# Real Niggas

## Trapp, 2 Pac, Notorious B.I.G.

Intro: Puffy
I am not wit that standin around lookin cool and shit
I want ya motherfuckers to jump the fuck up
and have some motherfuckin fun
You understand what it means to be black?
I have my man the Notorious B.I.G in the back
I go by the name of the Puff Daddy
But check this shit out
Four fives
As we procced to give you whut you need
Verse One: Notorious B.I.G
Sick of ma screamin get a job nigga
Pressed to the limit gotta rob me a nigga
Simple and plain, my man scooped me in the hooptie
Whispered in his ear, this is what we gotta do G
We gots to bang a nigga, and bang a nigga good
So I could cop a benz and drive the fuck out the hood
Cause baby mama screamin, your daughter twelve months
Can't live life slingin rocks and smokin blunts
Hangin with the niggaz don't pay the bills
And bein broke and dirty give the nigga chills
So what we gots to do is creep and see a sweet vic
Did you see that shit? (hell yea I see that shit)
Columbian Dominican yea whatever
Who ever he was he had a tuck under the leather
Two keys twenty G's nigga please
Blew his brains out cause witnesses we don't need
Chorus: Notorious B.I.G. (repeat 2X)
On the road to riches and diamond rings
Real niggaz do real things
Hanging wit the bitches is the song I sing
Real niggaz do real things
Verse Two: Puff Daddy
Yea, yea, yea, yea
I tote gats wit my nigga
Clap wit my nigga
Break bread then break backs wit my nigga
jack wit my nigga
Cock the latch wit my nigga

Now how you gonna act wit my nigga
Just remember there is a gun to your dome
And i will lick shots and run through your home
Or better yet i put your son to the chrome
Turn the music up and unplug the phone
I will kill him read my lips
You too motherfucker if i dont see no bricks
See I flips when I dont see no chips
Yea nigga

I know you in pain I dont care nigga
I want the stash Keys, hash, weed, G's motherfuckers freeze
Cock sucker you better bring the things out
Before i blow your motherfucker frame out
Nigga what
Chorus 2X
Verse Three: Lil' Kim
Big these niggaz over here talkin shit
Yo fuck that I am gonna check these niggaz
What you said speak up
Cant hear ya
Oh thought you were talkin to us
Um pardon me my bad
I should of known you werent wanted with these 3 time losers
The open surgery hearth removers
Niggaz think they gonna stop my ones
Put a contract out and stop ya lungs
We powerful dont think that all we got is guns
We buy out everything you claim including your name
Mama bitch squezze the life out of ya niggas
Screw barker i take bites out of ya niggaz
Crack open ya safe then put a bomb to it
Fuck shootin windows i jumps through it
With the all black hoodie beat a nigga till he hurl
Then pull the hoodie off so he can see it was a girl
When it comes to my nigga B.I.G
I wanna see all ya niggaz D.I.E
Chorus: Lil' Kim
On the road to riches and diamond rings
Real bitches do real things
Hanging with the niggas is the song I sing
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Real bitches do real things
[B.I.G.]
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