

# Real Niggaz

Mobb Deep

Yeah y'all know what it is  
Infamous has just entered the building  
Yeah, yeah mama  
Keep doing that just like that I like that  
But you got one problem  
You hanging with some real clowns over there  
They some real clown killers  
Shooting off in the air like that  
aye yo son where my real thugs n' them at

R: If you live nigga then you bussing your hammer  
All my real niggaz not having to stand up  
Niggaz better run or you'll be picking your man up  
Clapping at whoever I ain't even in handcuffs  
(2x)

One hammer two hammer three hammers four  
H got drama with you I'm bringing it to your door  
We get money on tours cuffin them broads  
While we slutting them all then passing them off  
Peeling off in that Bentley coupe  
Got ma wetting them draws  
You know I keeps them in that birthday suit  
She know once that she up in that ride  
And we get pulled  
The hammers going in between her thighs  
Need a chick got to explain a thing  
She hip to it the games in her blood  
And down for the grind  
Till the death rep M.O.B.B  
You a problem with it then you know where to reach me  
I give them the business  
No mirrors or smoke screens  
Either you live it you live it  
Or you just fronting  
This rap shit for life  
P thats my Co-D  
We go back like staircases and O.E.  
Stop playing

R: (2x)

Nigga you thought wrong  
Now look at you now  
Look like sandwich meat with the ketchup sauce  
But you was just hollering about  
Infamous this infamous that  
Your mouth was going off  
Meanwhile we counts money piles  
Till our fingertips green and them shits is sore  
But we prefer plastic now  
Its nothing like when its your tour stacking cash on the floor  
saran wrap to the top jumpoffs wont fall down  
Its not my cash your bitch love  
Its how I kill it on the song  
And she get a taste of the dick  
She open now

Its shiny like a door and I don't pay the bitch no thought  
I got alot of gall  
Thats what the bitch haal  
While I'm leaving her sight my heart is real cold  
Real hard on a hoe  
But much much harder for the dough  
It be a bloody slaughter when we through

R: (2x)

So don't get mad because your hoe probably sucking the kid  
Attracted to the lifestyle of how us gangsters live  
Teach her all about life  
And the bees and birds  
And how I shut that shit down when the beef occurs  
And how I stick, and move all you see is a blur  
Yo I'm a cool ass dude until you push me sir  
And cant nobody squash this beef  
YOU get it on with us then you up shits creek  
Queens clique

Dont have me putting these bullets all in your ass  
Your era is done and your time is passed  
We better and these is the simple facts  
You real rusty  
My niggaz is built to last  
And its on  
We running around with our guns  
Jewelery fit for pharaohs  
Around our necks dun  
In o four our thuns get the o six trucks  
O lord  
there is no saving us

R: (2x)