

## **St. Lunatics "Real Niggaz"**

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Real niggas ride wit' us  
You haters gotta ride the bus  
Smoke till when my brain gon' bust  
Bank account so plush, the fed's on us

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Kyjuan's a preppy hippy, cross the bridgy of Mississippi  
I slang thangs, make bread, easy like Jiffy  
Call me a cool nigga or a Mr. Refriger  
Kids ask me "Mr. can you get crunk and jiggy?"

I reply quickly, bottle of Andres or Crissy  
Smoke backyard or sticky, my man, watch me get busy  
I wake up with two dimes, both named Nikki  
I'm a playa dirty, no passion marks, no hickies

Cats make me sick when I roll through y'all city  
Lookin' like angry mad, face mad, teeth gritty  
You gon' make me go back into my days of U-City  
Cornrows, penny bros and new Dickies

Ahh shit, when situation looks shitty  
I got that thang with me, plus I Puff like Diddy  
You niggas can't hang with me, or pop the pain with me  
So wrap some mo' and hop in the Range with me

No picture me rollin', Optimo, glocka four-four  
Four-do' Range Rov', mink with matchin' Kangol  
Whole hood like "Oh", freakin' 'em out they mind  
D's with diamonds on 'em, jackers, I know they want  
'em

Not, you see the watch, Rollie or G-shot  
You hear me four, five blocks before you see me, that's  
the knock  
I need not speak on that, I speak on Zack  
And how he better fix my shit or give my eight G's back

Salute the rugged, flip screen, you gotta love it  
Navigational system behind the ten, duckin' the public  
Take my chain off to thaw out, battle four out  
We fill, the fattest wad a hun'neds you ever saw out

Son break the jar out, twist the muskie  
Only real niggas ride and smoke, patna trust me  
If I'm lyin', bad mouth, slap then crush me  
Cus me, suplex lamb, grab the nine and bust me

'Cause only real niggas ride wit' us  
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I'm like the battery, I come through every door on a cell  
Mr. Energizer, forever ready to make a mil'  
Fuck that Cris', let it spill, I hit the gas, and make it peel  
I'm smokin' twenty inches of Parelli, wha, up off the  
wheel

I hit the jewelry store at noon, slight case of the chills  
I got the face too damn chunky, 'cause it still read  
"Twelve"  
Well, hell, not a shit starter but I be startin' some shit  
Half the time I'm in the club, half the niggas gettin'  
pissed

Me, got they miss, I done, caught they wrist  
And they be thinkin' you cockblockin' 'cause you gave  
her a kiss  
I walks over to your bitch and asks her "Who's is this?"  
Tell 'em one more time just in case he forgets

I be the sleepy eyed, kinky guy, the chinky eye  
Comin' be like I, ay, EI, ready the guy  
Nigga hella high, country grammar, yellin "EI"  
Fuckin' your cutie pie, forty-nine, not gettin' none

You shoulda' seen this lady's face when I walked in the  
bank  
I'm the school boy, I'm Hollywood, smellin' like dank  
Lookin' like I don't know left from right  
Holdin' a check, got the whole front desk like "Murphy's  
set for life"

I agree wit' em, I exchange sacks with seeds in 'em  
Drivin' eighty in the rainiest Rov', TV's in 'em  
I'm St. Lou, plus true to the arch equals I'm real  
I'm Hollywood, plus true to the heart equals a mil'

I'm killin' y'all, matter fact I'm killin' myself  
In a category with T-Boz, I'm feelin' myself  
It gets no better, Slo says it gotta get better  
Gotta get wood, gotta get dubs, we gotta get leather

I'm like, what, real playas roll on dubs Lunatics like  
And haters can't kick it wit' us and our blunts tight  
We smokin till our brain gon' bust  
Gettin' head in the back of the truck, City what up

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