

# Real Niggas

Hustle Gang

[Intro]

They make believe these niggas too fake  
Make believe these niggas too fake

[Hook]

Louie V's on our shoelace  
Drinkin' lean like a Kool-Aid  
VVs ain't no foolies  
They make believe these niggas too fake  
I fuck with real niggas and bad bitches  
Got the real niggas and bad bitches  
Real niggas and bad bitches  
Now where my real niggas and bad bitches?

[Verse 1]

Gold Rollie, VM1's  
Chain bussin like Vietnam  
See it with you, lil bling bling on  
Like a canister of a cheech and chong  
No shoe strings, I mean Louie Vuitton  
No 2 chainz, I got 3 on  
You niggas goin nuts over pecans  
I'm a big dog, you're a pee-on  
Bad bitches and real niggas  
Polo, no Hilfiger  
'Cause playas only look what recipes check  
Chad Butler I'm still pimpin  
It ain't dead, I'm still livin  
Dead Prez is my true religion  
I'm too hot, I need a cool assistant  
Call the cops cuz my roof is missin'

Sippin lean like it Kool-Aid  
White bread like too paid  
Getting more head than toupee  
Diamond clear like Bluray  
Lil nigga you too fake  
Your bitch say she want a real nigga  
You try to hide or you can try to save her  
Nevermind, I'mma still here

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Outfit clean OCD  
Fuck around, put a pimp on a CD  
Who the fuck got a bank round this bitch  
We done pour it up like Ri Ri  
AP and wet with the VV  
It's the same thing on my necklace  
I don't be facin' my dealers just like she on front of the magazine  
Thirty rounds in the magazine  
Fresh out that jet, lil bitch we traveling  
Smoking on gasoline  
All I needs is sorta oh fairly  
Yea, on Einstein I'm geek  
Said fuck D in the street

I'm yelling lines in these streets short

[Verse 3]

Real niggas and bad bitches  
Cash getting yo ass kissed  
Count twenty thousand like ten minutes  
Got a foreign whip with your bitch in it  
Hustle Gang, my team winnin'  
Sleep then and when I'm still sippin'  
Wanna pop the clip and you get rippin'  
I'mma fuck around this of the loutinents  
And it's all about the paper  
You block just sweat like the Lakers  
Uh, west side, they know me  
Two times, we go deep  
Louie's got blood on my hoffy  
Broke nigga, G.D.O.D  
I shout like one of Birdman to you  
Smoking D-O-P-E

[Hook]

[Verse 4]

LV's, True Religion  
All these racks can't fit up in it  
VVS got blood in it  
My money longer than life sentence  
Her pussy good like soul food  
Your main bitch is my old news  
She got the red bottoms, Jimmy Choo's  
I ain't get that bitch a pair of house shoes  
Red box, cocktail  
All my niggas jumpin off the porch  
All my niggas be going for broke  
I'm mad talkin like Scott Storch  
Styrofoam, double cup  
Blowin up bout two 4's  
The baddest bitch you ever seen  
Like stolen rims, she's on all fours

[Bridge]

Fuck them fuck niggas, I know they hate us  
'Cause all my niggas getting paper  
Fifty bottles, we got em raised up  
I might fuck them hoes, so why you got em caged up?

[Hook]