

50 Cent F/ The Madd Rapper

"Do You Really"

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[DJ Kay Slay]

Yo, this is a Wu-Banger two thousand and one noise maker

off the hook guerilla anthem

This is DJ Kay Slay, from around the way

And I'll smack the shit outta ANY OF YOU DJ's
that front on this shit.. think I'm playin?

(Hook: Method Man)

I heard you ladies got them Thang Thangs, do you really?

I heard y'all niggas like to bang bang, do you really?

I heard you ladies got them Thang Thangs, do you really?

I heard y'all niggas like to bang bang, do you really?

[StreetLife]

I never been a fan of the fame, I got love for the game

Never lust for the dames, I got dust in my veins

Little off in the brain, kid talks butter slang

Sniffed a little blow with the rap Eddie Kane

Spent a lot of dough, it's so hard to explain

And I fucked a lot of hoes off the strength of the name

Wu-Tang, see me at the next, X Winter Games

Snowboardin down a ski range, it's a blue and grey frame

Keep, pointin the finger, I'm that nigga to blame

The main reason why you tuck the chain

Self proclaimed, got a lotta profit to gain

And I'm leavin the rap game the same way I came

[Method Man]

Now creep with me, as I roll through the Stat

Little Meth got my back, so do Pinky Fat-Fat

Let me hit that {*inhale*} contact, learn how to act

Before you bring that drama the end; I'll fade to black

Positive, hate kids who tell me lies

Despise guys that wanna get high but never buy

Got nine lives, nine wives that don't listen

Bitchin their biological clocks is tickin

Wu limited edition - hot off the presses

I guess it's, curtains for competition
Method, runnin 'em out, gun in my mouth
The kid your mamma warned you about, tear down the house
After midnight, eatin MC's, change to a gremlin
You tremblin, behind the Kremlin wall, surrenderin
That's what you get for Russian/rushin, in the direction I was bustin
Polish your sword, your shit is rustin

[Hook]

[Masta Killa]

One-two
Testin, testin, mic check wreckin
Steps into the session
Automatic weapon off safety, don't play me
But brings all them things with silencers
My clan is livin better than your average '85er
Strive to stay alive
I play for keeps in the streets
Cause it's real on the battlefield
Shells hit the ground from the steel
Bullets travel, sun set fire to your mind
Words combine when I rhyme to feed the blind
Prepare my queen for battle and walk down
I drink from the wine of violence, no tolerance
Gave word bond, sword silence
Me in military fatigues, bulletproof underneath
Buy enough ammunition to round and sweep the streets
of Brooklyn, central, sugar-whipped the rental
while I'm lickin out the window at y'all, fuck y'all

[Hook]

[Inspectah Deck]

Yo, we thrive on street life, we strive to eat right
They blind and need sight, we tried to be nice
They talk the small talk, we walk the long walk
We lost, they all thought, they forced to fall short
We rock for hard rocks, rocked the hot blocks
Shop and cop rocks, watch the top notch in action
Begin to make your head spin
Wu Tang my breddren, we bang like veterans
They paid for record spins, taste the medicine
Or face the double M, we came to trouble them
Hustle them for they 20 mill' then buckle them
'Nuff to spin out the blue, bitches lovin them
Dozen men with force of a hundred-ten
Stumblin thug passions, it must've been

[Hook] - 2X

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