

Petula Clark

"Real Niggaz"

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[Icarus]

Yeah, now, now is you motherfuckers ready for this?

(c'mon)

Do you really think you ready for this? (c'mon)

Do you know that you ready for this, huh?

We gon' see if you ready for this

[Scarface]

I be the street sweeper nigga

Quick to leave your whole block shook and shot at
from fuckin round with the mi-dack

Eleven, twenty-four, act 47

Fuck who's standin around them get close up and down
and

I done came here to get brains

Shoot you twice in your stomach

then leave your boxin shorts full of shit stains

You're bitch-made, you ain't a gangsta you a sucker
ass

These niggaz scared of your bark {**barkin**} but bitch I
touch ass

and bust back, what's that? It's Face-mob in effect
with Icarus, Reggie, Jamal and Treach

I told you that talkin wasn't shit to me

So bitch be more specific when you spit for me

"It ain't shit to me," you a hoe in fifth degree

A discharge from a dick disease

You lil' maggot, part time thug for a faggot

Plastic-ass chump, you don't want no static

[Chorus: Redman]

Real niggaz - louder

Real niggaz - louder, LOUDER

Real niggaz - yo

Real niggaz..

[Redman]

Yo, yo, yo

It's Funk Doc, I thought you knew

PPP in the back and they parkin to, jump

Thorough borough, Bricks, ashy elbow kid

I fuck chicks off Elmo flicks
My tape is off safety, tongue the gun
Mouth to barrel, I spit, it numbs the front
"SO WHAT 'CHA WHAT 'CHA WANNNT?" Yo, my Boys is
Beastie
We grew up untamed, unemployed and eatin
You sharks in the water, avoid the deep end
We only fuck chicks that enjoys the beatings
Young Ike Turners, disco infern-ers
Concentratio camp, nobody turn up
I roll up a 'X' that came with kits
Leave you with "Nightmares" Dana Dane was with
(niiight-marrres)
I can train yo' bitch, with a chain and whip
It, blow the block down while I change the clip

[Icarus]

Yo, don't approach me wrong, little kids call me
Smokey-mon
Cause the blunts that I light set off smoke alarms
{*beep beep*}
And I stand on the corner 'til my coke is gone
Niggaz wanna get they ice picks, poke the don
But they know I got a gun big as Oprah's arm
And I know a old lady that'll choke they moms
A attitude, that's what I don't walk without
Nigga I'ma time for it, you just talk about
Ic' is the man, and I never been to Japan
Got a Japanese bitch with my dick in her hand
This is the plan, I'm about to get in the van
Go and get rid of the man, I done did it again
Skunk I blow, then off to the trunk I go
Pull the pump out slow, dump out fo'
I'm the nigga that the streets raised
I'm the nigga that'll make 3-ways outta nigga PJ's
The nigga, that'll smack the shit out the DJ
if he don't give Icarus shit a replay
Poker flush, y'all niggaz joke too much
And my gun got cancer, it smoke too much, we

[Chorus]

[Jamal]

First of all you gotta have balls unlike some who act
hard
I was real ever since I shot out my pops black balls
I'm real, I can sense danger and tap calls
I'm real, I feel when haters wanna clap 'Mal
I look a nigga eye to eye when I speak
I'm transparent, I can see if you a killer or a freak
or a bitch that'll do anything to get rich

or a snitch that'll drop dime on the click
or a fake, that'll rather see me at my wake
or a Jake tryin to infiltrate, give me a case
I'm real like, BITCH, get the fuck out my face
I'm real like let me stick my dick in ya mouth, give you a
taste
I'm a real nigga if I don't get no bigger
I'm five-five, still knockin out tall niggaz
We real niggaz plottin on dummies with tall figures
Real niggaz hands on forty caliber triggers
Bullets hummin, real like Redman's fifth comin..

[Treach]

Trigger Treach..

Bastards blunts, buddhas bullets black gats is the
lingo!

Fuck a jolly jingle, old bitches break for Bingo
Christmas time I crack yak and Kris with Kringle
Gettin funk from nymphos and scratch my nuts witcho'
single

Who's the game scratcher minus the rap masters
Name is HEYYY, with the gay(?) G after

My thugs on the street with the heat, listen to me
See them diamond D.M. medallions, SNATCH! You give
'em to me

Mally G's a part of me, Icky slips his ownself mickies
in crowded armories, FUCK with Redman you're a dead
man at the robbery

You'll be (?) Adebisi greasy put him on to me, FUCK
THAT

I'm a throwin flames FANATIC, bashin brains COME AT
IT

Beat you with the shit that they used to frame the attic
Your skank-ass go voo-doo, poodle-wig wearin rashy
Rusty and trusty, musty-wack-nasty

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