

Scarface, Real Nigga Blues

Damn, its hard being a real nigga
Clutching on steal triggers
Pouring kool-aid on hilfigers
For niggaz I cut for
Pull a hoe out my truck for
Take a bullet to my gut for
Shoot up your cuz for
And nigga you askin' me what for?
'cuz this check I wrote until death won't bounce
'cuz to quit is to care and excuses don't count

Yeah, the real nigga blues

Short sticks and long brooms
Two feet planted whether it be the tomb or the courtroom
Bullet wounds in my flesh
Powder burns I digest
On the front line I press
Until in peace I may rest
For battles I can't win
With stripes I must defend
Done been to the pen, behind friends
And I still can't turn my flags in
When you break weak I got to stand strong
I strive to go hard while you strive to go home
These checks I write are required day and night
For better or worse, ups and downs
Or just plain old fist fights
Packin' all the weight
Puttin' in work from birth
Running myself in the dirt
And you askin' me why my back hurt?
Even when your dad tried to give me some fish
I eighty-sixed that shit
Pulled your coat but you was scared to dismiss that bitch
But I guess you got to be one of me or walk in my shoes
Or drink from the cup that I drink to feel my blues

Yeah, the real nigga blues

I can't bend, brake, front, fraud, fold or get hacked
Its like I'm married to this game and my team looses if I get sacked
Turning down licks on niggaz I know ain't got no heart
Arguing with my baby momma because shes convinces you'z a mark
My word is my bond, my life is my son
My duece is my gun, and my fear is to have none
'cuz I refuse to run
And for my honor I'd die, and for my mother I'd lie
My heart done got hard
I still show regards, call out to the Lord
But it seems like I can't cry
So when bullets fly...
Yeah, its my fault
Locked in with no way out
Fuck some clout, this is what I'm about
Even if I am the only one to get caught
It ain't in me to back down
Thats like laying my gat down
Nigga I ride for the cause, and I hide from the laws
And I ain't scared to get ragged on
And for my crown... yeah
Caps gonn peal
I ain't no threat, nigga but I will kill
And to all my partners up under them hills

Y'all know how it feels and thats real

Yeah, dig these blues
The real nigga blues

Dig this
My partners hit a lick for two and a half bricks
And since I'm the cornerstone of the clique
They came to me when the shit got thick
I took in all their evidence and made it mine
Not realizing that while they were ballin'
I'd be doing time
All they had to do was push the witness out of existence
And I would've walked because the case was inconsistent
But insted they got caught up in the joys
Of the fruit from the hussle
Said fuck me, let the witness live
And I got twenty five years
All 'cuz I kept it real
A mark would've squeeled
But insted I chilled, put it on the pill
But got ?chofferred in? a deal
See I respect the code of the streets
The code of the ?jeeks?
But when they gave it to me they said 'Fuck the police'
We'll never help these hoes solve a case
Now tears in my sons face
Because his daddy is out of place
With no trace of my peers
Missing my little nigga younger years
All because I kept it real
Regrets?
Sometimes have some
I'ma walk when me time come
It wasnt my prints on the gun
In yo' eyes, you'z a real nigga
So what you would've done?
Stand strong?
I'm not surprised
I was in the county camouflaging my cries
Squabbling niggaz twice my size
For mistaking tears for fears in my eyes
But I ain't ask to be real
I was born like this
Sacrificing my fo' sho's for your maybes
Got me scorned like this
Tattered and torn like this
But my roots won't pluck
I'm the only reason your tooth won't buck
But is my authenticity worth the price I be paying?
All the shit I've been through
Nigga, do it look like I'm playing?
I'ma be down 'til I get laid down
All the ex-real niggaz would've still be real
Only if they would've stayed down
But these my blues
I just spread the news to who I choose
A tale of a real nigga
Can you dig his blues?

Yeah, the real nigga blues
And all I got are my balls and my word
Yeah, my balls and my word