

## **Mobb Deep**

# **"Real Gangstaz"**

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

Some, people run  
(Yeah)  
But, gangstas 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  
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

Nigga kill the noise, your hammer not yellin'

You're infrared 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, gangstas don't

(Yeah)

Know my hammer stay cocked

(Yeah)

If you, leave you crippled

(Hey)

Some, people run

(Yeah)

But, gangstas don't

(Yeah)

(Y'all niggaz ain't gangsta)

Know my hammer stay cocked

(Yeah)

(Aiiyyo Prodigy, tell 'em what's up)

If you, leave you crippled

(Hey)

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

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(Yeah)  
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(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

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