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Mary Mary F/ BBJ ''Real Niggas''

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[Puffy]

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I'm not wit none of that Standin' around lookin' cool and shit I want you motherfuckers to jump the fuck up And have some motherfuckin' fun You understand what it means to be black? I have my man the Notorious B.I.G in the back I go by the name of the Puff Daddy But check this shit out Four, five As we procced to give you what you need

[Notorious B.I.G]

Sick of momma screamin' that "Get a job, nigga" Pressed to the limit, gotta rob me a nigga Simple and plain, my man scooped me in the hoop Whispered in his ear, this is what we gotta do G Got to bang a nigga and bang a nigga good So I could cop a Benz and drive the fuck out the hood Cause baby mama screamin', your daughter twelve months

Can't live life slingin' rocks and smokin' blunts Hangin' with the nigga's don't pay the bills And bein' broke at 30 give a nigga the chills So what we gotta do is creep and see a sweet vic Yo, you see that shit? (Hell yeah, I see that shit) Columbian, Dominican, yeah whatever Whoever he was, he had it tucked under the leather Two keys, twenty G's, nigga please Blew his brains out cause witnesses we don't need

 On the road to riches and diamond rings Real niggaz do real things Hanging wit the bitches is the song I sing Real niggaz do real things

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[Puff Daddy] Yeah, yeah, yeah I tote gats wit my nigga, clap wit my nigga Break bread and then break backs wit my nigga Jack wit my nigga, cock the latch wit my nigga Now how you gon' act wit my nigga? Just remember there's a gun to your dome And I will lick shots and run through your home Or better yet I put your son to the chrome Turn the music up and unplug the phone I will kill him, read my lips You too, motherfucker if I don't see no bricks See, I flips when I don't see no chips Yeah, nigga, I know you in pain, I don't care nigga I want the stash, keys, hash, weed, G's motherfucker, freeze Cock sucker, you better bring the things out Before I blow your motherfucker frame out

Nigga what

Repeat 1

[Lil' Kim]

Real big nigga's over here talkin' shit Yo fuck that, I'm gon' check these nigga's Fuck that, fuck that What you said? Speak up, I can't hear ya Oh, thought you was talkin' to us, um pardon me, my bad I should a known ya'll ain't wanted with these three time losers The open surgeons heart removers Niggaz think they gon' stop my ones Put a contract out and stop ya'll lungs We powerful, don't think that all we got is guns We buy out everything you claim, including your name Mama bitch squeeze the life out of ya'll nigga's Screw barkin', I take bites out of ya'll nigga's Crack open your safe then put a bomb to it Fuck shootin' windows nigga, I jumps through it With the all black hood, he beat a nigga 'till he hurl Then pull the hoodie off so he can see it was a girl When it comes to my nigga B.I.G I wanna see all ya'll niggaz D.I.E

On the road to riches and diamond rings Real bitches do real things Hanging with the niggas is the song I sing Real bitches do real things

On the road to riches and diamond rings

Real bitches do real things Hanging with the niggas is the song I sing Real bitches do real things

Repeat 1

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