

# real niggas

## St. Lunatics

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 squeeze 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  
Real bitches do real things  
On the road to riches and diamond rings  
Real bitches do real things  
Hanging with the niggas is the song I sing

Real bitches do real things  
[B.I.G.]  
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  
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

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>