

Mtume

"Real Niggas"

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Bad Boy in the house for the '95
Big shout out to my man Mel Smith, my man Don Cee
San in the house
What's up Michelle Ray, what's up boo?

[Verse One]

Sick of mama screaming that "Get a job, nigga"
Pressed to the limit, got to rob me a nigga
Simple and plain, my man scooped me in a hooptie
Whispered in his ear "This is what we got to do, G"
Got to bang a nigga and bang a nigga good
So I can cop a Benz and drive the fuck out the hood
Cause baby-mama screaming "Your daughter 12
months"
Can't live life swinging rocks and smoking blunts
Hanging wit the niggas dont pay the bills
And being broke and 30 give a nigga the chills
So what we gotta do is creep and see a sweet vic
Yo, you see that shit? (Hell yeah, I seen that shit)
Columbian Dominican, yeah whateva
Whoever he was, he had it tucked under the leather
Two keys, 20 G's, nigga please,
Blew his brains out cause witnesses we don't leave

[Chorus]

On the road to riches and diamond rings
Cause real niggas do real things
Hanging wit the niggas is the song I sing
Real niggas do real things

On the road to riches and diamond rings
Real niggas do real things
Hanging wit the niggas is the song I sing
Real niggas do real things

[Verse Two]

After mad blunts and gin we had the plan made
I bought my wifey a crib, I bought the MAFIA a arcade
Mad games: pool tables and candy
A little extra chicken loot be comin in handy
Check it, got on some '95 shit, sold the 5 bought the 6

Delvecc, copped the lex, we was set
We no had work all in the projects
Niggas slingin O's he kept the profit, no one could stop
it
We was livin it up
All the sexy young bitches ain't stressin givin it up
Same bitches suckin dick tryin to dress to thrill me
Said the niggaz I killed is out to kill me
Soon as she smoked on that note, I saw trenchcoat
One had a mac spittin, all I saw was gun smoke
The other had a shottie, I was shootin everybody
And I wasn't missing had to get out this position
Niggas still hitting, feel a hot one in my back
Licked six shots, smoked a nigga wit the mac
The nigga wit the shottie still busting, cussing
Mighty goals and puntas
All I'm tryin to do is shoot ya, two shots in the ruger
Booh-yeah, blew his ass out
Then I passed out (passed out, passed out)

[Chorus]

On the road to the riches and diamond rings
Real niggas do real things
Hanging wit the niggas is the song I sing
Real niggas do real things

On the road to the riches and diamond rings
Real niggas do real things
Hanging wit the niggas is the song I sing
Real niggas do real things

Bad Boy in the house, for the '95 peace
Real niggas, aight

{*Biggie talks to someone about Lil' Cease*}

[Verse Three]

The doctor said I need about three weeks of recovery
But the nurses is lovin me
Saying the best part of the day is my half
Feedin me breakfast and givin me a sponge baths
Niggas say I died dead in the streets
Nigga, I'm getting high getting head on the beach
Chillin, sittin on about half a million
With all my niggas, all my guns, all my women
Next two years, I could see about a billion
All for the love of drug dealin
Got no love for the other side, fuck them tricks
Any repurcussion, Junior M.A.F.I.A. spit clips
All the time, Big Poppa kick the raw rhyme
Raw flows, and that's how it goes

[Chorus]

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