

# Real Niggas

Lil' Flip

Lord have mercy Jesus Christ  
I know I'm doin' wrong but I'm tryna do right  
I hustle day to day and night to night  
Cause I'm tryna get paid awright  
Y'all don't know about my rap wars  
Alotta rappers use my name  
Just so they can have the stores off the chain  
But ain't nobody feelin' that shit  
You on ya fifth tape nigga where's ya hit  
No skits on my shit I got shit that's heated  
Everytime I do shit you know shit be complete  
It ain't no half steppin' my name ain't Daddy Kane  
But I'ma hop out the Jag wid a big daddy chain  
Iced out yellow rocks in the middle  
Colourful rainbows is lookin' like skittles  
I scratch and I scribble in my notepad when I'm feelin' mad  
Cause now I'm doin' good I used to be doin' bad  
I used to have go half on my lunch money  
Now I got a money machine that help me count my money  
I'm ballin' for real, platinum all in my grill  
We turned 'em down but they still callin' for real

Yeh, say, I don't need your money  
On the block niggas still got weed and money  
Stash pot, sold bricks ducked in a car  
In the kitchen I'm still touchin' it raw  
On the highway I'm still buckin' the law  
Fuck that I'll never be duckin' the law  
I'm takin' shots ain't goin' back to jail  
I'm a pimp, I can't be trapped in a cell  
I'm eatin' shrimp, but I'm still makin' this mil  
From H-Town, straight to A-T-L  
We gettin' this money, we spittin' this money  
And if you run up wrong then we splittin' these dummies  
I'm takin' shots, a nigga goin' all out  
And if I hit ya house I'm takin' a fuckin' wall out  
You better back back, you better back up  
Before I make this fuckin' mack act up  
And take ya dome out, nigga  
I'm comin' wid the chrome boss, trigga  
I'm from the town where niggas make ya lay it down  
Come up, and rob ya for ya ki's and pounds

Last real niggas alive  
Clover G's, you ain't fuckin wid me