

Deadly Venoms f/ 40 Glocc, Ill Knob, Whiteboy

"Real Niggaz"

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[Intro: Champ Diva] Uh uh, turn me up a little, word up, word up Uh uh, juice it, juice it What what, new millennium, new millennium Yeah, yeah, what, what, what Huh, feel me on this one, uh, uh [Champ Diva] Aiyo, son be easy, got some shit that leave 'em internally sleepy Like Biggie, they can't see me Holding they guns, plus I stay on one like Big Pun Dum-didi-dum, didi-dum, here I come Bringing trouble too, it's a lyrical murder serving you Champion, the rapping don, a/k/a Scorpion Drop a bomb, now it's on, L-Long, forty block Freaker neater, hit the club, we gon' keep shit hot You my bitch, nigga move, you got beef, yo, how we do Violate things, make you switch up and get a new name Close shot, let me find out, you got a new game Reload, try to hit 'em up, with even more pain Picasso, fuck around and drive 'em all insane Drive 'em all insane, drive 'em all insane [40 Glocc] I'm on the east chilling, without a vest I pack a pack of pro-b-black, and yo, I'm ready for sex I'm a West Coast vet, you can ask Rocks the World, who rocks the best And you best to pick the right fucking Glocc to test With yo locks and techs, where I'm from, it ain't option nigga You either do, or get done Big like Big Pun, and pop like Re-Run With two guns, watch you do a damn C and run For a life force, this thug shit runs through my balls And veins, I'm leaving with a boss shit stain I smack you out the ground with low range, nigga I run with a gang that blast to maintain It's the same thing, popping off both coasts, lost the dope It's all about the nigga with the biggest paws Laws being broken, get you searched, super soaken I'm representing potent, Californ-I-A Where niggas gang bang and serve 'caine every day You getting layed flat on your back from the raid I spray Fucking roaches, niggas is players not coaches Turn on your TV, DV's the dopest [Chorus: Whiteboy] Things are nothing Boy will dead, and everybody will rotten Send them our airplane, send them our mountain Fucking with the real nigga, real killa See for ear to my nodding Me yell out things in Latin Boy will dead, and everybody will rotten Send them our airplane, send them our mountain Fucking with the real

nigga, real killa See for ear to my nodding [Ill Knob] Yo,
word is bond, we keep it gangsta, while dropping lyrics
on these wankstas Mad deep on both coasts, my whole
crew'll shank ya Stop on many tracks, putting holes all
in they back Or leave 'em choking, Rocks the World
forever keep it smoking We the, cream of the crop, let
me show you how to pop, nigga What's cracking, it's Ill
Knob about to make it happen Rocking glocks, techs,
drinking Heinekens and Beck's Push a seventy on
Sunset, we rock for these checks It be like, Tony
Montana, taking trips down in Havana It be the rap that
wanna rhymer, in Bahamas with ya baby mama Ill
Knob, I eat 'em up like Jeffrey Dahmer, bring the drama
And I'mma knock the fighting till tomorrow Sun I'm, off
the heezy, yeah the Knob style is greasy To some
niggas it's hard, but to me, nigga, it's easy From
Brooklyn to Virginia, niggas know I get up in ya And
skin ya, chop 'em up and fry 'em up for dinner
[Whiteboy] Nigga I will bend ya, or send you to your
maker I'm a West Coast heartbreaker, stand away from
salt shaker I Rocks the World on the low-low, lace this
rhyme track by JoJo I'm smoking dough dough with no
lo' Whoa, hoe, I ain't no trip I'm slick and exquisite, and
good with the diz-ick My boys from South Central, and
I'm loving Bed-Stuy Brooklyn, yeah it's true, the crook's
gem They heart blood in, razor cutting, what the
fucking Everybody's busting, I relate to these cats in
more ways than one West Coast, here I come, if you a
killer, where's your gun? Where I come from, I don't
need a buck fifty Before I start cut in one motion, I been
busting [Chorus to fade]

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