

Gillie Da Kid

"Real Niggaz"

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Hook:

Real niggaz that beat us
bitch niggaz that beat them
real niggaz that beat us
bitch niggaz that beat them
real niggaz that beat us
bitch niggaz that beat them
hitch me ballin like a mother fucker
hangin all in..let's go!
Figure, gang we doctor hurt the game
strapped up, right leanin on that purple ring
this nigga violate it the sound the serving mane
he killed my man, I kill his mama we both know we
heard the same
cops put the case on me 'cause makin you stick
I'm lean on yellow blow that purple that's the laker shit
Bricks up in that you homie take you rich
you niggas is rup all y'all takin ha ha ha
all the women been callin him
I'm getting face I'm a bad chick you home face but
glugin in
you should see with me and poppin me BB arguing in
and buggin in, I want all of them
like bug bugger see it that price is vibe
I need that china white
homie you'll be gone the night, nigga he's on a side
say one of my voice is.. and take your work
..don't get treat me

[2 x Hook:]

More my feeling shit, I'm killing shit
I'm in this bitch with my nigga Gillie da Kid
a hundred bricks, a thousand pounds
get club on us and bitches going down
shout out to my nigga mick meal
so the deal ain't..mill
nigga rapping about cocaine
I really so that dope for real
I really fuck the hoe for real
and had around drama on a chopper
street meal we get money now
make the fuck they can't stop us

damage could they wanna, ace on my charge up
dope niggas I'm a triple crol you can't rob the robbers
put it on the..modify but dodger
paint with that candy same color is thought up
sauce if I take a loss it gonna be a murderer
I am the realest nigga walking ever heard of
you're Gotti I'm so full of zen in..and purple
and you so full of p**sy you need ten pounds and girt
us

[2 x Hook:]

Real nigagaz that be us, Bitch niggaz that be them
them niggaz that you heard about this them bird out we
them

you fuck around and get murder out off the word
mouth pm

when them clue shot till your dough nigga,
wavin out foe foe nigga,

ha don't make me send them shooters to your address
that bullets bustin off your body like bad check
chuck gamble with your life but it's your last that
you ain't gotta smoke no PC penny get your ass wet
what we partners nigga we roll, bad bitches on hoe
my nigga wrist so cold 'cause I ball hard the rose
when I put up in that rose, all my haters just froze
all the bitches they chose ad everybody they know

[2 x Hook:]

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