

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)