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# Joddla Med Siv "Real MF's"

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[Big June]

Yeah

What's happening

It's your motherfucking boy

Low Profizile here every dizay

Straight up

Bout to get with some of these bitch ass niggas out

here

Check shit out, so check shit out

## [Big June]

You thought I was gone, but no I'm back again Big June nigga, all up inside your motherfucking shit hole with a mack 10

Cheeks all up on my fucking barrel, I know you're scared

All possing like a manequin, not moving like a scarecrow

Yeah, mister buster, that's what the fuck you is All up inside my Goddamn bizz, just like little kids And first time I seen ya, eyes black like my shirt Steadly getting hurt, but talking about you putting in work

Boy you better quit talking all of that shit Your punk ass'll get lit fucking with my 380 clip It's eight o'clock and I'm on another one of those missions

Letting my nina sing like New Edition when I catch em slipping

Be specific, J to the A-Y-O

Come to tussle, he'll be getting slung like Yayo Now bow down, to this young original nigga that's not

landing

And I'm be high up in the sky and still leaving you busters not standing

But Goddamnit, big ass nigga you be swanging like that

Banging like that, all I know is I wanna be hanging like that

But oh no, I like bitches and I know bitch made niggas It's Killafornia, so you better go back to where the fuck

#### you from nigga

#### [Chorus]

From the Eastside, to the Southeastside
Fool you can't fuck with the real motherfuckers
From the Eastside, to the West Coast side
Fool you can't fuck with fools worldwide
From the Eastside, to the Southeastside
Fool you can't fuck with the real motherfuckers
From the Eastside, to the Southeastside
Real motherfuckers are down to ride

## [Royal T]

It's the motherfucking Royal ready to go, duck Giving a fuck about what you think, better believe you can get stuck

Yeah, I'm laying back in my '64 Chevy Motherfuckers envy, acting like they met me So let me, set the motherfucker straight, trying to player hate

But you could never take the shit that I make You ain't the only motherfuckers that can flip while you're tripping

Watch your loaded gat and I'ma catch you slipping I got my grip on the weapon

Yapping like a puta, let me see you do the stepping Now, to all of the motherfuckers who saying they wanna battle

I be capping and making em run, here I come with my double-barrel shotgun

Watch you run like the bitch that you be
Standing right behind you but you still can't see the G
I buck one to your motherfucking chest
Royal be the vato that layed em all to fucking rest
It's the Southern Califas bandit
Leaving fools stranded with a semi-automatic
Goddamnit, see me in my four hitting switches
Killing all the static and dismissing all them punk
bitches

#### [Chorus]

#### [Mr. Shadow]

It's the Shadow coming to get you Better believe that I won't forget you, let you Be the one that be yapping, mothers are asking how did it happen

Why did it have to be my son, the one that be laying in the slum

I said your boy was talking shit and then the puto tried to run

For one, the vato had no love in the 619 Lying about his life and how he did so many crimes Second of all he was nothing but a phony, didn't know me

And he told me some much shit that wasn't true about my homey

Only real motherfuckers will survive and never die Gotta sin to stay alive, everyday and everynight Gotta be careful with these devils Come up to me and you'll meet my barrels Bunch of enemy motherfuckers coming to shake me like a rattle

Cuz one mistake is all it takes

Is one shady motherfuck that'll use his evil ways Right away you gotta dismiss em, death when I come and kiss em

So load up the fucking clip and make sure that you don't miss em

Remenicing what I say cuz everyday it is the same There's a bitch made bitch in every hood in every state So I say fuck a friend, motherfuck having a dog Trust nobody but yourself, follow me and trust in God

#### [Chorus]

South to the North, Brown, represent the Trece Cholos, chalitos, chutos, and eses I'm ready, so spark up the mota Much love to my clicka but no love for a solca

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