

Buddha Monk f/ Floorless**"Real Niggas"**

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[Floorless] Yo, real niggas move up, fake niggas stand where ya at Guns so big up, you get shot in the front and land in the back You plannin' to stack, these cannons'll clap I light you up in your sixth with ya chick hand on your lap I never hate, I'm always first to get my hand to a cap My reflections is too quick, I got the hands of a cat So don't reach, I rap, homeboy, I don't preach Next time you hear a gangsta flow, talk and don't speak And don't think about rapping while I'm here, you won't eat I'm 18, great flow and gray beam, don't sleep Fake or real, I'll show you how to take a deal And if your flow ain't sick as mine, I can make it ill I know fiends in rehab that still baking crills Beating flows like giving a tred of vacant mill I'm too nice, this kid'll roll trips with two dice I've been around twice, pulled trips in two nights [Chorus 4X: Floorless] Real niggas move forward, fake niggas stand still Real bitches shake that ass, fake bitches act real [Floorless] Yo, you'se a gangsta, go 'head, prove it to me now You got a gun on your waist, go 'head, use it on me now I wish a nigga'll act up, while these tools are in me now The last that tried it, dead, plus his jewels is on me now Close range, his uzi's on me, now, I told him that I troop Up and down the block, with four pounds, and uzi's on me now Nigga I scoop you up, and leave your cuggi on the ground Unsolved mysteries, make a movie on 'em now True bitches understand us, fake bitches don't Cuz they don't know what the plan is, most importantly Flow far from what they man is, way better in fact Your girl leave you for me, she may never come back I'mma show you how the kid do, and how the kid blew Promoting crack to rap, I do not kid you Kid you ain't on my level, talking bout you chilling Shining all day, you ain't on my bezel [Chorus 4X] [Floorless] The real niggas, ya'll know what to do, fake niggas, you to Real bitches, just tell the fake bitches to do what you do Teach 'em how to hop on it, ride cock as well as you do Let 'em know that I'm daddy, and they ain't no time for Fubu Now that's real, ain't nothing fake about this Ask my mother, she tell you ain't nothing fake about Chris I've been through the struggle, and players, I done

injured a couple Whether they came in for dolo, or they
in to the cuddle It's nothing, so simple to touch you,
stay headless You in the game, let's see if you can play
headless I'm real, and that's that, I put my life on the
track And I'm ill, and you wack, what you writing is
crack Plus I'm still, one of the best, with a gun and a
vest And you still, one of the floppiest, with broken guns
in your closet Money in the bank, trust me, I open up
son deposit Take back until the next track, hold his
mother for hostage [Chorus 4X]

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