

# Real Gangstaz (feat. Jonathan "Lil Jon" Smith)

## Mobb Deep

This some of that real gangsta motherfuckin' shit nigga

(Yeah)

Yeah, for all the real niggaz out there

(Yeah)

You know what I'm talkin' 'bout?

(What) Like my motherfuckin' East Coast niggaz

(What)

My motherfuckin' Dirty South niggaz

(What)

And my motherfuckin' West Coast niggaz

(What)

Let's go Some, people run

(Yeah)

But, gangstas don't

(Yeah)

Know my hammer stay cocked

(Yeah)

If you, leave you crippled

(Hey) Some, people run

(Yeah)

But, gangstas don't

(Yeah)

Know my hammer stay cocked

(Yeah)

If you, leave you crippled

(Hey) Now y'all know the deal why we up in here

Burn that ma, put it up in the air

(C'mon)

Ma got a phattie so I'm up in her ear

'Cause these clowns wanna grill, I got the clique right there Now you could get your ass drug around up in here

You know I know the promoter, the pound's in here

And these my parts, you outta town out here

Slow it down, pump the brakes, get found out there I'm push that melon, what the fuck's that smellin'?

(Pussy)

Thugs not thugs no more, they tellin'

(Yeah)

You did that time, but you not that felon

Nigga kill the noise, your hammer not yellin' You're infrared not beamin'

(Nope)

Y'all not eatin' while your neck not gleamin'  
We don't give a fuck, flip for any ol' reason  
Just for the fun have your bitch ass leakin'  
OkaySome, people run  
(Yeah)  
But, gangstas don't  
(Yeah)  
Know my hammer stay cocked  
(Yeah)  
If you, leave you crippled  
(Hey)Some, people run  
(Yeah)  
But, gangstas don't  
(Yeah)  
(Y'all niggaz ain't gangsta)  
Know my hammer stay cocked  
(Yeah)  
(Aiyyo Prodigy, tell 'em what's up)  
If you, leave you crippled  
(Hey)Yeah, all I want is the money and y'all can keep them sloppy hoes  
My calender's shows booked, I ain't got time yo  
Gimme the cash, keep them beat up chicks  
My bank bounce gotta stay thickYou know e'ry day I stay with, the latest guns  
Keep those under our belts to blaze you up  
E'ry day we play with, the latest trucks  
Work that tip chronic on the porch wellDon't get rat-a-tat tatted up, it be a bad look  
Be wettin' your pants when bullets hit, mad shook  
Droppin' your gun and all that, you mad puss  
34 shell cases fall in one pushYou get beaten and battered up, y'all little chain snapped  
We still takin' 'em, fuck it let the team have it  
Be droppin' your drinks, trippin' on things scramblin'  
It be chaos when guns ring at him  
OkaySome, people run  
(Yeah)  
But, gangstas don't  
(Yeah)  
Know my hammer stay cocked  
(Yeah)  
If, you, leave you crippled  
(Hey)Some, people run  
(Yeah)  
But, gangstas don't  
(Yeah)  
Know my hammer stay cocked  
(Yeah)

If, you, leave you crippled  
(Hey)Aight it's 'bout to get real ugly in this motherfuckin' club  
What, what  
I need to see nothin'  
(Hey)  
But the real gangsta niggaz and bitches on the dance flo'  
(Hey)Yeah, we gon' crank this motherfucker up  
Let's crank this bitch up  
We need to see all y'all motherfuckers doin' this shit  
(What)  
Doin' what?Hey, put your middle finger up, motherfucker, motherfucker  
Put your middle finger up, motherfucker, motherfucker  
Put your middle finger up, motherfucker, motherfucker  
Put your middle finger up, motherfucker, motherfuckerLet me hear you say put your middle finger up, fuck you  
nigga  
Put your middle finger up, fuck you nigga  
Put your middle finger up, fuck you bitch  
Put your middle finger up, fuck you bitchSome, people run  
(Yeah)  
But, gangstas don't  
(Yeah)  
Know my hammer stay cocked  
(Yeah)  
If, you, leave you crippled  
(Hey)Some, people run  
(Yeah)  
But, gangstas don't  
(Yeah)  
Know my hammer stay cocked  
(Yeah)  
If, you, leave you crippled  
(Hey)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>