

## Casella Fabrizio

### "Do You Really?"

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[Eightball talking]

Yeah it's time to get crunked up in this bitch

You know what I'm talkin about

Yeah.. Eightball & MJG, for my real niggaz

Layin it down ("Eightball, MJG") for all my real niggaz

Yeah.. ("Eightball..") Uhh.. ("MJG..")

Let's get it crunk up in this bitch ("Eightball..")

Where ya at? ("MJG..")

Where ya at huh? Where ya at huh?

Where ya at? Where ya at huh? .. ("Eightball, MJG")

This for all them.. real gangsta-ass nigga

Yeah.. for all them real, gangsta-ass bitches

Yaknowhamsayin? My brothers gettin money out here

yaknowhamsayin?

("Eightball, MJG you know we can't be touched")

Real underground lovin muh'fuckers ("Eightball")

Get the club buck ("Eightball, MJG you know we can't be touched")

Yaknahmtalkinbout? Yeah, yeah..

[MJG]

MJ, G up in yo shit like some toilet paper

Get fresh wit me nigga I'ma spoil it later

You'll float backside up in a swamp of gators

Then youse a snack-sized nigga, formerly a hater

[Eightball]

Heavyweighters, street poetry creators

Double-barrel blast for you pimp game perpetrators

Cain't touch us, I know you wanna be us

Fake-ass rappers can't fuck wit what we bust

[Hook]

WHOA! - Do you really wanna get crunk?

HEYY! - Do you really wanna get buck?

WHOA! - Do you really wanna get crunk?

HEYY! - All my players, all my gangstas

WHOA! - Do you really wanna get crunk?

HEYY! - Do you really wanna get buck?

WHOA! - Do you really wanna get crunk?

HEYY! - All my hustlers, all my grinders

[Eightball]

Roll through, one deep, heat in the waistband  
Jealous-ass niggaz might try and touch a made man  
Crazy rap fans, followin my rap van  
Wanna get a hug, wanna shake a playa hand  
Smoke somethin, I'm a fiend for the sticky green  
My whole team keep it clean like a pinky ring  
Hardcore like a scene in Cabrini Green  
Plenty green get a young nigga anything  
Excursion, Escalade with the big rims  
Denim suits, soulja rag with my gold Timbs  
Poppin pills like a nigga eatin M&M's  
Shoppin deals at the table wit the best of them  
Leave the rest of them, way in the back  
Weak-ass rappers get smoked like a sack  
Fat Boy did that, didn't nobody help me  
MJ to the G

[MJG]

Do you really wanna get buck?  
Then tell the truth, I don't give a fuck  
Each day is a blessin, I'ma live it up  
Put ya best South fit in the cleaner  
(Da-da-dun-da-dunnn) Hit the horn like Leana  
I never seen a, party crunker than the one I'm in  
Bitch pullin contest we done won again  
We hit the scene all the women start swarmin in  
I feel like I died, went to heaven and born again  
Pimp tight, MJ fuckin G  
Deathwish meant for anybody touchin me  
I'ma hit the dancefloor with a attitude  
Who's the killer now? Tell me who's the badder dude?  
Who's the one who ain't afraid to let the bullets fly?  
If you know you ain't gon' use it, why you pull it why?  
Do you really wanna kill me and do time?  
And leave ya kids and ya girlfriend left behind?

[Hook]

[MJG]

Do you really wanna hit the sauna, with some bitches  
and marijuana?  
Sailboats offa the beaches of California  
Getcha game tighter as a fist and the ice that's on it  
Y'all ain't crunker than us, ghetto performers  
Street roamers, still keepin the heat on us  
Corner on a nice day, nigga just thought I'd warn ya  
Eightball and MJG, we the buckest  
Dope shit nigga, roll us up in the Duchess

[Eightball]

One of the hardest niggaz that you will ever meet  
Two of the hardest niggaz to bust over beats  
It's all real, never fantasy or incomplete  
Incomplete emcees just can't compete  
Hear defeat, I'm elite when I grab a sheet  
Grab a pen and compose what my life hold  
Fuck what a nigga stole I'ma still roll  
Fifty deep, fifty feet from you weak hoes

[Hook to fade]

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