Real Niggaz

Jay-z

Is the song I sing
Real niggaz do real things
Hangin' with the honies is the song I sing
Real niggaz do real things
On the road to riches and diamond rings
Real niggaz do real things
Bustin' my toast off the roof drinkin' 90 proof 'til spring
Real niggaz do real things, check
We started out makin', small time bacon
Two little niggaz bakin', talkin' 'bout whippin' cakes
Get clothin' and big cheddar, hopin' it gets better
We had no knowledge of this shit, we just was with whatever
In front of your buildin' clockin', thought I was makin' a killin'
Right in front of your children, eightball in my side pocket
They was corrupt too, disrespectin' 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 hollerin' Lifetimes', he hollerin' 'Life's Too Short'
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 fuckin' with my sick squad
From Marcy, to the Bay y'all, we get large, keep in charge
On the road to riches and diamond rings
Real niggaz do real things
Hangin' with the honies is the song I sing
Real niggaz do real things
On the road to riches and diamond rings
Real niggaz do real things
Bustin' my toast off the roof drinkin' 90 proof 'til spring
Real niggaz 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 sellin' keys but I only sell beats
Dopefiend 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 fuckin' niggaz
It's just like in the streets main, how much you get?
On the road to riches, and diamond rings
Real niggaz do real things
Hangin' with the honies is the song I sing
Real niggaz do real things
On the road to riches and diamond rings
Real niggaz do real things
Bustin' my toast off the roof drinkin' 90 proof 'til spring
Real niggaz do real things
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 Hennessee in first class on every plane
Ask Jay-Z, he know what I'm sayin'
Always see me at the bank and yes I'm goin' again
There ain't no dollar amount, that can make me happy
Fine women, a big house, a truck and a Caddy
Now peep, how sweet, niggaz 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 ballin', and if you jealous stop
I want Biggie to rest in peace, as well as 'Pac, how real is that?
On the road to riches and diamond rings
Real niggaz do real things
Hangin' with the honies is the song I sing
Real niggaz do real things
On the road to riches and diamond rings
Real niggaz do real things
Bustin' my toast off the roof drinkin' 90 proof 'til spring
Real niggaz do real things
And I'm out, Beyotch, 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

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