

# Luniz, Shit Is Real

(feat. Phats Bossi, 2wice)

Check this out.

[Yukmouth talking]

Yes.

2wice.

Uh.

(What's crackin?)

Drink-A-Lot, Smoke-A-Lot.

(Haha, is that right?)

And Phats Bossi.

Yes.

All of my niggas ridaz.

Check it.

[Chorus: Yukmouth]

All of my niggas ridaz.

small time grindas, pimps and big timers.

Whether it's heiron or hemp wit China.

Or got a bitch on the strip sellin vagina.

Shit Is Real.

One mo time.

[Verse 1: Yukmouth of the Luniz]

Niggas fat

nigga I come down strikin from the clouds like lightnin

and smoke the ground

show you how to blow a pound

wit out coughin

how to work a Nina Ross wit out walkin

funny style

wit out a half honey child jockin wit out flossin

my niggas could peep out what I'm thinkin bout, wit out talkin

one look at a crook

my nigga book, an then the Tech start barkin

shoot up the whole parkin lot

bullets ricochet apartments

got bitches slangin martian

wit big titties like Dolly Pardon

in the projects

dope fiends loose they check, then flip like Martin

walkin down the street butt naked and crack rocks sparkin

startin shit in front of my buildin

here comes the sargent

raid a nigga house, juss some days to pay a warrant

that dirty varmit

back to the Regime conglomerate

where the climate

is always sunny for money

the small timers

become grindas

escalate to big timers

pimp niggas got bitches trickin vagina.

This Shit Is Real nigga!

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2: 2wice]

Give us rememory morse

of course  
takin no short fa sho  
poppin the cop wit glocks  
like I'm Tupac Shakur  
cuz everyday we high as hell  
dope is what we try an sell  
nickle and dimes for buyin yayo  
til I got lines of clientele  
load up yo clip  
click-clack  
hold up yo shit  
get back  
if ya know ya shit  
admitt that  
roll up a spliff  
an hit that  
roll up the crib  
made a nigga cost mail  
you tried to post  
but ya lay 'em in a coffin  
the boss man  
whips up another batch  
pick up some other scratch  
wit clips and some other straps  
the 2wice suguest you stop  
cuz my loot no share  
cuz I invest in glocks  
How ya shoot that there?  
I do got playas  
pimps slash some hustlas  
that do got they rapid self  
pass them suckels  
I flip a Tech wit a muffle  
greet the flex wit my muscle  
the Luniz  
doin they thing-ama-jig  
an it must sell.

[Chorus x2]  
Eh!  
Shit is real!

[Verse 3: Numskull of the Luniz]

Niggas feel that  
when niggas found at  
Drink-A-Lot wasn't even found yet  
when 4, 15's was the only sound check  
yo, what happened to the side shows  
when niggas used to ride those  
Vet's and 50's  
to be connected drunkin rhinos  
when bitches was dusted  
sex was like "Fuck it";  
an no real nigga was ashamed to ride a bucket  
when shit was goin down  
we followed it  
if she ain't suckin dick by now  
she swallowed it  
wallow in yo guiltiness  
everybody candy  
and everybody rich like filthiness  
but I can still see this  
Ghost Town  
ridin to another status

where everything is based on who the baddest  
we had Lil Kim's  
but they juss wasn't out the closet  
an now we got 'em fuckin wit each other on some Mobb shit  
Mobb shit  
Mobb one  
Mobb two  
an then I got a Mobb for when there's else to do  
get used to the crew.

[Verse 4: Phats Bossi]

What?  
See all young guns  
where they come from  
blocks of hoodlums  
the fake shooks ones  
they get touched wit busted ear drums  
raw meat  
me an Keek Sneek we start the big beat  
if they mouth leak  
wit big heats  
get put to sleep  
Mr. Phats slash Jaco  
I'm out for pecos  
go for gusto  
Mobb villans we flippin Lexos  
never trust those  
dirty cats  
they get the wet nose  
get they head froze  
Thugged Out, playin in wet clothes  
the life of cut throat  
cut throat  
I'm in my hustle  
show my muscle  
flex off, then start to tussle  
young guys, pushin Hot Rods  
begin the saga  
blow like Hoffa  
stack chips like Godfather  
Shit Is Real.

[Chorus x2]