

Jay-Z F/ Freeway**"Real G's"**

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We bout to get real ugly up in this muthafucka
For the 9-9 and the 2-G
Def Jam (*echo*)
Snoop Dogg all up in this muthafucka
Big Kap (*echo*)
Eastsidaz

[Chorus - repeat 2X]
I'm on the road to riches and diamond rings
Real gangstas do real things

[Verse 1]
B-R-O-O-K-L-Y-N
We gang bang and ride down on niggas(Pow hot!)
Dogg Pound on niggas
Who shot ya?, big dog gotcha
I'm notcha average nigga in the yappin'
Folks slappin, folks are smokin dope
And doin my thing, I'm on the muthafuckin East coast
From Brooklawn to Q.B. they know me
Up in Harlem World they say Snoop Dogg is a G
Ask P. Diddy, Lil' Cease, and Queen B.
Eatin up at Justin's you seen me, rappin
Stackin my weapon in the limo
And 15 niggas tryin to hand me their demo
"Sign Me" my mind be on some other shit
If I'm slidin in the club nigga I'm tryin to bust a beeatch!
So in other words, all that rap shit kick it to the curb
Save it for the birds
Who got the muthafuckin herb?
And where the hoes at nigga? Shit, I'm tryin to get
served
I got dick on a platter
Baby got a man Snoop Dogg, shit it don't matter
Ooh, ahh, Snoop dizzy gots to get busy
Especially when I'm tippin
Look here, and all you niggas talkin shit you just
missed me
Cause on the real Flex none of ya'll can fuck with me
G's up, I'll make punk niggas freeze up
Pull dem Lees up, and leave dem sleeves up

Nigga, what the fuck?
You know about that D.P.G. Bad Boy connection
Connected by Funk Flex we in a Lexus
Or even the Suburban, swerve it to that Hot 9-7
B.I.G. rest in peace, I know your smilin in heaven
Look here

[Chorus - repeat 4X]
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[Verse 2]
Money, gangstas, bitches, dope
Hold, show, flows, ya know
You wanna roll around on my livin room flo'
Play Nintendo and smoke my Indo
I don't think so, and I aint payin your bills
Man I'm sick of these bitches and that's way to real
I meet a bitch, I greet a bitch, I never eat a bitch
You talk shit, God damn right, I'll beat a bitch
Treat a bitch never have in my life
I skied a bitch and tell her punk ass good night
Unless you tight...Like a R and B bitch
Like Toni Braxton or Jenny Lopez
Go ahead, go ahead
Aw man fuck what she said, I bet she give a rap nigga
head
I take her upstairs lay her on the bed
Get it in the feelin, now she start revealin
And what more can I say
Dog is chillin, his dick is chillin
Movie star bitches all on a nigga dick
When I was broke, Kap, man I couldn't picture this
400 G's from over seas we the loca
Bound to hash from master down my almamota
I got to smoke everyday of my life
Snoop Dogg, Funk Flex and it's extra tight

[Chorus - repeat 2X]
I'm on the road to riches and diamond rings
Real gangstas do real things

Real ugly for the 9-9
It's goin down ya'll
Oooh this is ugly
Drop a bomb on them Flex
Yeah, it's hot ya'll
Real hot, hot to death
B.I.G. rest in peace

