

Young Zee "That's My Nigga Fo' Real"

Visit "[That's My Nigga Fo' Real](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 f

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 f

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

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 f

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

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 f

What, Bricks, Bricks, Bricks

Visit [Young Zee](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.