

# Raekwon, Real Life

[Conversation]:

Smash you grilla.....

That's right, that's right

A hundred and ninety-six million

nine hundred and forty thousand

square miles, on this planet

Fresh outta New York

Aiyyo,

Verse 1:

Aiyyo,

Rollie what's up son Noodles had a problem

He called Lucky Hands lab saying niggas mobbed him

Max was on the outskirts trickin' in DC

Blaze had a shorty in his lab gettin' weed for free

That night I was in the cut alone zoned out

Suggest I rock a utility vest when I'm bonin' out

Yeah you know it, Bobby told me before

Keep the heat by the side of the door

Ready for military war

Numerous cats, niggas is uterus

Who this, claimin' that he looking for Louis Rich

Diamond a young king doing his thing

Big safes out in Beijing

Aqua green thing

One connect had turned on him

God, shit got realer than a fuck

Crackers up state want him

Marshalls came through the hood that night

Bagged my man Chaz 32 bags he copped flight

Now he upstate baggin' niggas

House and Air Maxs big ACs

Won the Oscar award for crabbing niggas

Now all y'all niggas get to laugh now

Who got the last laugh now

Hit his stash house

Hook:

It's called real life

Y'all niggas betta see the light fast pa

Real life, it don't cost nuttin' just to blast

Real life, lay down son you won't last

Real life

Real life

Real life

Verse 2:

February tenth day on a Wednesday

It's like grimsday

Russian hats rocking it the Benz way

That day we got guns on us

Jakes want us,

Playin Einstein lenses and Auroras

Little meek caught us

Couple of francs, peep the blue Taurus

What up tuck your chain they came for us

Jumped out big nines and some hard bottles

Eyes of hate finally meeting up wid the stakes

It was who I thought it was

2 pair of Clarks one pair of Lugz

Wit the hardbottom nigga wid the snub

Cocked it, where rock at, stop that

Violate this cipher pa we'll definitely strike back

All of us right there slight fear in our heart

Blink we take it right there

Doing our thing apart

Broad jumped out tryin' to run shit  
Spoken loud words all we want is his head  
He did some dumb shit  
Beef from Miami now  
Damn yo big head Lance in some wild shit  
Noodles caught the stair down  
Now it came back to me yo  
Handle it wise and brutally yo  
Put down your tooly and talk like men  
No shots rang yo, hittin' the ground like mangoes  
Swiss cheese the thirty-G dorango  
Few weeks later son seem 'em all..  
I mean 'em all..  
Hook  
(Repeat x2)