

Tha Alkaholiks, Feel The Real

[Intro: Tash]

Yo... who we got? Check it out, aiiyo
Aiiyo, givin the women somethin they can feel, who we got?
We got, we got, we got, we got, we got Tha Liks
"if y'all niggaz can't feel me, then y'all niggaz ain't real"
Ahh-haha, I see the whole Likwid crew is up in this motherfucker
Posted gettin toasted
I know them niggaz don't dig this shit with these women out here
But yo check it out we can't make every song hardcore (can you feel this)
But we definitely ain't gonna make no soft shit
"if y'all niggaz can't feel me, then y'all niggaz ain't real"
So feel the real

[Verse One: Tash]

Feel the realness of the brother that leaves the women wide
With rough words of pleasure that they boyfriend can't provide
Cause while they niggaz think they slick, fuckin down low tricks
I got the finest hoes in Cali fightin over this dick
But I'ma single nigga lust, so nobody gets hurt-ed
No one is alerted cause they heard that I flirt-ed
Unlike these niggaz that you claimin is your only
that be in the wind at night while you watchin TV lonely
But phony shit is what relationships bring
That's why you lookin at my fingers but you see no rings
Just a fist full of digits and a forty ounce of Miller
Cause the last girl I had that bitch made me wanna kill her
On that shit, tryin to sniff my clothes
Swearin up and down I was out coolin with hoes
But yo Rico knows, what it means to be committed
And when I claim you as my "beyatch" I go all the way with it

And that's the real
And that's the real (tell me can you feel this)
"if y'all niggaz can't feel me, then y'all niggaz ain't real"
So all the ladies in the place can know, that's the real (can you feel this)
Uh, that's the real (ah one two)
"if y'all niggaz can't feel me, then y'all niggaz ain't real"

[Verse Two: J-Ro]

I thought she was the one for me, only for my eyes to see
Sometimes I let her cry but she's a lady
But most of the time I kept that bitch happy
Kept her toenails painted and her hair from gettin nappy
It was a rainy cold weathery winter
I met this broad at the Beverly Center
I stepped to the hottie with the body, nuttin to it
I said 'I like the Nike's baby, can we Just Do It?
What would it cost to be J-Ro apostrophe S, yes yes damn you blessed
with fat ass with no ripples, tools big like ?hipple?
It's Tha Liks six baby baby on them nipples'
She just smiled and said 'Ooh you need to quit it'
(Damn bro, all we wanna know is did you get it) What?
Shit, I hit it, from all the angles
Swingin my thing like the California Angels
Things got serious as much time was spent
I said 'Fuck it, let's split the rent on this apartment'
Two years together quickly turned into four
The tears began to pour when I had to go on tour
Two months later, I walk back through the door
The bitch is butt naked with some nigga on my floor
DAMN, I didn't know I had a hot one

Went to my room and grabbed my shotgun (ahh chill)
I coulda, shoulda, but if I woulda
I wouldn't be here today
She tried to make me think everything could be the same
But she ran too much game on my 5'11" frame
I coulda, shoulda, but if I woulda
You know the consequences
I coulda, shoulda, but if I woulda (just chill nigga)
That's what I hate bitches (I know you feel this)

"If y'all niggaz can't feel me, then y'all niggaz ain't real"
[repeat to fade]