

Big Mike, On Da Real

[VERSE 1: Big Mike]

On the real, baby, I ain't got no ends
Yeah, I got a record out, but I ain't got no Benz
You ought to be glad that I'm givin yo ass somethin
Cause it's some niggas out there that ain't givin up nothin
Then he got a baby, but the nigga don't take care of it
Anything I make, my baby always gets a share of it
Yeah, a young nigga tryin to make it
And it's gettin harder when you're always on my back tryin to take it
And it ain't even gotta be like that
Gettin at me like that ain't gon' get your fuckin pockets fat
Used to have some love for you, but now you're just a selfish bitch
Takin all my money, spendin it on your self and shit
Or that nigga that you stayin with, layin with
But on the real, I ain't that nigga you should be playin with
Cause when I'm dead
Ain't nobody gonna take care of another man's kids, he might, shit
Nine times out of ten they don't
Nine times out of ten them muthafuckas won't
So baby, pump, pump yo brakes and put a end to all them hoe games
Cause hoe games equals no game

[CHORUS: female background singer]

Comin (comin)
Comin (comin)
Comin on the real
(Comin on the real)

[VERSE 2: Big Mike]

What's up, young fool, I see that you're anxious
To jack a nigga like me cause you ain't got no patience
Think I'm rollin Dayton's or maybe even Elbows
The only way I roll em if I catch em on sale, bro
Huh, I'm like you, tryin to get my hustle on
Ain't got time for no muthafuckin scuffle, homes
I'm sellin records, and you be sellin crack
I got fans, you got the police on your back
But I don't knock you, cause I used to do the same
So don't knock me cause I'm in a different game
See, it's still about comin up
Still about puttin niggas on they ass if they be runnin up
Different game, same attitude
Everybody wanna take shots at the badder dude
But it don't matter, dude, on how you feel
Cause I still kick back and make a mill
And that's on the real

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Big Mike]

Shake em up and let the dice roll
I bagged dough two times and left a nigga twicfold
Fight sole on the peeweess
Be makin em raise up when I hit seven easy
See me makin muthafuckas break theyself
To the point where they wanna shake the dice theyself
Fool, what you think this is?
I'm 22 and I been tryin to stack bank for years
Huh, and in my dreams I seen
That life ain't all about makin money and havin yo face on the scene
It's about bein comfortable, takin care of yours
And that's what I'm strivin for
And with God on my side
Ain't none of that hard to find

And that's on the real

[CHORUS]