

Real Niggas

M.O.G

Intro: Puffy

I am not wit that standin around lookin cool and shit

I want ya motherfuckers to jump the fuck up

and have some motherfuckin fun

You understand what it means to be black?

I have my man the Notorious B.I.G in the back

I go by the name of the Puff Daddy

But check this shit out

Four fives

As we procced to give you whut you need

Verse One: Notorious B.I.G

Sick of ma screamin get a job nigga

Pressed to the limit gotta rob me a nigga

Simple and plain, my man scooped me in the hooptie

Whispered in his ear, this is what we gotta do G

We gots to bang a nigga, and bang a nigga good

So I could cop a benz and drive the fuck out the hood

Cause baby mama screamin, your daughter twelve months

Can't live life slingin rocks and smokin blunts

Hangin with the niggaz don't pay the bills

And bein broke and dirty give the nigga chills

So what we gots to do is creep and see a sweet vic

Did you see that shit? (hell yea I see that shit)

Columbian Dominican yea whatever

Who ever he was he had a tuck under the leather

Two keys twenty G's nigga please

Blew his brains out cause witnesses we don't need

Chorus: Notorious B.I.G. (repeat 2X)

On the road to riches and diamond rings

Real niggaz do real things

Hanging wit the bitches is the song I sing

Real niggaz do real things

Verse Two: Puff Daddy

Yea, yea, yea, yea

I tote gats wit my nigga

Clap wit my nigga

Break bread then break backs wit my nigga

jack wit my nigga

Cock the latch wit my nigga

Now how you gonna act wit my nigga
Just remember there is a gun to your dome
And i will lick shots and run through your home
Or better yet i put your son to the chrome
Turn the music up and unplug the phone
I will kill him read my lips
You too motherfucker if i dont see no bricks
See I flips when I dont see no chips
Yea nigga

I know you in pain I dont care nigga
I want the stash Keys, hash, weed, G's motherfuckers freeze
Cock sucker you better bring the things out
Before i blow your motherfucker frame out
Nigga what
Chorus 2X
Verse Three: Lil' Kim
Big these niggaz over here talkin shit
Yo fuck that I am gonna check these niggaz
What you said speak up
Cant hear ya
Oh thought you were talkin to us
Um pardon me my bad
I should of known you werent wanted with these 3 time losers
The open surgery hearth removers
Niggaz think they gonna stop my ones
Put a contract out and stop ya lungs
We powerful dont think that all we got is guns
We buy out everything you claim including your name
Mama bitch squeezze the life out of ya niggas
Screw barker i take bites out of ya niggaz
Crack open ya safe then put a bomb to it
Fuck shootin windows i jumps through it
With the all black hoodie beat a nigga till he hurl
Then pull the hoodie off so he can see it was a girl
When it comes to my nigga B.I.G
I wanna see all ya niggaz D.I.E
Chorus: Lil' Kim
On the road to riches and diamond rings
Real bitches do real things
Hanging with the niggas is the song I sing
Real bitches do real things
On the road to riches and diamond rings
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Real bitches do real things
[B.I.G.]
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