Real Niggaz

Redman

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 infilitrate, 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

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