

## **P. Diddy**

# **"Real Niggas"**

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I'm not wit none of that  
Standin' around lookin' cool and shit  
I want you motherfuckers to jump the fuck up  
And have some motherfuckin' fun

You understand what it means to be black?  
I have my man the Notorious B I G in the back  
I go by the name of the Puff Daddy  
But check this shit out, four, five  
As we proceed to give you what you need

Sick of momma screamin' that get a job, nigga  
Pressed to the limit, gotta rob me a nigga  
Simple and plain, my man scooped me in the hoop  
Whispered in his ear, this is what we gotta do G

Got to bang a nigga and bang a nigga good  
So I could cop a Benz and drive the fuck out the hood  
'Cause baby mama screamin', your daughter twelve  
months  
Can't live life slingin' rocks and smokin' blunts

Hangin' with the niggas, don't pay the bills  
And bein' broke at 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 see that shit)

Columbian, Dominican, yeah whatever  
Whoever he was, he had it tucked under the leather  
Two keys, twenty G's, nigga please  
Blew his brains out 'cause witnesses we don't need

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

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Real niggas do real things

(Yeah, yeah, yeah)

I tote gats wit my nigga, clap wit my nigga  
Break bread and then break backs wit my nigga  
Jack wit my nigga, cock the latch wit my nigga  
Now how you gon' act wit my nigga?

Just remember there's a gun to your dome  
And I will lick shots and run through your home  
Or better yet I put your son to the chrome  
Turn the music up and unplug the phone

I will kill him, read my lips  
You too, motherfucker if I don't see no bricks  
See, I flips when I don't see no chips  
Yeah, nigga, I know you in pain, I don't care nigga

I want the stash, keys, hash, weed  
G's motherfucker, freeze  
Cock sucker, you better bring the things out  
Before I blow your motherfucker frame out, nigga what

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On the road to riches and diamond rings  
Real niggas do real things  
(Real big nigga's over here talkin' shit)  
Hanging wit the bitches is the song I sing  
(Yo fuck that, I'm gon' check these nigga's)  
Real niggas do real things  
(Fuck that, fuck that)

What you said? Speak up, I can't hear ya  
Oh, thought you was talkin' to us, um pardon me, my  
bad  
I shoulda known y'all ain't wanted with these three time  
losers  
The open surgeons heart removers

Niggaz think they gon' stop my ones  
Put a contract out and stop y'all lungs  
We powerful, don't think that all we got is guns  
We buy out everything you claim, including your name

Mama bitch squeeze the life out of y'all nigga's  
Screw barkin', I take bites out of y'all nigga's  
Crack open your safe then put a bomb to it  
Fuck shootin' windows nigga, I jumps through it

With the all black hood, he beat a nigga 'til he hurl  
Then pull the hoodie off so he can see it was a girl  
When it comes to my nigga B I G  
I wanna see all y'all niggaz D I E

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