

Kid Frost**"Real Niggas and Real Bitches"**

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(*talking*)

Ahh yeah niggas, yeah uh-huh, uh
We bout to get it ooh, we bout to get it off the chain
Nigga, real niggas real bitches come on

[B.G.]

You know Gizzle on fire, the hottest around
I layed low a minute, niggas try to count me out
Thought I was through cooked, just gone with the wind
Thought you could stick a fork in me, better think again
Man I'm here to stay, nigga I'm built to last
Chopper City in this bitch, there's no realer than that
Now where my killas at, my drug dealas at
I mean my motherfucking, get it how you livers at
Now where my bitches at, my street bitches at
My lap dancing, drop it like it's hot bitches at
You know I'm loving them, ooh when I'm fucking them
I get all up in them, bust a nut all up in them
Niggas are kissing them, I shake my head at them
They just don't know, I done shot all kind of lead in
them
Yeah give me them grits, I put this butter in em
Stir em up, that yellow color in em

[Hook - 2x]

I got real niggas real bitches, fucking with me
I got real niggas real bitches, fucking with me
I got real niggas real bitches, fucking with me
If you fake nigga, I don't need you fucking with me

[B.G.]

I'm from New Orleans, home of the Mag, Memph and
Callio
You know we bout it nigga, we the murder capital
Fo' hundred 21, that was in '94
It's 2003, to that number we added bout fifty mo'
See bout eleven of em, I done done it myself
There's one left in a dozen mo', I got under my belt
I tote them handguns, but I love them K's and shit
Them rifles with drums nigga, and banana clips
I'm off the block nigga, and it's flooded with thugs

It's hot with them people, and believe infested with
drugs
Dope, coke and weed, extasy MV's
We got it all nigga, whatever you want or think you
need
I'm a young dog, nigga I stand tall
My back against the wall, I'ma ball till I fall
Nigga keep it real, that's a street law
And never tell what you heard, or what you seen or saw

[Hook - 2x]

[B.G.]

I got real niggas real bitches, thugging with me
I got real niggas real bitches, thugging with me
I got real niggas real bitches, thugging with me
If you fake nigga, I don't need you thugging with me

I got real niggas real bitches, running with me
I got real niggas real bitches, running with me
I got real niggas real bitches, running with me
If you fake nigga, I don't want you running with me

Come on uh, I don't want you fucking with me
Nigga, I don't want you running with me
Nigga, I don't want you thugging with me
Huh, you can't be bucking with me

Now I'm a real nigga, I fuck with real niggas
I deal with real niggas, only the real niggas
I fuck with real bitches, I deal with real bitches
Huh-huh, only real bitches

(*talking*)

Yeah, Chopper City nigga, wide O nigga
Chopper City nigga, huh, we leave you
We'll leave you wide open nigga
So fuck everybody ha, nigga
Throw your hands up, throw your sets up
Throw your hood up, nigga throw your block up
Throw your side up, nigga throw your side up
Throw your iron up, nigga throw your nine up nigga
Throw your ki's up, nigga uh, huh, hold your blunts up
nigga
What yeah, ah yeah, I'm loving this nigga ha
You gotta be loving this nigga, uh
B. Gizzle, G'd up and soldier down what
B. Gizzle nigga, you know I'ma hold it down
B. Gizzle nigga, G'd up and soldier down
Huh, nigga

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