

# Iâ€™m The Realest (Produced By Drumma Boy)

## Young Jeezy

Ride on these niggaz  
I ride on these niggaz  
I ride on these niggaz  
(Ha, ha)  
I ride on these niggaz Let's get it Super charger, the same color as PJ  
(Yeah)  
I got a champagne range  
Big niggaz offed, I got a night-scope aim  
(Bah) Audio, video, you caught on tape  
That's a way to get ya ass sent upstate  
(Dayum)  
In '9-AY, I took them trips down to Lauderdale  
Back and forth, like Aliyah Chances of gettin' rich is like one in a million  
(Ha, ha)  
Or more like two in a billion  
Flashin' lights, my mind's playin' tricks on me  
But the Minuteman still do tricks on me Swear the feds just starin' at a nigga  
You know, you feelin' ya heart fall into ya feet  
Summertime niggaz still ridin' with the heat  
Jeezy De Niro, Snowman Pacino  
Real niggaz love me because I talk that lingo And I'm the muhfuckin' bi-nuss  
They lies, they phonies, they fakes  
These niggaz ain't never sold the weight And I'm the muhfuckin' bi-nuss  
They lies, they phonies, they fakes  
These niggaz ain't never sold the weight And I'm the muhfuckin' bi-nuss  
They lies, they phonies, they fakes  
These niggaz ain't never touched the weight And I'm the muhfuckin' bi-nuss  
They lies, they phonies, they fakes  
These niggaz ain't never touched the weight  
And I'm the muhfuckin' bi-nuss Nowaday the GT's glock black  
(Chea)  
The shoes on that muhfucka 3-80 chrome  
Gotta be careful what you say on the phone  
I'm 36 souls away From givin' the mic up and goin' back to the streets  
(Naw)  
What's the difference, I still eat the same  
A nigga paranoid, I still sleep the same  
You niggaz rappin' 'bout blow like it's a fad Nigga, this is my life, I ain't tryna set trends  
'Cause everybody knows how that brick road ends

Heartless, maybe I need to see the wizard  
Until then, Imma make it snow blizzards And I'm the muhfuckin' bi-nuss  
They lies, they phonies, they fakes  
These niggaz ain't never sold the weight And I'm the muhfuckin' bi-nuss  
They lies, they phonies, they fakes  
These niggaz ain't never sold the weight And I'm the muhfuckin' bi-nuss  
They lies, they phonies, they fakes  
These niggaz ain't never touched the weight And I'm the muhfuckin' bi-nuss  
They lies, they phonies, they fakes  
These niggaz ain't never touched the weight  
And I'm the muhfuckin' bi-nuss I stay on the block and risk my life  
Day in and day out until a nigga sold out  
You niggaz playin', I show you what that street shit 'bout  
Hit you right up with them thangs and come back with the chains Might cook it in the stove, might cook it in the  
microwave  
Either way it's gonna sell, still weigh it on the scale  
You rappin' ass, niggaz ain't never sold no yams  
I'm talkin' sucka free Sundays and iced out Mondays Pin up Tuesdays and body tap Wednesdays  
You was in the studio, I was on the block  
In the kitchen at the spot goin' hard with the blocks  
25 for the four ways, choppaz by the doorways

Songwriters

Christopher James Gholson; Jay Jenkins Published by

YOUNG JEEZY MUSIC; WB MUSIC CORP.; YOUNG DRUMMA; EMI BLACKWOOD MUSIC INC. Song  
Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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