

Im The Realest (Produced By Drumma Boy)

Young Jeezy

Ride on these niggaz
I ride on these niggaz
I ride on these niggaz
(Ha, ha)
I ride on these niggaz Let's get it Super charger, the same color as PJ
(Yeah)
I got a champagne range
Big niggaz offed, I got a night-scope aim
(Bah) Audio, video, you caught on tape
That's a way to get ya ass sent upstate
(Dayum)
In '9-A Y, I took them trips down to Lauderdale
Back and forth, like Aliyah Chances of gettin' rich is like one in a million
(Ha, ha)
Or more like two in a billion
Flashin' lights, my mind's playin' tricks on me
But the Minuteman still do tricks on me Swear the feds just starin' at a nigga
You know, you feelin' ya heart fall into ya feet
Summertime niggaz still ridin' with the heat
Jeezy De Niro, Snowman Pacino
Real niggaz love me because I talk that lingo And I'm the muhfuckin' bi-nuss
They lies, they phonies, they fakes
These niggaz ain't never sold the weight And I'm the muhfuckin' bi-nuss
They lies, they phonies, they fakes
These niggaz ain't never sold the weight And I'm the muhfuckin' bi-nuss
They lies, they phonies, they fakes
These niggaz ain't never touched the weight And I'm the muhfuckin' bi-nuss
They lies, they phonies, they fakes
These niggaz ain't never touched the weight
And I'm the muhfuckin' bi-nuss Nowaday the GT's glock black
(Chea)
The shoes on that muhfucka 3-80 chrome
Gotta be careful what you say on the phone
I'm 36 souls away From givin' the mic up and goin' back to the streets
(Naw)
What's the difference, I still eat the same
A nigga paranoid, I still sleep the same
You niggaz rappin' 'bout blow like it's a fad Nigga, this is my life, I ain't tryna set trends
'Cause everybody knows how that brick road ends

Heartless, maybe I need to see the wizard
Until then, Imma make it snow blizzards And I'm the muhfuckin' bi-nuss
They lies, they phonies, they fakes
These niggaz ain't never sold the weight And I'm the muhfuckin' bi-nuss
They lies, they phonies, they fakes
These niggaz ain't never sold the weight And I'm the muhfuckin' bi-nuss
They lies, they phonies, they fakes
These niggaz ain't never touched the weight And I'm the muhfuckin' bi-nuss
They lies, they phonies, they fakes
These niggaz ain't never touched the weight
And I'm the muhfuckin' bi-nuss I stay on the block and risk my life
Day in and day out until a nigga sold out
You niggaz playin', I show you what that street shit 'bout
Hit you right up with them thangs and come back with the chains Might cook it in the stove, might cook it in the
microwave
Either way it's gonna sell, still weigh it on the scale
You rappin' ass, niggaz ain't never sold no yams
I'm talkin' sucka free Sundays and iced out Mondays Pin up Tuesdays and body tap Wednesdays
You was in the studio, I was on the block
In the kitchen at the spot goin' hard with the blocks
25 for the four ways, choppaz by the doorways

Songwriters

Christopher James Gholson; Jay Jenkins Published by

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