

# Ebony Eyez, Real Life

(feat. J-Kwon, Tarboy (Trackboyz))

[Ebony Eyez Talking]  
Ayo...Tar... you ready?

[Tarboy from Trackboys Talking]  
Yeah..uh

[Ebony Eyez]  
Let's Do This..

[Chorus: Tarboy]  
Look..uh..  
Money ain't never move me...  
Dawg, this ain't a movie  
This is real life, so why you tryin' to do me?  
Sit back and relax and think about the past  
And make your next move your best, it might be your last

[Chorus: Ebony Eyez]  
Look..  
Money ain't never move me..  
Bitch this ain't a movie  
This is real life, so why you tryin' to do me?  
Sit back and relax and think about the past  
And make your next move your best, it might be your last

[Verse 1: Tarboy]  
Look...  
Money don't make the man  
but still, I understand  
if you ain't gettin' dough, what the fuck you in this for?  
I see you chasin hoes, and all your fancy clothes  
you say you hate the music, then why you at the show?  
What all that yappin' mean?  
how the fuck that fit the plan?  
where the fuck you from homeboy?  
you ain't from my land  
I see you in the club, in the corner mean-mugged  
with all your little thugs, go pop a bottle of bub  
and think about it first  
and drink away your problems  
before a nigga out here on the streets help you solve them  
see, I ain't mad at ya  
I'm just tryin' to relax you  
and teach you somethin' homie, before them killers snatch you  
I try to keep it thorough  
Keith done been around the world  
and never understood how a man could act like a girl  
but see I'm just a squirrel  
and this is your world  
and I wish you the best  
so get it off your chest

[Chorus: Tarboy]

[Chorus: Ebony Eyez]

[Verse 2: Ebony Eyez]  
Louie, done made my purse  
well, he ain't write this verse  
some people put they money first, and don't care who they hurt  
always talkin' bout how they: finna do this and finna do that  
finna get that new benz and finna buy they girl a cadillac

I try to mind my business, they strike at me with a vengeance  
don't know I'm young and vicious and know how to throw them fist-es  
say I don't keep it real, (what?) say I ain't got the skill  
(we) mad cause I got a deal, give a fuck bout how you feel  
I represent the streets and that's the way you gotta be  
and when my album drop, some people gon' be mad at me  
bitches don't wanna listen, don't wanna play position  
ain't got a pot to piss in, but they call they self dissin'  
your next move should always be your best move  
never follow what the rest do, and they'll respect you  
Cause money come and go, don't front like you don't know  
and when it's all spend up and gone, you ain't got shit to show

[Chorus: Tarboy]

[Chorus: Ebony Eyez]

[Verse 3: J-Kwon]

Now my baby mama hate the fact, now that I'm gettin' scratch  
so she go and react, hold up man, matter of a fact  
now that I'm thinkin' back, when I ain't had no scratch  
no ice, or no 'lac, hold up Kwon rewind it back  
now was you gon' react?  
that's when I hate the fact, I laid her on her back  
(hold up man, don't say that)  
nah, let me spit the facts  
y'all know I love my son, but she only care about if he got some air force ones  
Now ain't that shit dumb? Now where we both come from  
Like all your life, you grew up running around spending funds  
We was broke as Hammer, t-shirts for pajamas  
Cribs small as llamas, eating corn flakes and bananas  
Now it's vests and Hummers, we fucked the whole summer  
The only reason, cause your man be tryin to take me under  
So now I sit and wonder, like I ain't got no clue  
And yes it's true, that the money might have moved you

[Chorus: Tarboy]

[Chorus: Ebony Eyez]