

C**"Real Niggas"**

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featuring Mob Figgas

Verse One: C-Bo

Twenty five years old, still tryin to make a livin off-a

one live, then they're only slugs give a nigga

Fuck holes in my chest, took my last breath

I, squeeze my Mag and I'm taggin him to his death
ridah

Surprise the whole block when we slide up

An expedition in business, holdin them 9's up

First to die be the first nigga that speak

Murdered to death in the Killaifornia streets

I live my life behind a pistol, smash for the cash

Bitch, life is too short that's why we murdered your ass

Give a shout to y'all homies, gave your pussy to a thug
nigga

And all the cops they gave their money to the drug
dealers

Dump slugs on all y'all piggies, that club nigga

And big dicks is why you white bitches love niggas

A black warrior, finger on the fuckin trigger

Before I die bet they realise I'm a real nigga

Chorus: C-Bo

It ain't no clownin this trick, real niggas'll load clips

Pushin luxury cars, when we dip

It's all about stackin them chips, makin that long money flip

And haters that trip a click to catch clips, for real niggas

repeat

Verse Two: Mob Figgas

Bailin times, fuck it, Mob Figgas'll get the bustin

Ain't no exit out the dip, stuck is how I'm livin

Driven to be that male factor

It's like I have ???? a boot cha or do ya out the frame,
and loot the cash

Rush ya, bust ya, with fo'-fifths and extra clips

Entrepreneur, check my profile, that Mob nigga now

Pushin weight to my Eastend loc, he called me *?craze
is grey?*

Like Tony but never phony, that bitch ???? ???? ?

I'm bringin it to em like this, Mob Figgas, real niggas
down to kill niggas

Five niggas, live niggas, lick and do or die, nigga

Nine's nigga's time's tickin when I blow your mind,
nigga

Call me AP-9, nigga, boogie's when we rhyme, nigga

I hit the block and have it sold

See my freakers hittin vicious on them po's, that's the
way the game goes

On tre-low, I stay low, dippin crate loads

Never had my niggas leavin nappy, runnin big blocks
and cavi

Chorus

Verse Three: Mob Figgas

It's the hustler, you figure out I pack the biggest strap

Boy, I get savage, fold some cabbage, paper chasin is effect

Real niggas lost the fake, and a war that's takin place

You might get chopped up by the gauge, you ain't the kind that can't relate

Walk and trip into my car, stompin a chop off in my drawers

It's the hustler verse em all, so I blast if it's called fo'

Your detective ass wears raw do', real niggas keepin it inside do'

While real niggas is ridin, that's how we flex when we despise

The Mob Figgas, I grew up with these niggas

Trust my life for real niggas, ??? be the first to blast

so I don't have no fear, when I'm out here

But life still be makin me sick

Had to feel the Gleec kick and see heat rip flesh from the unfortunate

Allah bless your soul

I know I was wrong but he crossed the real

so I prayed that you will have understandin and feel

my story, when it's time to wrestle niggas to respect

Real niggas out to get, out to get it on

Screamin "Fuck em all" wit my back against the wall

They can't hold me back, I be the first to dump

on the worthless filth punk as he jump, felts kick from
the pump

When my nuts was young, we see they hung to the
floor

And when they severs 2-11's like teflon dyin out the
door

What they know? We Mob Figgas, born in them savage
times

Fuck your average ass rhymes, nigga

Chorus

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