

## 8 Mile

# "That's My Nigga Fo' Real"

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Uh, Zee

I got waiting haze, my customers ho's, sleep with me  
We have small beef, I still sell them O's for three fifty  
They know in big beef, I pop a hundred times  
Be like roadkill, I live nigga's brains on one and nines  
And my down bitches, they be ready to kill  
I be like chill, they be like

That's my nigga for real  
That's my nigga for real  
That's my nigga for real  
That's my nigga for real

Yo, I don't give a fuck if we don't sell a record  
We still gon' get this money in the Bricks, yeah yeah  
Spill it, Zee

I'm like Santa Claus, I deliver niggas grams a raw  
Straight from Panama, fiends eat it up like canavaugh  
And my dimes disappear like magic wands  
I sell 'em, 'til the crack of dawn and destroy every track  
I'm on  
Plus, I have a clam packed in the back of vans  
More royal than the Taliban murk you for a half a gram  
What? I get B-Boy to drop your truck in the river  
Fuck some dough, we be like

That's my nigga for real  
That's my nigga for real  
That's my nigga for real  
That's my nigga for real

Yea, yeah, uh huh ha, yea  
Scarecrow, what? I'm trying to walk before I crawl  
I want it all ever since I came out of my mama's walls  
I'm trying to make so much dough when I write a song  
I can write 'em all why y'all clique on the corner selling  
final calls  
Yeah, niggas mad at us, gladiators like Maximus, we  
fabulous  
While you fall off like Canibus's managers  
My man Dee U, keep the nina peelin'

That's my nigga for real  
That's my nigga for real  
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That's my nigga for real

Zee need Buddha, E-user, beef pre Lugers  
Spittin' from our PT cruisers  
My tape don't drop, I still got dough to make  
Got little niggas on roller skates holding my coke and  
weight  
Blow paper, ho chaser, dough raiser, Joe Fraizer  
Sixteen cellys and four pagers  
Go hype up your squad that they might fuck with ours  
I just light up cigars, go buy bikes, trucks, and cars

I got accident in Atlanta deep, 'round the street, ten  
grand a week  
I give 'em one word to put your man to sleep  
And I love my Jersey live bitches  
They'll leave a nigga face, with thirty five stitches  
They'll help my tie cinder blocks and push your kids  
So deep in the ocean, they'll see where octopuses live  
Jeah, this label deal is for Raz, Pace, and Chill  
I know mad chicks, but still

That's my nigga for real  
That's my nigga for real  
That's my nigga for real  
That's my nigga for real

What?  
Bricks

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