

# Dj Krush, Real

(feat. Tragedy)

Niggaz don't you know? Never promised tomorrow man  
Check it, check it \*the next life\*  
Life life (yeah) right now for what it is before you lose that shit  
For real man, shit can happen  
in the blink of a fuckin eye you can lose your life man  
Recognize that for real  
□You're never promise tomorrow, you know  
Any nigga that you know, knahmsayin?  
You never know about these things, word up

His body was cold yet his face remained calmly  
He spoke differently, as if he was Godly  
Layin on the ground the gat still in his clutches  
Shoulda saw it comin but he smoked too many Dutches  
Situation, made me sober as fuck  
As he coughed up blood, tellin me he's stuck  
Gunmen, drove off in a Yukon truck  
Said a prayer for him, hopin that his soul was blessed  
Cause my hands couldn't cover all the holes in his chest  
His eyes told the story that his heart was diminished  
The ambulance took about a hour, ten minutes  
They didn't have to tell me that my Son life was finished  
I guess his heart never knew the love that was in it  
Yeah, word up, goin back

[Chorus: Tragedy]

If your heart stop beating I'll go back in time  
Make your heart beat again, real niggaz to the end  
It's all about cash, and the diamond rings  
Dedicated, cause real niggaz do real things  
[x2]

Word up, real things, real niggaz do real things  
Yo, movin on

Through his eyes I seen the next life flash in front of his  
Cocked back the gat wonderin who the gunner is  
The blood drenched in his Armani linen  
I guess that's the karma of a thug when he sinnin  
From the beginnin, I reminisce the younger years  
When we were younger peers on the block pourin out beers  
And now the tears, I can't stop from comin  
I wanna bring it to this nigga blaze him while he runnin  
It seemed stunnin, the way we started in the game  
I never wanted, my Son dyin in this pain  
Now the nigga that shot him I wanna find him and kill him  
Heard he's a Willie and keep a bunch of killers with him  
The Jake snatched him up so I just had to forget him  
But on the low, if I ever see him, I'ma hit him  
Yo when he bust a slug in the heart of a true thug  
It's real love, this is what a real nigga does

[Chorus]

What yo, real niggaz do real things  
Word up, real niggaz do.. real niggaz, yeah  
Yo, 41st side, Queensbridge yo, yo

The words cut like a knife, ma your son was shot  
Her mouth, wide open, seemed like her heart dropped  
She fell to the floor with her eyes in shock

I was standin there stuck off the words I said  
Worst thing to tell a mother that her son was dead  
Shoulda knew what love is, 'fore he learned what a thug is  
Now he left his kids to be raised by they mothers  
From the cradle to the grave we was like brothers  
Went to same schools and fucked the same bitches  
Pumped on the same block with the same snitches  
Burnin lye on the roof, talkin bout riches  
And I remember, when we was both five percenters  
Goin hand to hand, gettin bent, crashin renters  
And now the end is, justifyin all the means  
That's just the story when you're dyin out in Queens  
and it's real, word up, yo, yo, yo, yeah, yo

[Chorus: repeats]

Yeah, Capone-N-Noreaga still my niggaz  
Even if you don't get no bigger  
Finsta, Crash, presedential  
Confidential, fuck it, yo, yo, what?  
Japan rules, foreign exchange, how we do, yo  
Begins, world currency  
The way the dollar bends, and it haunts me  
It wants me it traps me, in the hole  
Reachin for my soul, fuck it, yo

[Chorus]