sidewalk

Nigga don't say what they mean, they really side talk
Fresh Airmax, a hundred miles, and runnin'
I do it for them niggas, a hundred pounds and comin'
And damn right that boy ain't playing, he bite back
Know how to say right shit on the right track
And everybody ordering beef, I had a steak
Serve me two to the head, my momma' gon' cry a lake
Til my casket drop I'm chasing this cash, where will it stop?
Bet my bitch went to bed masturbating, listening to Pac
They love me when I was here, but will they mourn me?
Ten deep on the side of the road, in that Californy
Damn right, TMZ they on me, but they ain't tell you 'bout them two 40 cal's w
as on me
Extend-o with them long ass clips, them bitches heavy
And ain't no more playing, GA, cause bitch I'm ready. 'The Real'...