

## Climax Blues Band

### "Real Nigga Shit"

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FaceMob in the house  
GB  
Chuck Nice  
Willie D y'all  
Uh-huh  
I guess I'll open it up  
Y'know?

[Scarface]  
It's on, ring the alarm  
Got a full metal jacket and the P7 I'm clutchin in my  
palm  
When the first shot ring out, the last man standin  
be the last man they bring out, ain't nobody starin  
Niggaz is gettin somewhere they know the gunner ain't  
for play  
He got some niggaz in the parkin lot sparkin off the AK  
So rat-tat-tat, tat 'til yo' ass hit the motherfuckin flo'  
What that FaceMob lookin like ho?  
You want drama, I'ma send it at you full speed pussy  
The last of this motherfuckin species, push me  
When it's on end your life, fuck who wrong you was  
right  
You the nigga center stage, better go and get a stripe  
Cause tonight, you fucked with big dawgs but they bite  
Now I'm at you with a vengeance nigga, go and grab  
the mic  
I don't threaten motherfuckers in the booth, I'm the  
truth  
I was out there in the hood, nigga where the fuck was  
you?

[Chorus 2X: Scarface]  
I'm quick to introduce niggaz to real nigga shit  
I don't bullshit with niggaz, I kill niggaz quick  
Face the motherfuckin facts, you a rapper I'm a killer  
I'm respected in these streets cause I'm a real-ass  
nigga

[Willie D]  
I don't pay too much attention, to a nigga with lip

As long as the dawg barkin, he can't bite shit  
They got yo' record in the store you fuckin clown  
They got my motherfuckin record downtown  
Stop crook, everybody know you mushy  
You transparent, and I can see you pussy  
Pussy, pussy pussy, up in your drawers  
All you need is some weed and alcohol  
Bitch niggaz get dusted, I'm here to stay so get  
adjusted  
If I can see it, I can bust it  
You can round up every motherfucker you know  
But when the time say so, I'ma get wit'chu ho  
I know you prayin that protection talk gon' get you  
saved  
But nigga you ain't doin nuttin but diggin your grave  
And you talk about that gangsta shit, it's so funny  
If a nigga think you real, I'm the motherfuckin Easter  
Bunny  
All that bullshit you talkin I don't buy all that  
I hit yo' ass in the head with a car jack  
Rat-a-tat tat 'til your dick-suckin ass twitch  
Now what that Willie D lookin like, bitch?

[Chorus]

[Bushwick Bill]

Now which one of y'all niggaz got beef with me?  
Ain't none of y'all motherfucker more street than me  
Y'all some ho-ass niggaz, Mo'-ass niggaz  
Mario Winans "I Don't Wanna Know" ass niggaz  
Too timid to check a hoe-ass niggaz  
Washin dishes and moppin the flo' ass niggaz  
Meet 'em on the po'ch, shut the do' ass nigga  
Fo'-fo' calico totin ass niggaz  
Fuck with Bushwick, and watch your push get  
pushed back to the white meat, motherfucker  
No doubt we pack heat, motherfucker  
Lift yo' ass off your feet motherfucker  
FaceMob make music to driveby to  
Fuck with me I'll have you lookin at what I do  
Now listen to a real nigga spit  
A small introduction to some real nigga shit

[Chorus]

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