

Yungstar, Keep It Real

(Deep Throat talking)

Wassup.....what's happenin' baby? (ooooohhhhhhhhhh)

Look i aint trippin' or nothin'...but uh...

You ganna be part of this Straight Profit cat u ganna have to put five (ooooooooo yeah)

I don't know how to tell you but uhh...(uuuhhhhhhhoooooohhhhhhhhhhhh)

I'm ganna let the Throwed Yung Playas do it

Koolaid, Flex, Black 1

(Lil' Flex)

Would you buy me diamonds or lots of ice ?

Would you buy me a Benz and not ask the price ?

Better yours than mine, I won't trick a dime

But if it's comin' out my pocket everythang is fine

You'll spend the cash, and won't let me smash

I'm too playa for that there you can go head pass

I like shinin' too, you be grindin' too

I got other female friends thats as fine as you

I do thangs for you, you do thangs for me

I'm as real as real gets and its plain to see

The 1st times a front, took you out to lunch

Spent 50 on your food you didn't eat that much

Better ask your friends, I'll smash some twins

I peep game from a distance like a contact lens

Can I swang the wheel, in your red Seville

I put food on your table you can pay your bills

Chorus (Jhaime Music & Deep Throat):

You triflin (Hoodrat, roachin' type of sista)

We TYPs (When a girl like cash we gon' dismiss ya)

We ballers (When times get hard we need a woman to help us out)

Instead of (A girl like you who don't know what a playas about)

Can you pay my cell phone bill?

Put Baggettes in my grill?

Buy a house on the hill?

Then maybe we can chill

If you can't come through

Then you gon' get the boot!

(Koolaid)

Hold up, everythang was gravy, till u start talking 'bout dem dollars

Tryin' to be another Gangsta Boo, but uh

I'ma make you holla holla

Like JaRule, I'mma act a fool, can't get a dime from O and me

Better ask my potnas, t hat boy Lil'Marcus

Can't forget that F-I-V to tha E

That's J-Five, we struggle and strive, up in this game for finer things

Breakin' up all them poster schemes

Can you put bling bling up in my ring?

That's your bestfriend, I'm talking baggettes

If you really wanna uhhh keep it real

Baby I'll drop half on the bills,

but you gotta put more rocks in my grill

That's 50-50, not 80-20, trying to stack my paper up real tall and long

Talkin' down on my name like Jenny Jones

Now you blowing up my phone cuz I'm ridin' on chrome

Better leave me alone and get Lil' Daddy to pay your bills

Cuz you don't know nan playa with my skills,

so you better chill and keep it real

Chorus (Jhaime Music):

Can you pay my cell phone bill?

Put Baggettes in my grill?

Buy a house on the hill?
Then maybe we can chill
If you can't come through, then you gon' get the boot!

(Black 1)

Can you pay my bills
Then keep it real with me for show,
Cuz I'm TYP, Threwed Yung Playa
So you gotta let me know, cuz I'm so for show,
have plenty mo', and they couldn't keep it true
So I'm telling you, if you don't come through
girl you gon' get tha boot
You can call it hard, or call me fraud
If that's what you would like
But if you want it all, from a man that ball,
girl you gotta come at me right
Wanna drop ya half on a Bentley or Jag, you trying to get over
You better hit ya stash and grab ya cash
Or wish on a four leaf clover
Don't do no trickin' baby, and I think that you should know
Can't you tell by how I act when I'm spending my dough
You say I'm tight, call it what you like
Bet you won't spend yo' dough
But you on tha under, with Reshawnda, playin' like you broke

Chorus (Jhaime Music & Deep Throat): repeat till end

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We TYPs (When a girl like cash we gon' dismiss ya)
We ballers (When times get hard we need a woman to help us out)
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