

## Nordman

# "Real Or Fake Niggas"

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Chorus: Final Chapter

Is you a real or a fake nigga  
Get caught and run ya trap to the jake niggas  
Tryin to turn a benjamin into a 8 figga  
When shit get sweet, this click we can taste it

{Final Chapter}

Ain't nuthin worse than a snake on a daily basis  
The words that test, my job to the shit is trying to ace it  
Pissin on this shitty pavement, beef is snare  
Cock back scream what, then face it  
Real niggas make it, while bitch niggas fake it  
Sippin henicee, on the rocks and never O.J. to chase it  
My click take niggas back like Jane Close in Acin'  
Feelin for niggas who stomach hurtin', never ate shit  
Final Chapter, want ya niggas to sleep  
'cause we be comin up this hill, and this hill is steep  
I spit hard to make it tougher for ya clowns to eat  
Thugged out, my niggas lay it down in the streets  
Pound to wheat, from overseas, from L.F.C.  
Home of the legends, plus missions beats  
For this tale to decrease, y'all all turn sucka  
We fly O.T., with fire brain in our chucka

{Noreaga}

Yo I was told by 3 wise men, you gotta get dough times  
ten  
And when ya mula correct, aiyo the dough straight just  
Flow down to ya neck  
Get ya cash up, 'cause some time you pass ass up  
Get ya dough right, I knew you were gonna fuck with a  
slut  
My flow is in and out, and out and in  
No doubt, make ya niggas say ouch again  
And the shit mine, get my journal's a spit shine  
Stay hard, plus a nigga hit hard tard  
If I ain't in Iraq, then I'm right in the marge  
Tao-tao-tao, like the Flipmode Squad  
Nigga hop my shit, so when you cop my shit  
You got a shotgun? Nigga gonna cop my shit  
Yeah my name papi, but I ain't poppin shit

Straight knock you out, like the Rocky shit  
While ya cornballs nigga, straight coppin shit

Chorus: Final Chapter {modified}  
Is you a real or a fake nigga?  
Get caught and run ya track to the jakes niggas  
Trying to turn a benjamin into a 8 figga  
When shit gets sweet, this click we can taste niggas  
Embrace niggas  
To the death, we be livin it up  
All my niggas who ain't givin a fuck  
Cop ya shit and bust  
Don't look here, if you hate nigga  
When shit gets sweet, this click we can taste niggas  
Embrace niggas

{Final Chapter}  
It's been a while comin, fullback endzone with me  
Times is paper, gotta make moves slowly  
Things changin, prepare for the occasion  
School face only, slanted eyes like a Masian  
You ain't amazin me, or facin me  
Give them 2 weeks, I hope fiends are blazin key  
And when you flash ya cards, you never surprise us  
Y'all like deetechs, need better disguises  
Word from the wises, get dough, break bread  
Catch me with a virgin that strictly give head  
And when there's somethin on my mind, then it quickly  
get said  
Freestyle, M.O.B., nigga voi p now  
Thugged voice, first choice, ya clowns is secondary  
Still full of couple things short like February  
From Iraq to P.R., the world is ours  
We are, Final Chapter, thugged out, we'll see ya

Chorus #2

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