Real Niggaz

DJ Omega

Real niggas ride wit' us
You haters gotta ride the bus
Smoke till when my brain gon' bust
Bank account so plush, the fed's on us
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Kyjuan's a preppy hippy, cross the bridgy of Mississippi
I slang thangs, make bread, easy like Jiffy
Call me a cool nigga or a Mr. Refriger
Kids ask me "Mr. can you get crunk and jiggy?"
I reply quickly, bottle of Andres or Crissy
Smoke backyard or sticky, my man, watch me get busy
I wake up with two dimes, both named Nikki
I'm a playa dirty, no passion marks, no hickies
Cats make me sick when I roll through y'all city
Lookin' like angry mad, face mad, teeth gritty
You gon' make me go back into my days of U-City
Cornrows, penny bros and new Dickies
Ahh shit, when situation looks shitty
I got that thang with me, plus I Puff like Diddy
You niggas can't hang with me, or pop the pain with me
So wrap some mo' and hop in the Range with me
No picture me rollin', Optimo, glocka four-four
Four-do' Range Rov', mink with matchin' Kangol
Whole hood like "Oh", freakin' 'em out they mind
D's with diamonds on 'em, jackers, I know they want 'em
Not, you see the watch, Rollie or G-shot
You hear me four, five blocks before you see me, that's the knock
I need not speak on that, I speak on Zack
And how he better fix my shit or give my eight G's back
Salute the rugged, flip screen, you gotta love it
Navigational system behind the ten, duckin' the public
Take my chain off to thaw out, battle four out
We fill, the fattest wad a hun'neds you ever saw out
Son break the jar out, twist the muskie
Only real niggas ride and smoke, patna trust me
If I'm lyin', bad mouth, slap then crush me

Cus me, suplex lamb, grab the nine and bust me
'Cause only real niggas ride wit' us
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I'm like the battery, I come through every door on a cell
Mr. Energizer, forever ready to make a mil'
Fuck that Cris', let it spill, I hit the gas, and make it peel
I'm smokin' twenty inches of Parelli, wha, up off the wheel
I hit the jewelry store at noon, slight case of the chills
I got the face too damn chunky, 'cause it still read "Twelve"
Well, hell, not a shit starter but I be startin' some shit
Half the time I'm in the club, half the niggas gettin' pissed
Me, got they miss, I done, caught they wrist
And they be thinkin' you cockblockin' 'cause you gave her a kiss
I walks over to your bitch and asks her "Who's is this?"
Tell 'em one more time just in case he forgets
I be the sleepy eyed, kinky guy, the chinky eye
Comin' be like I, ay, EI, ready the guy
Nigga hella high, country grammar, yellin "EI"
Fuckin' your cutie pie, forty-nine, not gettin' none
You shoulda' seen this lady's face when I walked in the bank
I'm the school boy, I'm Hollywood, smellin' like dank
Lookin' like I don't know left from right
Holdin' a check, got the whole front desk like "Murphy's set for life"
I agree wit' em, I exchange sacks with seeds in 'em
Drivin' eighty in the rainiest Rov', TV's in 'em
I'm St. Lou, plus true to the arch equals I'm real
I'm Hollywood, plus true to the heart equals a mil'
I'm killin' y'all, matter fact I'm killin' myself
In a category with T-Boz, I'm feelin' myself
It gets no better, Slo says it gotta get better
Gotta get wood, gotta get dubs, we gotta get leather
I'm like, what, real playas roll on dubs Lunatics like
And haters can't kick it wit' us and our blunts tight
We smokin till our brain gon' bust
Gettin' head in the back of the truck, City what up
I'm like only real niggas ride wit' us
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