

Eminem

"Nigga"

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I love niggas, I love niggas 'cause niggas are me
And I should only love that presents me
I love to see niggas go through changes
(Whoo)
I love to see niggas shoot through shit
(Did it again)
And to all niggas that do it I love

I got 50 Cent, I got G-Unit
D-Tweezy in this bitch, wit' Obie Trice
So watch what you say, 'fore you call our name
'Cause you say one more thing and it won't be nice

Whoa, here we go, I shoulda known
I was bound to get pulled into some bullshit
Sooner or later, you little haters
Are too jealous of us to love us

You hate it G-Unit made it and Obie's coming
D-Tweezy's coming you're sick to your stomach
50 percent of it's 50 cent
The other 50 percent of it's who's color of skin it is

But if you even considerin' taking our label down
You better find our building and fly a fucking plane into
it
But I ain't trying to get too intricate into it
I'm just trying to give you a little hint for your own
benefit

'Cause then it's gonna get to the point
Where it escalates to some other shit
Then I'm a flip, then I'm a get to
Stomping in my Air Force Ones
But you won't be able to tell if it's two pairs or it's one

It's just gonna feel like so many feet kicking you
You'd think Nike just made these into cleats in this shoe
I don't know what it is or what it could be
But I get a woody when these pussies try to push me

Thinking they gonna put me in a position to pickle me

Y'all tickle me pink, I think I'd just rather have Pink tickle me
Hickory dickory dock, tickety tock tickety
A little bit of the diggedy doc diggedy mixed with a little bit of the
Wit a pinch of Biggie look at me, I'm just the bomb diggedy

We the realest label
Don't try to act like you don't feel our label
'Cause we gonna fuck around and kill your label
Obie, D-Tweezy, G-Unit, 50, Shady records
We the label fa' sho

We the realest label
Don't try to act like you don't feel our label
'Cause we gonna fuck around and steal your paper
Obie, D-Tweezy, G-Unit, 50, Shady records
We gonna kill your label fa' sho

Back up chump, you know Biggie Smalls grips it quick
And kicks it quick, you know how black niggas get
With the hoods fatigues with the boots with trees
Smokin' weed, flippin' ki's, makin' crazy G's

Hittin' buckshots at niggas that open spots
On the avenue, take my loot and I'm baggin' you
Pimpin' hoes that drive Volvo's and Rodeo's
Flash the roll, make her wet, in her 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,
that's real

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 trigga' 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
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Squeeze the trigga' leave a nigga fa' sho

Shady in the place to be see
And I got what it takes to Roc The Mic, right
Still watch what you say to me punk

'Cause I'm off probation in less than six months

When 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 found first stop Watertown

Of fist skill, where the hand skills are real ill
You'll be a super Hoover doo-doo stain remover
Ha hahhh, yo Chief, pass the Buddha

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Don't try to act like you don't feel a nigga
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Squeeze the trigga' leave a nigga fa' sho

When I was young my M.O. was to go hand-to-hand
And 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 this city, I don't dance around like Diddy
Niggas is giddy, till they act smack silly
Or spray wit the Mack Milly, they don't want drama
really
Pussy niggas get hard lip syncing my lyrics like Milly
Vanilly

Even the hood they feel me, ha, I'm on fire
Niggas out in Philly they feel me, they bump my shit
Every bootlegger you know, bump my shit, bitch

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 trigga' leave a nigga fa' sho

Ha, ha, Shady Records

Still aftermath and don't think we don't

Hear you motherfuckers talkin'

'Cause we do and we see y'all

We just gon' sit back for a minute

While I see what the fuck y'all do

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