

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]