

Mobb Deep "Real Gangstaz Featuring Lil Jon"

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[Lil Jon]

This some of that real gangsta motherfuckin ****
nigga (yeah!)
Yeahhhh! 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!

[Chorus 2X: Havoc] + (Lil Jon)

Some, peo-ple run (yeah!)
But, gang-stas don't (yeah!)
Know my hammer stay cocked (yeah!)
If, you, leave you crippled (hey!)

[Havoc]

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 ****'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 ****, flip for any ol' reason
Just for the fun have your bitch ass leakin
[Lil Jon] Okay!!

[Chorus]

[Lil Jon]

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

[Prodigy]

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, **** it let the team have it

Be droppin your drinks, trippin on things scramblin

It be chaos when guns ring at him

[Lil Jon] Okay!!

[Chorus]

[Lil Jon]

Aight it's bout to get real ugly in this motherfuckin club

What, WHAAAAAAT?! I need to see nothin (hey!)

But the real gangsta niggaz and bitches on the dance

FLO' (hey!)

YEEEEEEAHHHHH!! We gon' crank this *****

UP!

Let's crank this bitch up!

We need to see all y'all motherfuckers doin this ****!

(what!)

Doin what?

(Mohamed)

Yo it the motherfucker sunnydale representer ya i'm
talkin summer time cookout's and winter time fight's it
aint nothing we heard shots all night.Fourtaurs pull
errbody run white boyz white boyz pull pointing wit
there gunz.I still got dough none changed just mi flow.
and if you low in this game don't mansion mi name. I
got haters on the block like it will naver end.If you see
me in jail you dead meat i'll be fighting and shooting
killing and robin.ya'll sunnydale niggaz put you're
mother fucking finger up ya heard.fuck a hater.i got a
project chicks on mi block.fuck 50 he's like a tupac
wannabe (wannabe)i hate this niggaz that are trieng to
act like me ha ha ha in my block all we say is fuck 50

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