

Real Gangstaz (feat. Lil Jon)

Mobb Deep

This some of that real gangsta motherfuckin' shit nigga
(Yeah)

Yeah, for all the real niggaz out there
(Yeah)

You know what I'm talkin' 'bout?

(What)Like my motherfuckin' East Coast niggaz
(What)

My motherfuckin' Dirty South niggaz
(What)

And my motherfuckin' West Coast niggaz
(What)

Let's goSome, people run
(Yeah)

But, gangstas don't
(Yeah)

Know my hammer stay cocked
(Yeah)

If you, leave you crippled
(Hey)Some, people run
(Yeah)

But, gangstas don't
(Yeah)

Know my hammer stay cocked
(Yeah)

If you, leave you crippled

(Hey)Now y'all know the deal why we up in here

Burn that ma, put it up in the air
(C'mon)

Ma got a phattie so I'm up in her ear

'Cause these clowns wanna grill, I got the clique right thereNow you could get your ass drug around up in here

You know I know the promoter, the pound's in here

And these my parts, you outta town out here

Slow it down, pump the brakes, get found out thereI'm push that melon, what the fuck's that smellin'?
(Pussy)

Thugs not thugs no more, they tellin'
(Yeah)

You did that time, but you not that felon

Nigga kill the noise, your hammer not yellin'You're infrared not beamin'
(Nope)

Y'all not eatin' while your neck not gleamin'
We don't give a fuck, flip for any ol' reason
Just for the fun have your bitch ass leakin'
OkaySome, people run
(Yeah)
But, gangstas don't
(Yeah)
Know my hammer stay cocked
(Yeah)
If you, leave you crippled
(Hey)Some, people run
(Yeah)
But, gangstas don't
(Yeah)
(Y'all niggaz ain't gangsta)
Know my hammer stay cocked
(Yeah)
(Aiyyo Prodigy, tell 'em what's up)
If you, leave you crippled
(Hey)Yeah, all I want is the money and y'all can keep them sloppy hoes
My calendar's shows booked, I ain't got time yo
Gimme the cash, keep them beat up chicks
My bank bounce gotta stay thickYou know e'ry day I stay with, the latest guns
Keep those under our belts to blaze you up
E'ry day we play with, the latest trucks
Work that tip chronic on the porch wellDon't get rat-a-tat tatted up, it be a bad look
Be wettin' your pants when bullets hit, mad shook
Droppin' your gun and all that, you mad puss
34 shell cases fall in one pushYou get beaten and battered up, y'all little chain snapped
We still takin' 'em, fuck it let the team have it
Be droppin' your drinks, trippin' on things scramblin'
It be chaos when guns ring at him
OkaySome, people run
(Yeah)
But, gangstas don't
(Yeah)
Know my hammer stay cocked
(Yeah)
If, you, leave you crippled
(Hey)Some, people run
(Yeah)
But, gangstas don't
(Yeah)
Know my hammer stay cocked
(Yeah)

If, you, leave you crippled
(Hey)Aight it's 'bout to get real ugly in this motherfuckin' club

What, what

I need to see nothin'

(Hey)

But the real gangsta niggaz and bitches on the dance flo'

(Hey)Yeah, we gon' crank this motherfucker up

Let's crank this bitch up

We need to see all y'all motherfuckers doin' this shit

(What)

Doin' what?Hey, put your middle finger up, motherfucker, motherfucker

Put your middle finger up, motherfucker, motherfucker

Put your middle finger up, motherfucker, motherfucker

Put your middle finger up, motherfucker, motherfuckerLet me hear you say put your middle finger up, fuck you
nigga

Put your middle finger up, fuck you nigga

Put your middle finger up, fuck you bitch

Put your middle finger up, fuck you bitchSome, people run
(Yeah)

But, gangstas don't

(Yeah)

Know my hammer stay cocked

(Yeah)

If, you, leave you crippled

(Hey)Some, people run

(Yeah)

But, gangstas don't

(Yeah)

Know my hammer stay cocked

(Yeah)

If, you, leave you crippled

(Hey)

Songwriters

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