

Real Bad Boys

Shyheim

Chorus:

Screw on the silencers, screw on the silencers

'cause real bad boys movin' silence

Screw on the silencers, screw on the silencers

'cause real bad boys movin' silence

Verse one: shyheim

I stash butterfly knives and 45's in ma garments

Fuck nigga, I take a pussy God quick

Peep ma stee in the streets where respected

Like the rectomatic dime back to the method, zee

Bomb on heads like what kid

I keep em on slow mo son I'm the champion at one on one

I make it death fun when I killed ya

I take a power drill and drill it right through ya liver

Ha, ha, ha,

I'm ruthless possessed by the devil

Fuck fire part I'm on a hole nother level

Tha mess tablets make ya mind flick

Ma murderous styles, I kid make female groupies lickin' ya dick

Word to ma mother I put this on tour wicked

The first that fakin' I relacin' ma dislocatin'

Real niggaz do real things youknowwhatimean ?

The first that fake the game so lincoln thrown in the fiend

Killa kane where ya at ?

Should he be packin gats, runnin, nah son it won't be none a that

The clips who fat plus long, I love doin'wrong plus killin'copperz

Favourite song

[fuck tha police]

Chorus: repeat 2x

Verse two: shyheim

I rol with criminals, coldbloody murderers, drunk hustlaz, suburban

Areas

I know ya heard of us

Pick up and duck for ma niggaz in the bricks

Bad boys, you snakes on the hucious tip

I brusik you shit quick phoney g'z won't call

I mak it, happen like God test me if ya wanna die lord

I wear black to keep ma i.d. on the low

I'm all about makin' dough at the fast time fo

Fuck shootin' up shit that only makes the spot hot

And we don't need the booshaa, blast the blood clot!!!

Say word! word iz bond [word iz bond!!!!]

Load tha gats up son 'cause once again it's on

Niggaz must be thinkin' that I'm sweet a somethin'

I ain't frontin, want you live, I murder someone!!

Ha, ha, ha,

Fuck y'all crab niggaz

Bring it to me

Word up