

Kelly Price F/ Method Man

"Real or Fake Niggas"

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Chorus: Final Chapter

Is you a real or a fake nigga
Get caught and run ya trap to the jake niggas
Tryin to turn a benjamin into a 8 figga
When shit get sweet, this click we can taste it

{Final Chapter}

Ain't nuthin worse than a snake on a daily basis
The words that test, my job to the shit is trying to ace it
Pissin on this shitty pavement, beef is snare
Cock back scream what, then face it
Real niggas make it, while bitch niggas fake it
Sippin henicee, on the rocks and never O.J. to chase it
My click take niggas back like Jane Close in Acin'
Feelin for niggas who stomach hurtin', never ate shit
Final Chapter, want ya niggas to sleep
Cuz we be comin up this hill, and this hill is steep
I spit hard to make it tougher for ya clowns to eat
Thugged out, my niggas lay it down in the streets
Pound to wheat, from overseas, from L.F.C.
Home of the legends, plus missions beats
For this tale to decrease, y'all all turn sucka
We fly O.T., with fire brain in our chucka

{Noreaga}

Yo I was told by 3 wise men, you gotta get dough times
ten
And when ya mula correct, aiyo the dough straight just
flow down to ya neck
Get ya cash up, cuz some time you pass ass up
Get ya dough right, I knew you were gonna fuck with a
slut
My flow is in and out, and out and in
No doubt, make ya niggas say ouch again
And the shit mine, get my journal's a spit shine
Stay hard, plus a nigga hit hard tard
If I ain't in Iraq, then I'm right in the marge
Tao-tao-tao, like the Flipmode Squad
Nigga hop my shit, so when you cop my shit
You got a shotgun? Nigga gonna cop my shit
Yeah my name papi, but I ain't poppin shit

Straight knock you out, like the Rocky shit
While ya cornballs nigga, straight coppin shit

Chorus: Final Chapter {modified}
Is you a real or a fake nigga?
Get caught and run ya track to the jakes niggas
Trying to turn a benjamin into a 8 figga
When shit gets sweet, this click we can taste niggas
Embrace niggas
To the death, we be livin it up
All my niggas who ain't givin a fuck
Cop ya shit and bust
Don't look here, if you hate nigga
When shit gets sweet, this click we can taste niggas
Embrace niggas

{Final Chapter}
It's been a while comin, fullback endzone with me
Times is paper, gotta make moves slowly
Things changin, prepare for the occasion
School face only, slanted eyes like a Masian
You ain't amazin me, or facin me
Give them 2 weeks, I hope fiends are blazin key
And when you flash ya cards, you never surprise us
Y'all like deetechs, need better disguises
Word from the wises, get dough, break bread
Catch me with a virgin that strictly give head
And when there's somethin on my mind, then it quickly
get said
Freestyle, M.O.B., nigga voi p now
Thugged voice, first choice, ya clowns is secondary
Still full of couple things short like February
From Iraq to P.R., the world is ours
We are, Final Chapter, thugged out, we'll see ya

Chorus #2

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