

# The Realist

Young Jeezy

Ride on these niggaz  
I ride on these niggaz  
I ride on these niggaz (hahaaa)  
I ride on these niggaz

Let's get it!

Super charger, the same color as PJ  
(yeaaaaah) I got a champagne range  
Pick niggaz off, I got a night-scope aim (Bah)  
Audio, video, you caught on tape  
That's a way to get ya ass sent Upstate (dayyyum)  
In '9-AY! I took them trips down to Lauderdale  
Back and forth, like Aliyah  
Chances of gettin' rich is like one-in-a-million  
(hahaaaaa) Or more like two-in-a-billion  
Flashin' lights, my mind's playin' tricks on me  
But the Minuteman still do tricks on me  
Swear the feds just starin' at a nigga  
You know, you feelin' ya heart fall into ya feet  
Summertime niggaz still ridin' with the heat  
Jeezy De Niro, Snowman Pacino  
Real niggaz love me because I talk that lingo

R: And I'm the muhfuckin' realist...  
They lies, they phonies, they fakes,  
These niggaz ain't never sold the weight  
And I'm the muhfuckin' realist...  
They lies, they phonies, they fakes,  
These niggaz ain't never sold the weight  
And I'm the muhfuckin' realist...  
They lies, they phonies, they fakes,  
These niggaz ain't never touched the weight  
And I'm the muhfuckin' realist...  
They lies, they phonies, they fakes,  
These niggaz ain't never touched the weight  
And I'm the muhfuckin' realist...

Nowadays the GT's glock black (cheaaa!)  
The shoes on that motherfucking 3-80 chrome  
Gotta be careful what you say on the phone  
I'm 36 O's away  
From givin' the mic up and goin' back to the streets (naww)  
What's the difference, I still eat the same  
A nigga paranoid, I still sleep the same  
You niggaz rappin' 'bout blow, like it's a fad  
Nigga this is my life, I ain't tryna set trends  
'Cause everybody knows how that brick-road ends  
Heartless, maybe I need to see the Wizard  
Until then, Imma make it snow blizzards

R: And I'm the muhfuckin'...

I stay on the block, and risk my life  
Day in and day out until a nigga sold out  
You niggaz playin', I show you what that street shit 'bout  
Hit you right up with them thangs, and come back with the chains

Might cook it in the stove, might cook it in the microwave  
Either way it's gonna sell, still weigh it on the scale  
You rappin'-ass niggaz ain't never sold no yams  
I'm talkin' sucka-free Sundays and iced-out Mondays  
Pin-up Tuesdays and body-tap Wednesdays  
You was in the studio, I was on the block  
In the kitchen at the spot goin' hard with the blocks  
25 for the four ways, choppaz by the door-ways

R: And I'm the muhfuckin'...