

Diddy

"Real Niggas"

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I'm not wit none of that
Standin' around lookin' cool and shit
I want you 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, five
As we proceed to give you what you need

Sick of momma screamin' that get a job, nigga
Pressed to the limit, gotta rob me a nigga
Simple and plain, my man scooped me in the hoop
Whispered in his ear, this is what we gotta do G

Got 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 niggas, don't pay the bills
And bein' broke at 30 give a nigga the chills
So what we gotta do is creep and see a sweet vic
Yo, you see that shit?
(Hell yeah, I see that shit)

Columbian, Dominican, yeah whatever
Whoever he was, he had it tucked under the leather
Two keys, twenty G's, nigga please
Blew his brains out 'cause witnesses we don't need

On the road to riches and diamond rings
Real niggas do real things
Hanging wit the bitches is the song I sing
Real niggas do real things

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Real niggas do real things

(Yeah, yeah, yeah)

I tote gats wit my nigga, clap wit my nigga
Break bread and then break backs wit my nigga
Jack wit my nigga, cock the latch wit my nigga
Now how you gon' act wit my nigga?

Just remember there's 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 don't see no bricks
See, I flips when I don't see no chips
Yeah, nigga, I know you in pain, I don't care nigga

I want the stash, keys, hash, weed
G's motherfucker, freeze
Cock sucker, you better bring the things out
Before I blow your motherfucker frame out, nigga what

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On the road to riches and diamond rings
Real niggas do real things
(Real big nigga's over here talkin' shit)
Hanging wit the bitches is the song I sing
(Yo fuck that, I'm gon' check these nigga's)
Real niggas do real things
(Fuck that, fuck that)

What you said? Speak up, I can't hear ya
Oh, thought you was talkin' to us, um pardon me, my
bad
I shoulda known y'all ain't wanted with these three time
losers
The open surgeons heart removers

Niggaz think they gon' stop my ones
Put a contract out and stop y'all lungs
We powerful, don't think that all we got is guns
We buy out everything you claim, including your name

Mama bitch squeeze the life out of y'all nigga's
Screw barkin', I take bites out of y'all nigga's
Crack open your safe then put a bomb to it
Fuck shootin' windows nigga, I jumps through it

With the all black hood, he beat a nigga 'til 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 y'all niggaz D I E

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