

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