

Real Niggaz

Jay-Z

Real niggas do real things
Hanging with the honies is the song I sing
Real niggas do real things
On the road to riches and diamond rings
Real niggas do real things
Busting my toast off the roof drinking ninety proof til spring
Real niggas do real things, check We started out making, small time bacon
Two little niggas baking, talking bout whipping cakes
Get clothing and big cheddar, hoping it gets better
We had no knowledge of this shit we just was with whatever
In front of your building clocking, thought I was making a killing
Right in front of your children, eight ball in my side pocket
They was corrupt too, disrespecting the fiends I used to
Look up to, take it or leave it, fuck you
In different parts of the planet, Oakland to New York
I'm hollering Lifetimes, he hollering Life's Too \$hort
Parallel lives and jewels held high
To the Range, to the Rove, get exchanged, for your souls
You know how the game goes, slang to get G's
And speak in Chinese everybody gains the same dough
Get your shit scarred fucking with my sick squad
From Marcy, to the Bay y'all, we get large, keep in charge [Chorus]
On the road to riches and diamond rings
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Hanging with the honies is the song I sing
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On the road to riches and diamond rings
Real niggas do real things
Busting my toast off the roof drinking 90 proof til spring
Real niggas do real things So now you own a record label, I got one too
We on a roll now, can't nobody stop our crew
You can treat us like convicts, you know we got records
On the shelf and on the charts the double deckers
The fat donkey house down the block, belongs to me
You criticize the way I walk, you wanna see my bankbook?
I'm not a crook, I flipped the script and changed my ways
So I can get paid, everyday
I see the same old shit, I see in the streets
I know you think I'm selling keys but I only sell beats

Dope fiend music, it's drug related
You can buy it on the corner get a radio and play it
It always sounds better when you turn it up loud
Rap music let these motherfuckers know what we about
I know these gay ass record labels keep fucking niggas
It's just like in the streets main, how much you get?[Chorus]That's right, I been a hustler for a long time
Always got the right beats, never saying wrong rhymes
I started off with nothing ended up with everything
Now we sip Hennessy in first class on every plane
Ask Jay-Z, he know what I'm saying
Always see me at the bank and yes I'm going again
There ain't no dollar amount, that can make me happy
Fine women, a big house, a truck and a CaddyNow peep, how sweet, niggas lives can get
Put beef aside, the East and Westside connect
Short Dawg, and Jigga with the, fo'-fo' flow
I got love for y'all motherfuckers y'all just don't know
I know y'all got a thing for them rag six-fo's
I like the five speed drops pop the clutch then go
If you want it, keep balling, and if you jealous stop
I want Biggie to rest in peace, as well as 'Pac
How real is that?[Chorus]Bitch! Short Dawg's in the house
Jigga
Much love
Short Dawg, get your money main
All the way from the West coast
Uhh, how real is that

Songwriters

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