

Crooked I

"Real Niggas"

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ft Freeway & Rick Ross

Damn, when I leave all the real motherfuckers in the
pen
Man tell me somebody out here gonna stand up
Set all these motherfuckers straight
Yeah this is Rick Ross, the real Rick Ross
Not the floss
Yeah them suckers got the game right now
They don't make themm like they used too

[Chorus]

Real niggaz,real niggaz,real niggaz
They don't make 'em like they used too
No more, no more, no more
Real niggaz, real niggaz,real niggaz,real niggaz
They don't make 'em like they used too
No more, no more, no more
Real niggaz

I vow to keep it real, never break the promise
I vow to keep it real, never break the promise
I vow to keep it real, never break the promise
Niggaz yell and death for focus honour, they dishonest
They some straight piranhas, and the condor, snakes
upon us
Blame and flagrant hatred, that's deeper than hatin' on
us
How could you cut your brother's throat for the love of
money
Snitching, cops don't even tell on each other dummy
Can't even holla at them, they want me to pay for they
attention
Like some strippers, but I throw slugs instead of dollars
at 'em
Offer them they papers, them niggaz autograph them
They got them dreaming in ways

Taught only my daughters had 'em
My circle's founded by, family who down to rise
We'll move on side, I'm surrounded by

Real niggaz

Yeah we still got some real ones out here
Ain't too many, but you know that's the ones we'll be
fucking with
Yeah, I'm in the studio tonight, Crooked I
Thanks baby it's about time
Got a real motherfucker reached out for OG
You know what I'm sayin' ,
He was tryin' to get himself back on his feet
He gave me a show

Take a look around at the niggaz I came in the game
with
I'm in the same click, I'm on the same ship
Clifford Harris shit I'm on that same tip
I never change over chains I never shape shift
I never transform, I eat Decepticons
And Megatrons ain't nothing but test you on
Checking up in my restaurant
You with them detectives huh
Tryina help to arrest a don
I have my niggers knife in your chest
And carve hexagram
They heard what I said ,yes
Reckon for the feds, yes
We got the word, them cameras behind
Them TV's in your head rest
And I ain't new to this game
We'll either live together as brothers
Or perish as fools, said Martin Luther the King

[Chorus]

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