

Real Niggaz

Jay-Z

[Jay-Z]

Real niggaz do real things
Hangin with the honies is the song I sing
Real niggaz do real things
On the road to riches and diamond rings
Real niggaz do real things
Bustin my toast off the roof drinkin 90 proof til spring
Real niggaz do real things, check

We started out makin, small time bacon
Two little niggaz bakin, talkin bout whippin cakes
Get clothin and big cheddar, hopin it gets better
We had no knowledge of this shit we just was with whatever
In front of your buildin clockin, thought I was makin a killin
Right in front of your children, eightball in my side pocket
They was corrupt too, disrespectin the fiends I used to
look up to, take it or leave it, fuck you
In different parts of the planet, Oakland to New York
I'm hollerin Lifetimes, he hollerin Life's Too \$hort
Parallel lives and jew-els held high
To the Range, to the Rove, get exchanged, for your souls
You know how the game goes, slang to get G's
and speak in Chinese everybody gains the same dough
Get your shit scarred fuckin with my sick squad
from Marcy, to the Bay y'all, we get large, keep in charge

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[Too \$hort]

So now you own a record label, I got one too
We on a roll now, can't nobody stop our crew
You can treat us like convicts, you know we got records
On the shelf and on the charts the double deckers
The fat donkey house down the block, belongs to me
You criticize the way I walk, you wanna see my bankbook?
I'm not a crook, I flipped the script and changed my ways
so I can get paid, everyday
I see the same old shit, I see in the streets
I know you think I'm sellin keys but I only sell beats
Dopefiend music, it's drug related
You can buy it on the corner get a radio and play it
It always sounds better when you turn it up loud
Rap music let these motherfuckers know what we about
I know these gay ass record labels keep fuckin niggaz
It's just like in the streets main, how much you get?

[Jay-Z]

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[Too \$hort]

That's right, I been a hustler for a long time
Always got the right beats, never saying wrong rhymes
I started off with nothing ended up with everything
Now we sip Hennessy in first class on every plane
Ask Jay-Z, he know what I'm sayin
Always see me at the bank and yes I'm goin again
There ain't no dollar amount, that can make me happy
Fine women, a big house, a truck and a Caddy

[Jay-Z]

Now peep, how sweet, niggaz lives can get
Put beef aside, the East and Westside connect
\$hort Dawg, and Jigga with the, fo'-fo' flow
I got love for y'all motherfuckers y'all just don't know
I know y'all got a thing for them rag six-fo's
I like the five speed drops pop the clutch then go
If you want it, keep ballin, and if you jealous stop
I want Biggie to rest in peace, as well as 'Pac
How real is that?

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And I'm out

[Too \$hort] Beyotch! \$hort Dawg's in the house

[Jay-Z] Jigga

[Too \$hort] Much love

[Jay-Z] \$hort Dawg, get your money main

[Too \$hort] All the way from the West coast

[Jay-Z] Uhh, how real is that