

## Young Zee "That's My N\*\*\*\* Fo Real"

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Uh, Zee

I got waiting haze, my customers ho's, sleep with me  
We have small beef, I still sell them O's for three fifty  
They know in big beef, I pop a hundred times  
Be like roadkill, I live nigga's brains on one and nines  
And my down bitches, they be ready to kill  
I be like chill, they be like

That's my nigga for real (Yea, uh huh, I'm from the  
Bricks, we be like)

That's my nigga for real (Yea, Young Zee, all my  
niggas from the hood, they be like)

That's my nigga for real (Yea, B-Boy, you my nigga,  
talk to 'em)

Yo, I don't give a fuck if we don't sell a record  
We still gon' get this money in the Bricks  
Spill it, Zee

Yea, uh, yea, yea

I'm like, Santa Claus, I deliver niggas grams a raw  
Straight from Panama, fiends eat it up like canavaugh  
And my dimes disappear like magic wands  
I sell 'em, 'til the crack of dawn and destroy every track  
I'm on

Plus I have a clam packed in the back of vans  
More royal than the Taliban murk you for a half a gram  
(What?) I get B-Boy to drop your truck in the river  
Fuck some dough, we be like

That's my nigga for real (Yea, uh huh, I'm from the  
Bricks, we be like)

That's my nigga for real (Yea, Young Zee, all my  
niggas from the hood, they be like)

That's my nigga for real (Yea, B-Boy, you my nigga,  
talk to 'em)

Yea, yeah, Uh-huh-ha, yea

Scarecrow (what?), I'm trying to walk before I crawl  
I want it all ever since I came out of my mama's walls  
I'm trying to make so much dough when I write a song  
I can write 'em all why y'all clique on the corner selling

final calls

Yea, niggas mad at us, gladiators like Maximas, we  
fabulous

While you fall off like Canibus's managers

My man Dee U, keep the nina peelin'

(Point 'em out, and watch me)

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Bricks, we be like)

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talk to 'em)

Zee need Buddha, E-user, beef pre Lugers

Spittin' from our PT cruisers

My tape don't drop, I still got dough to make

Got little niggas on roller skates holding my coke and  
weight

Blow paper, ho chaser, dough raiser, Joe Fraizer

Sixteen cellys and four pagers

Go hype up your squad that they might fuck with ours

I just, light up cigars, go by bikes, trucks, and cars

I got (?) In Atlanta deep, 'round the street, ten grand a  
week

I give 'em one word to put your man to sleep

And I love my Jersey live bitches

They'll leave a nigga face, with thirty five stitches

They'll help my tie cinder blocks and push your kids

So deep in the ocean, they'll see where octopuses live

Jeah, this label deal is for Raz, Pace, and Chill

I know mad chicks, but still

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