

Mobb Deep

"Real Gangstaz Feat. Lil Jon"

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This some of that real gangsta motherfuckin' shit
nigga
(Yeah!)
Yeah!
For all the real niggaz out there
(Yeah!)

You know what I'm talkin' 'bout?
(What!)
Like my motherfuckin' east coast niggaz
(What!)

My motherfuckin' Dirty South niggaz
(What!)
And my motherfuckin' West coast niggaz
(What!)
Let's go!

Some, people run
(Yeah!)
But, gangstaz don't
(Yeah!)
Know my hammer stay cocked
(Yeah!)
If, you, leave you crippled
(Hey!)

Now y'all know the deal why we up in here
(Uh-huh)
Burn that ma, put it up in the air
(C'mon)

Ma got a phattie, so I'm up in her ear
'Cause these clowns wanna grill, I got the clique right
there
Now you could get your ass drug around up in here
You know I know the promoter, the pound's in here

And these my parts, you outta town out here
Slow it down, pump the brakes, get found out there
I'm push that melon, what the fuck's that smellin'?
(Pussy)

Thugs not thugs no more, they tellin'
(Yeah)
You did that time, but you not that felon
(Nah)

Nigga kill the noise, your hammer not yellin'
Your infra-red not beamin'
(Nope)
Y'all not eatin' while your neck not gleamin'

We don't give a fuck, flip for any ol' reason
Just for the fun have your bitch ass leakin'
Okay!

Some, people run
(Yeah!)
But, gangstaz don't
(Yeah!)
Know my hammer stay cocked
(Yeah!)
If, you, leave you crippled
(Hey!)

Y'all niggaz ain't gangsta
Aiiyo Prodigy, tell 'em what's up!

Yeah, all I want is the money and y'all can keep them
sloppy hoes
My calender's shows booked, I ain't got time yo
Gimme the cash, keep them beat up chicks
My bank bounce gotta stay thick

You know e'ry day I stay with, the latest guns
Keep those under our belts to blaze you up
E'ry day we play with, the latest trucks
Work that tip chronic on the porch well

Don't get rat-a-tat tatted up, it be a bad look
Be wettin' your pants when bullets hit, mad shook
Droppin' your gun and all that, you mad puss
34 shell cases fall in one push

You get beaten and battered up, y'all little chain
snapped
We still takin' 'em, fuck it let the team have it
Be droppin' your drinks, trippin' on things scramblin'
It be chaos when guns ring at him
Okay!

Some, people run

(Yeah!)
But, gangstaz don't
(Yeah!)
Know my hammer stay cocked
(Yeah!)
If, you, leave you crippled
(Hey!)

Aight, it's 'bout to get real ugly in this motherfuckin'
club
What, what? I need to see nothin'
(Hey!)
But the real gangsta niggaz and bitches on the dance
flo'
(Hey!)

Yeah! We gon' crank this motherfucker up!
Let's crank this bitch up!
We need to see all y'all motherfuckers doin' this shit!
(What!)
Doin' what?

Hey, put your middle finger up, motherfucker
(Motherfucker)
Put your middle finger up, motherfucker
(Motherfucker)

Put your middle finger up, motherfucker
(Motherfucker)
Put your middle finger up, motherfucker
(Motherfucker)

Let me hear you say, put your middle finger up, fuck
you nigga!
Put your middle finger up, fuck you nigga!
Put your middle finger up, fuck you bitch!
Put your middle finger up, fuck you bitch!

Some, people run
(Yeah!)
But, gangstaz don't
(Yeah!)
Know my hammer stay cocked
(Yeah!)
If, you, leave you crippled
(Hey!)

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