

Game, The

"Real Niggas Stand Up"

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Real niggas stand up, hold they dick
Bitch niggas sit down to piss, what type of nigga is
you?
I'm the type to pack a gat or few
Pull out and pop, simply 'cause I'm mad at you

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Y'all niggas see me when I'm come through and ain't
no denyin'
That them big motherfuckers is twenty five
Swayin' in and out of white line, six double 0
Deuce zeroes, I'm feelin' like the streets is mine

Mines hustle, mucho dinero, heat's confined
See more fall guys than Foreman-Ali combined
Any beef, I'm releasin' mine
And I won't stop bustin' 'til them Escalade seats recline

The kid roll with a greasy nine, come through and blast
I return shots like Arthur Ashe
You do the math, ten shots, ten dead bodies
Fuck bein' sorry, it ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party

And I'll make sure ain't a nigga survivin'
Shoot up the ambulance, make sure it ain't a nigga
there to revive him
And the Game ain't tryin' to win, fuck the awards
So keep that little-ass horn, and that Neil Armstrong,
nigga

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Trust me, dog, ain't shit you can put in your rap
That'll make you a gangsta, you a bitch and that's that
Niggaz thinkin' I retired my Chucks, put the gun back in
the holsters
'Cause I weave through traffic in a roaster

But that don't stop the heater from bangin' or me
comin' through
Droppin' all y'all niggas with three in the chamber
Keep two mac-10's when I'm rollin', one in the changer
One when I push the button's right next to the
cupholder

Dog, we can get this shit over, I got ten on the Game
Let's say that Lee Harvey crack ya brain
Ain't gotta look over my shoulder, I'm good with the
aim
Good with the handle and the bullet's good with the
bloodstains

And the coroner's real good with the pickup
A1 good with the carpet cleanin', they can get the rest
of that shit up
'Cause I kill like the hiccups, two at a time
Put you niggas next to each other how I do 'em in line

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Come through in a big boy, leave the bullshit at home
If beef cook, then I'm bringin' the chrome
If I die, then I'm leavin' a clone, but if I live
Through the drama one mo' time then them boys gotta
dig

When I think about who shot me, I listen to Big

When I'm rhymin' on the road, I listen to Jig
Bump Nas off that purple, sittin' on the block
And when I'm loadin' up them clips, I listen to 'Pac

A semi with me like Eddie Murphy, got mo' guns
Than F A B O L O U S got jerseys
And you might get 'em all in the face when shit get
thick
Make the back of your head look like Jerome Kearsy

And ain't nuttin' to do a drive-by in the hood
We ain't even got survival, but I'ma still take that ride
Bet my drink on it, bet my main squeeze mink on it
Think this shit a joke? Bet the S-5 pink on it

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