

## **Soulja Slim**

# **"Only Real Niggas"**

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Soulja Slim

Only for the real, niggaz who I fuck with

Know what I'm sayin'?

REal niggaz gon' feel this shit

Cause its only who I fuck with

Know what I'm sayin'?

Show by hands

Put 'em up in the air if you bout makin' dollars

And you be bout this real shit

That be to hard to swallow

Come, follow?

Me to the land

The home of the soldiers

If not committed they we'll cut throat ya

Play brawl then go to

Soldier streets but don't sleeps

And shots to knock ya off ya feet

Specialise in assassinatin', all bustas who be soldier  
hatin'

My bodygaurd is the Lord

My eyes in the back of my head

My dogg, a born killa

Treal nigga

Been runnin' with me since I was small

Alot of y'all probably know him, then again ya probably  
don't

Cause its sung to strugglin' that be ridin'

With head biters in the trunk

Elliotts name was double crosser

He'll double cross ya, when he woulda taught ya

Told me not to get my hand dirty

He'll be my nigga tosser

Tellin' me to do my rap thing

Dont let a nigga bring ya out there

Just chill, and make my mills

With my skills and keep it real

Chorus-1:

That's a, born killa

1- A treal nigga

2+3- Big time, dope dealer

A real nigga, that get it how I live on it  
Fuck with born killas, dope dealers and real niggaz  
Ill niggaz, and treal niggaz  
That get it how the live nigga  
Born killaz  
Dope dealers  
And treal niggaz  
That get it how they live

The real niggaz, stay real  
And the fakes stay face  
And you's a busta type nigga  
Then stay the fuck outta my face  
Because I'm tryin' to stay busta free  
But y'all not hearin' me  
Its nuts or cuffs  
Get it how you live, on these city streets  
And every nigga roam,  
Gotta be Bout It Bout It  
Niggaz pourin' syrup in the game  
They not bein' solid  
And thats the busta type  
Niggaz I can't fuck with so I stay my distance  
And run with real soldiers that love me  
Only a handfull, duck and holler back  
Real niggaz for sure got my back  
All about the combat  
All of the rest of 'em dead  
Bread, ridin' red  
A big dope dealer I used to fuck with doin' time in the  
vet  
No need to say his name, my nigga used to slang them  
thangs  
O-Z's and kilos  
Heard the smack mayne  
He used to give me grams  
Never wanted to give me weight  
He knew my habit, had me out there, he was goin' to  
get blazed  
I respect that by me bein' an addict  
I was, here I had to snort about half a gram to get me a  
buzz

#### Chorus-2

I got sent to the old jail, where alot of niggaz don't  
survive  
I rolled on the teir bout a quarter of five  
Got up early in the mornin'  
Four feet up old mill  
Guess who till rep

My dogg Cheer Will  
He gave me five scoops, cause I just rolled in  
But I gave that shit away  
Cause my head bone bent  
A murder charge in three attempts  
What the fuck you expectin'?  
I'm facin' life in prison, with a leathal injection  
But these dick suckin' DA's  
They refuse the charge  
I rolled off B1, makin' boo-koo noise  
Screamin' those bitches can't hold a Soulja like me  
down  
Then my pajamas, socks and T-shirts, with a tank from  
uptown  
I ain't stay out, cause thirty days  
I come right back in this bitch  
Probation violation, gotta do a year in six  
I bet you dick suckers won't see me  
No mothafuckin' more  
I got big plans, ya understand?  
By slangin' lyrics like dope  
To all my people locked down, y'all be home in a  
second  
Just keep it real, and stay treal and make them bitches  
respect ya

Chorus-3 till end

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