

50 Cent "Niggas"

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[Diddy]

Shadyville Entertainment, Bad Boy collaboration

[The Last Poets]

I love niggas, I love niggas~!

Cause niggas are meeeee

And I should only love that which is meeeee

I love to see niggas go through changes

I love to see niggas, shoot the shit

But there's one thing about niggas I do not love

[50 Cent]

Yeah... did it again nigga!

[Chorus: Notorious B.I.G.]

To all my Brooklyn "Niggas!"

To all my Uptown "You niggas understand!"

To all my Bronx "In this world nigga!"

To all my Queens bridge "Swept you away..."

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Back up chump, you know Biggie Smalls rips it quick

And kicks it quick, you know how black niggaz get

With the hoods fatigues with the boots with trees

Smokin' weed, flippin' ki's, makin' crazy G's

Hittin' buckshot at niggaz that open spots

On the avenue, take my loot, and I'm baggin' you

Pimpin' hoes that drive Volvo's and Rodeos

Flash the roll, make 'em wet in they pantyhose

Damn, a nigga style is unorthodox

Grip the Glock, when I walk down the crowded blocks

Just in case a nigga wanna act out

I just black out, and blow they motherfuckin' back out

[Chorus: 50 Cent - repeat 2X]

We the realest nigga

50 Cent and B.I.G. my nigga

Don't try to act like you don't feel us nigga

Biggie yo' nigga, 50 yo' nigga

Squeeze the trigger, leave a nigga fa' sho'!

We the realest nigga

50 Cent and B.I.G. my nigga

Don't try to act like you don't feel a nigga
Biggie yo' nigga, 50 yo' nigga
Squeeze the trigger, leave a nigga fa' sho'!

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Then we smoke spliffs, we pack four-fifths
Just in case dread wanna riff
He get a free lift to the cemetery, rough very
Not your ordinary, we watch you get buried
That's a real nigga for ya
Get mad do a quarter flip the script, and rip your
lawyer
Spit at the D.A., cause fuck what she say
She don't give a fuck about your ass anyway
Up North bound first stop, Water town or Bitch-skill
Where the hand skills are real I'll
You'll be a super Hoover doo-doo stain remover
Ha hahhh, yo chief, pass the Buddha

[Chorus]

[Verse: 50 Cent]

When I was young my M.O. was to go hand-to-hand
Even my P.O. she called me the Ginger Bread Man
I catch a new case, and tell her ass "catch me if you
can"
Don't let your people fill you up wit octane, I'm not
playing
Get gassed up to get blast up
Real B.I.G. style watch the kid break it down
Check it - thou shalt not fuck wit North C. Papa
50 Cent, I'll break yo ass off propa'
There's no place like home, New York - New York
I run the city, and I don't dance around like Diddy
Niggas is giddy, till they smacked silly or sprayed wit
the Mac Milli
They don't want drama really
Pussy niggaz get hard lip syncin' my lyrics like Milli
Vanilli
In the hood they feel me {*gun cocked*} hah! I'm on
fire!
Niggas out in Philly they feel me, they bump my shit
Every bootlegger you know, pump my shit bitch!

[Chorus]

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