

L-Burna F/ W.C. "On the Real"

Visit "[On the Real](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Chorus:

On the real, all you crab niggas know the deal
Exclusive, Queensbridge coming with that new shit
On the real, all you crab niggas know the deal
Exclusive, Queensbridge coming with that new shit
On the real, all you crab niggas know the deal
Exclusive, Queensbridge coming with that new shit

[Havoc]

Yo, Infamous Mobb on they job, 41st side originators
Smackin fake players, strugglin to cop gators
Frontin with, ice grill metal down off the impost
You know the deal, NYC official battlefield
??? up on death, can't hear your squad is affused to
heal
Permantly scarred, niggas from here to hill
Non-religious, who with the gods, yes you know I bill you
Their standpoint, keep an open mind, like a dime
shorty
My rhymes is two to five, the route to mine, tainted
aspects
Yell timber, you gettin chopped by my gortex
Disect, tap ya ?jap? plus your chicken, we rippin
Ship from NY to North Click, lotto pick
Budweiser, make you piss, scared to death
On your own self, the Infamous

Chorus

[KL]

Now its verbal abuse 'cuz the mic's in use
To y'all sorry excuse, get'cha neck put in a nuese
KL's quick to let loose to make your blood count reduce
Over the snare drum, we reproduce like cum
Impragnatin' the track to make it fatter than it was
Givin life to ideas, through the verse is what it does

[Poet]

We see a close call, about two clicks from my fortress
We roll a squad deep on the Kawasaki horses

Queensbridge's got the drop on y'all niggas tryin to
toss us
We metal down time to show these clowns who the
boss is

[Kamikaze]

We live for this shit, ain't tryin to take no loses
Accumulatin too much cream for you to touch
Fuckin welcome to my clutches
Wipe the blood up off my chucka's
From the ruckus, you gone, and your crew still love us
Can't call it, I'm in love with this good life shit
I'm workin with jewels, cars, chicken clits, payin rent
Morg presidents, runnin wild, stackin in piles
Onyx pendants and ruby down shit from the Nile
Kamikaze style, tote the antique three pound
Yo 'Mega, lets cop this brick and let the Mobb supply
the town

Chorus

[Cormega]

Begotti rims on a Yukon Denali, jewels on my body
The type that make the trife'est niggas move on
somebody
Where my ice is glitter
my nine'll fuckin terminate you ghetto license nigga
I know you heard about my gold chain chokin me
Cocaine provokin me, boo from Peru with my llelo in her
ovary
Y'all niggas front, I rule in the hood
My sons in the hood, I rock my jewels in the hood
Got guns in the hood for makin moves in the hood
Hit is on, theres anothe funeral in the hood
You know the deal, test me, get hit directly
This little nigga pack big Heat, like Joe Peschi
Flow deadly, y'all niggas don't impress me
My four-four's above the law, police won't arrest me
My niggas at the corna stores, hustlin, go for yours
Lifes a bitch, and I'm gonna run up in it raw nigga

Chorus

Visit [L-Burna F/W.C.](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.