

Helmet

"Real Niggas"

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Chorus (Mac Dre)

I'd rather die like a man then live my life like a bitch
I'd rather be in the pen then live my life like a snitch
Playa population is decreasing by millions
So I dedicate this to all the real ones
Real niggas, real niggas
Real niggas, real niggas

[Verse One]

I got three rules when I hustle and ain't anyone funny
It's like get yo money, get yo money, and oh yeah get
yo money
Can't be no punk and damn sure can't be no hoe
I'm like the Grand National, they don't make them like
me no mo'
Doper than a joint of that sticky gooey
Hella saucy potna, real ragooney
I pops extra hard cause I know talk is cheap
Tell a hoe toss it in the air, whatever I say she peeps
See I'm about my cheese, I want G's, y'all fucked
Down and dirty low to the ground like frog nuts
Keep a hoe bottom lip hanging like a turtle neck
sweater
Love a freaky lesbian who can give bomb headers
See my dick stay hard like a cave mans chisel
Waiting for a super bad to come wet my whistle
But my ???? in life is to gain cash
And that there is more serious than a plane crash

Real niggas, real niggas
Real niggas, real niggas

Chorus 1x

[Verse Two]

I'm on the mic representing that players committee
Letting ya know that some of these niggas need a pair
of titles
Never had a player hater born in my body, never been
jealous
Just stubborn hard headed and hella rebellious

Fly like Denzel, smooth like Billy Dean
Some ain't feelin' me cause they can't really see
I'm saucy cause I stay dipped hoe
And still hit the scene, and scream what they hit fo'
Steady havin' cash cause I'm down to take a dollar
Quickly pop my collar, and tell that bitch a holler
It really ain't hard it's just this pimpin and this tongue
That get them bitches sprung, and make them wanna
run
And when I say run I mean perform it to the utmost
Other niggas trip with they dick and wanna fuck hoes
Pimpin's outdated is what them suckas said
But the pimpin ain't dead its just the hoes they mislead

Chorus

[Verse Three]

I got the heart of a gangster, mind of a business man,
tongue of a pimp,
Stupid dumb all dollars no sense
Stay perkin', used to be off that yac
Now I'm on that gorilla milk or that Yukon Jack
Double R star, three c general
Fortified with this game like vitamins and minerals
Doper than a bottle of that dog food
Yall thought I was stupid, now look how I'm comin' at
yall fools
Sportin' one fifties used to fuck with pumas
Now I'm havin more money than Brinks and Lunars
Maurice Malone, Mark Buchannon, and Enyce
Cashin' fat checks weekly
Beep me, if you tryin' to et churped at
No paper you'll get cut like Elvis Grbac (I heard that)
Punk bitch get stomped out
Triple see ya, Mac Dre, romped out

Chorus

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