

Mobb Deep **"Real N***az"**

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Yeah, y'all know what it is
Infamous has just entered the building
Yeah, yeah, mama
Keep doing that just like that I like that
But you got one problem
You hanging with some real clowns over there
They some real clown killers
Shooting off in the air like that
Aye, yo, son where my real thugs n' them at

If you live nigga then you bussin' your hammer
All my real niggaz not havin' to stand up
Niggaz better run or you'll be pickin' your man up
Clappin' at whoever I ain't even in handcuffs

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One hammer, two hammer, three hammers, four
H got drama with you I'm bringin' it to your door
We get money on tours cuffin' them broads
While we sluttin' them all then passin' them off

Peelin' off in that Bentley Coupe
Got ma wettin' them draws
You know I keeps them in that birthday suit
She know once that she up in that ride

And we get pulled, the hammers goin' in between her
thighs
Need a chick got to explain a thing
She hip to it the games in her blood
And down for the grind till the death rep MOBB

You a problem with it then you know where to reach me
I give them the business, no mirrors or smoke screens
Either you live it you live it or you just frontin'
This rap shit for life, P thats my CoD
We go back like staircases and OE, stop playin'

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Nigga you thought wrong, now look at you now
Look like sandwich meat with the ketchup sauce
But you was just hollerin' about
Infamous this infamous that

Your mouth was going off
Meanwhile we counts money piles
Till our fingertips green and them shits is sore
But we prefer plastic now

It's nothin' like when its your tour stackin' cash on the
floor
Saran wrap to the top jumpoffs won't fall down
It's not my cash your bitch love, it's how I kill it on the
song
And she get a taste of the dick, she open now

It's shiny like a door and I don't pay the bitch no
thought
I got alot of gall that's what the bitch haal
While I'm leavin' her sight my heart is real cold, real
hard on a hoe
But much much harder for the dough
It be a bloody slaughter when we through

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So don't get mad 'cuz your hoe probably suckin' the kid
Attracted to the lifestyle of how us gangsters live
Teach her all about life and the bees and birds
And how I shut that shit down when the beef occurs

And how I stick, and I move all you see is a blur

Yo I'm a cool ass dude until you push me sir
And can't nobody squash this beef
You get it on with us then you up shits creek, queens
clique

Don't have me puttin' these bullets all in your ass
Your era is done and your time is passed
We better and these is the simple facts
You real rusty, my niggaz is built to last

And it's on, we runnin' around with our guns
Jewelery fit for pharaohs around our necks dun
In O four our thuns get the O six trucks
Oh, Lord, there is no savin' us

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I never leave without the thing
Infamous know how we bang
I never leave without the thing
Infamous know how we bang

I never leave without the thing
Infamous know how we bang
I never leave without the thing
Infamous know how we bang
Hit it

I never leave without the thing
Infamous know how we bang
I never leave without the thing
Infamous know how we bang

I never leave without the thing
Infamous know how we bang
I never leave without the thing
Infamous know how we bang
Hit it

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