

Notorious B.i.g. "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,
whats up Michelle Ray, whats 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 slinging rocks and smoking blunts
Hanging wit the niggas dont pay the bills
And being broke at thirty give a nigga the chills
So what we got to do is creep
when we see a sweet vic
Did you see 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
Real niggas do real things
Hanging wit the bitches is the song I sing
Real niggas do real things

On the road to riches and diamond rings
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Verse Two:

After mad blunts and gin we had the plan made
I bought my wifey a crib and bought the mafia an
arcade
mad games, pool tables, and candy
a little extra trick'n loot be comin handy
check it, got on some '95 shit
sold the 5 bought the 6
Del vet copped the lex, we was set
Neno 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 stressin,
givin'it up
same bitches suckin' dick
tryin their best to threw me
said the niggas i killed is out to kill me
Soon as she smoked on that note
I saw trenchcoats
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

Feelin hot ones in my back
Licked six shots, smoked a nigga wit the mac
The nigga wit the shottie still busting
cussing, maricon's and puta's
all i'm tryna do is shoot ya
Two shots in the ruga
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'Ceaser

Verse Three:

The doctor said I need about 3 weeks of recovery
But the nurses is lovin me
Saying the best part of the day is my half
Feeding me breakfast and giving me a sponge bath
Niggas say I died dead in the streets
Nigga, Im getting high getting head on the beach
Chillin'
Sitting on about half a million
With all my niggas,
All my guns,
All my women
Next two years, I should 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 thats how it goes

Chorus:

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Real niggas do real things
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On the road to riches and diamond rings
Real niggas do real things

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