

# Styles P, Real Shit

(feat. Gerald Levert)

[Styles P + (Gerald Levert):]

(From the heart)

This shit is crazy Storch

(From the soul)

Thank you my nigga (yeah, yeahhh)

I appreciate it (oooooh, from the heart)

Y'know I'm so much in the street (well well well)

I don't get a good look all the time (it's f'real)

So thank you (it's f'real, it's f'real, yeah)

"In God We Trust," it says it on the dollar bill

So should I say hallelujah?

Matter fact, what's a dollar to ya? Is it a paper painted green

or the root of all evil like your father schooled you?

They wanna bill me quick, niggaz wanna kill me quick

Gotta spend a buck for somethin nice at the dealership

Can't work for minimum wage nigga, to tell the truth

That's why I live in a cage nigga

Soon to be dependin on haze nigga, shit and I ain't pretendin

When a crook get a book with a happy endin

Dawg I'm in the bad mood most the time

Nine milli' have you close to dyin

But it's senseless, when I can let loose

and just spit a sentence of some absurd shit

Like four cars copped off of one bird flipped

I know crime ain't rhyme but I prefer this

[Chorus: Gerald Levert + ad libs]

This is the real shit, givin niggaz real fits

And if you can't handle it

Then you ain't been where I been

And you ain't been where I been

This is for real shit, givin niggaz real fits

And if you can't handle it

Then you ain't been where I been

And you ain't been where I been, this is for real

[Styles P:]

Die fo' what you believe in

Get high for numerous reasons, no confession, no {?}

Just me in a dark room and the fumes that I breathe in

Spirit leave the physical, leave off the Earth

Then I breeze on the burst cause I'm cursed with bein lyrical

Dawg I decapitate niggaz, I never was yellow

But I'm nicer than the happy-face sticker

All I need's a beat and the mic gloved up

Your career's goin good 'til you're bumpin into me

And I hit you with some shit that make your life fucked up

Only thing to stop me from killin you sloppy

if God intervene or Christ jump up... what?

[Chorus: w/ ad libs]

[Styles P]

Shit's close to the end and I ain't a beginner

Think I got a little thinner, only thing I mean is that

everybody dinner - this the house of pain

Tell everybody in there, I'ma bring it to 'em right

Money burn, guns fire, led finger to a life

Change your address, feds follow when they glue the kite

Shit is all love, same time it's real too

Move OT or go and kill 'em 'fore they kill you

[Chorus: w/ ad libs]

[Styles P: over Chorus]

This is the Ghost nigga, Double R and D-Block  
Scott Storch, whattup

[Gerald Levert:]

No no no no no NOOOOOO~! No no NO!  
You ain't been where I been, no no!  
No no no no no no no no no noooooo...

[Styles P:]

Get high