

# Real Niggaz

## Crooked I

Real niggaz, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Real niggaz, yeah, real niggaz, yeah, real niggaz, yeah, yeah  
Louder  
Yeah, now, now is you motherfuckers ready for this, c'mon  
Do you really think you ready for this, c'mon  
Do you know that you ready for this, huh  
We gonna see if you ready for this  
I be the street sweeper, nigga  
Quick to leave your whole block shook an' shot at  
From fuckin' round with the Midack  
Eleven, twenty-four, act 47  
Fuck who's standin' around them get close up and down an'  
I done came here to get brains  
Shoot you twice in your stomach  
Then leave your boxin' shorts full of shit stains  
You're, bitch maid, you ain't a gangsta, you a sucker ass  
These niggaz, scared of your bark, but bitch I touch ass  
And bust back, what's that, it's face mob in effect  
With Icarus, Reggie, Jamal and Treach  
I told you that talkin' wasn't shit to me  
So bitch be more specific when you spit for me  
It ain't shit to me, you a hoe in fifth degree, a discharge from a dick  
Disease, you lil' maggot, part time thug for a faggot  
Plastic ass chump, you don't want no static  
Real niggaz, louder, real niggaz, louder, louder  
Real niggaz, yo, real niggaz  
Yo, yo, yo, it's Funk Doc, I thought you knew  
P P P in the back an' they parkin' to, jump  
Thorough borough, bricks, ashy elbow kid  
I fuck chicks off Elmo Flicks  
My tape is off safety, tongue the gun  
Mouth to barrel, I spit, it numbs the front  
So what cha, what cha wanna, yo, my boys is beastie  
We grew up untamed, unemployed an' eatin'  
You sharks in the water, avoid the deep end  
We only fuck chicks that enjoys the beatings  
Young Ike Turners, disco inferners  
Concentration camp, nobody turn up  
I roll up a X that came with kits

Leave you with nightmares, Dana Dane was with  
I can train yo' bitch, with a chain an' whip  
It blow the block down while I change the clip  
Yo, don't approach me wrong, little kids call me 'Smokey-mon'  
'Cause the blunts that I light set off smoke alarms  
And I stand on the corner 'til my coke is gone  
Niggaz, wanna get they ice picks, poke the don  
But they know I got a gun big as Oprah's arm  
And I know a old lady, that'll choke their moms  
A attitude, that's what I don't walk without  
Nigga, I'ma time for it, you just talk about  
Ic is the man, and I never been to Japan  
Got a Japanese bitch, with my dick in her hand  
This is the plan, I'm about to get in the van  
Go and get rid of the man, I done did it again  
Skunk I blow, then off to the trunk I go  
Pull the pump out slow, dump out foe  
I'm the nigga, that the streets raised  
I'm the nigga, that'll make 3-ways outta nigga PJ's  
The nigga, that'll smack the shit out the DJ  
If he don't give Icarus shit a replay  
Poker flush, y'all niggaz joke too much  
And my gun got cancer, it smoke too much, we  
Real niggaz, louder, real niggaz, louder, louder  
Real niggaz, yo, real niggaz  
First of all, you gotta have balls unlike some who act hard  
I was real ever since I shot out my pops black balls  
I'm real, I can sense danger and tap calls  
I'm real, I feel when haters wanna clap mal  
I look a nigga, eye to eye when I speak  
I'm transparent, I can see if you a killer or a freak  
Or a bitch that'll do anythin' to get rich  
Or a snitch that'll drop dime on the click  
Or a fake, that'll rather see me at my wake  
Or a Jake tryin' to infiltrate, give me a case  
I'm real like, bitch, get the fuck out my face  
I'm real like let me stick my dick in ya mouth, give you a taste  
I'm a real nigga, if I don't get no bigger  
I'm five five, still knockin' out tall, niggaz  
We real niggaz plottin' on dummies with tall figures  
Real niggaz. hands on forty caliber triggers  
Bullets hummin', real like Redman's fifth comin'  
Trigger Treach  
Bastards blunts, Buddhas bullets, black gats is the lingo  
Fuck a jolly jingle, old bitches break for Bingo

Christmas time I crack Yak, an' Kris with Kringle  
Gettin' funk from Nymphos an' scratch my nuts witcho' single  
Who's the game scratcher minus the rap masters  
Name is Hey, with the Gay-G after  
My thugs on the street with the heat, listen to me  
See them diamond D.M. medallions, snatch, you give 'em to me  
Mally G's a part of me, Icky slips his ownself Mickies  
In crowded armories, fuck with Redman  
You're a dead man at the robbery  
You'll be, Adebisi greasy, put him on to me, fuck that  
I'm a throwin' flames Fanatic, bashin' brains come at it  
Beat you with the shit that they used to frame the attic  
Your skank-ass, go 'Voo-doo', poodle-wig wearin' rashy  
Rusty and trusty, musty wack nasty

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>