

Notorious Big & 50 Cent "Realest Niggas"

Visit "[Realest Niggas](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I love niggas, I love niggas 'cause niggas are me
And I should only love that which is me
I love to see niggas go through changes
(Whoo)
I love to see niggas shoot through shit
(Did it again)
And to all niggas that do it I love

To all my Brooklyn
(Niggas)
To all my Uptown
(You niggas understand?)

To all my Bronx
(It's war, nigga)
To all my Queensbridge
(I'll blow you away)

Back up chump, you know Biggie Smalls grips it quick
And kicks it quick, you know how black niggas get
With the hoods fatigues with the boots with trees
Smoking weed, flipping ki's, making crazy Gs

Hitting buckshots at niggas that open spots
On the avenue, take my loot and I'm bagging you
Pimping hoes that drive Volvos and Rodeos
Flash the Roll, make her wet in her pantyhose

Damn, a nigga style is unorthodox
Grip the glock when I walk down the crowded blocks
Just in case a nigga wanna act out
I just black out and blow they motherfucking back out
That's a real nigga for ya

We the realest nigga
50 Cent and B.I.G., my nigga
Don't try to act like you don't feel a nigga
Biggie, yo' nigga, 50, yo' nigga
Squeeze the trigga, leave a nigga fo' sho'

We the realest nigga
50 Cent and B.I.G., my nigga

Don't try to act like you don't feel a nigga
Biggie, yo' nigga, 50, yo' nigga
Squeeze the trigga, leave a nigga fo' sho'

When we smoke spliffs, we pack four-fifths
Just in case dread wanna riff
He get a free lift to the cemetery, rough very
Not your ordinary, we watch you get buried
That's a real nigga for ya

Get mad, do a quarter, flip the script and rip your
lawyer
Spit at the D.A. 'cause fuck what she say
She don't give a fuck about your ass anyway
Up north, found first stop for the town

Of fist-skill, where the hand skills are real ill
You'll be a super Hoover, doo doo stain remover
Haha, yo, G, pass the ruler

We the realest nigga
50 Cent and B.I.G., my nigga
Don't try to act like you don't feel a nigga
Biggie, yo' nigga, 50, yo' nigga
Squeeze the trigga, leave a nigga fo' sho'

We the realest nigga
50 Cent and B.I.G., my nigga
Don't try to act like you don't feel a nigga
Biggie, yo' nigga, 50, yo' nigga
Squeeze the trigga, leave a nigga fo' sho'

When I was young, my M.O. was to go hail the Henny
And even my P.O., she called me the Ginger Bread Man
I cut ya new case and tell her ass catch me if you can
Don't let your people feel you're awkward

I tame I'm not lame, get gassed up to get blast up
Real B.I.G. Style, watch the kid break it down
Check it, thou shalt not fuck wit North Seed Papa
50 Cent, I'll break yo' punk ass off propa

This new place like home, New York, New York
I run this city, I don't dance around like Diddy
Niggas is giddy 'til they act smack silly
Or spray wit the Mack Milly, they don't want drama
really

Pushy niggas get hard lip syncing my lyrics like Milly
Vanilly
Even the hood they feel me, hah, I'm on fire

Niggas out in Philly, they feel me, they bump my shit
Even bootlegged you know, bump my shit, bitch

We the realest nigga
50 Cent and B.I.G., my nigga
Don't try to act like you don't feel a nigga
Biggie, yo' nigga, 50, yo' nigga
Squeeze the trigga, leave a nigga fo' sho'

We the realest nigga
50 Cent and B.I.G., my nigga
Don't try to act like you don't feel a nigga
Biggie, yo' nigga, 50, yo' nigga
Squeeze the trigga, leave a nigga fo' sho'

I got 50 Cent, I got G-Unit
D-Twizzy's in this bitch with Obie Trice
So watch what you say before you call our name
If you say one more thing, it won't be nice

Here we go, I shoulda known
I was bound to get pulled into some bullshit sooner or
later
You little haters are too jealous of us to love us
You ain't it, G-Unit made it and Obie's coming
D-Twizzy's coming, you sick to your stomach

50 percent is 50 Cent, the other 50 percent is whose
color skin it is
Well if you're even considering taking our label down
You better find our building and fly a fucking plane into
it
But I ain't trying to get too intricate into it

I'm just trying to give you a little hint for your own
benefit
'Cuz then it's gonna get to the point
Where it escalates into some other shit
Then I'ma flip, then I'ma get to stomping in my Air
Force One's
Won't be able to tell if it's two pairs or it's one

It's gonna feel like there's so many feet kicking you
You think that Nike just made these into cleat tennis
shoes
I don't know what it is or what it could be
But I get a woody when these pussy's try to push me

Thinking they gon' put me in the position to pickle me
Y'all tickle me pink, I think I'd just rather have Pink tickle
me

Hickory dickory dock, tickoty tock tickety
A little bit of the diggity dock diggity
Mixed with a little bit of the jiga jig jiga
With a small pinch of Biggie, look at me, I'm just the
bomb diggity

We the realest label
Don't try to act like you don't feel our label
'Cuz we gon' fuck around and kill your label
Obie, D-Twizzy, G-Unit, 50, Shady Records
We the label fo' sho'

We the realest label
Don't try to act like you don't feel our label
We gon' fuck around and steal your people
Obie, D-Twizzy, G-Unit, 50
We gonna kill your fucking label fo' sho'

Shady in the place to be seen
And I got what it takes to rock the mic, right
Still watch what you say to me punk
'Cuz I'm off probation in less then 6 months

Shady Records, Still Aftermath
And don't think we don't hear you
motherfuckers talking
'Cuz we do, we see y'all but we just gonna sit back for a
minute
And watch what the fuck y'all do

Visit [Notorious Big & 50 Cent](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.