

**Pistol****"Them Nigga'z Ain't Real"**

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You was a killa  
on the muthaphukkin' streets  
but in the county  
you gettin' that ass beat  
I always knew you was a hoe  
I got' a call from my nigga  
said they put that ass on the do'  
had you hollerin' like a bitch  
without yo' muthaphukkin' glock  
nigga you ain't shit  
but in the hood  
you was known fa' bein' hard  
but now my niggaz got that ass  
hollerin' fa' the gaurds  
it's too late for cryin'  
you shoulda thought about  
the shit nigga while  
you was firin'  
takin' some innocent niggaz life  
and got his mama cryin'  
hard enough the otha night  
just like they say  
what goes around  
must come around  
you kill'd the nigga  
now you gettin' that ass beat down  
if you's a man when you did the crime  
then bitch be a man  
when you do the time  
cause if you can't  
take the heat  
then put yo' glock down  
cause if you don't  
you gettin' that ass whooped  
and locked down  
cause when a nigga catch a case  
he don't tell you  
how it really is  
just ask the nigga in his cell  
them niggaz ain't real

CHORUS:

I always knew he was a hoe  
you come to me wit' that shit  
you gettin' popped  
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I knew this nigga  
in the game  
who was strong fa'  
slangin' caine  
but the nigga was a  
straight up bitch man  
he used to roll wit' a car  
full of niggaz  
they all talked gas  
but they was hoe's  
behind the trigga  
I showed him no respect  
cause he's a true bitch  
got jacked by a nigga  
didn't do shit  
he got jacked by  
some niggaz on the East Side  
hit his ass for 3 birds  
and let the shit ride  
and shit like that  
makes me mad  
because the nigga  
jacked his ass  
without a ski mask  
they must a knew  
he was a hoe  
cause they showed they face  
if that was me  
it'd be a muthaphukkin  
murda case  
cause I'd be damned  
if I'm let a nigga  
take my shit  
call me bitches and hoes  
but pistol whip my bitch  
and have me standin' there stupid  
wit' a fucked face

got my hands  
not the lands  
now it's rough Tate  
cause that nigga wasn't real 'G'  
befo' a nigga take  
my shit  
'dem niggaz betta kill me  
cause I'm a show 'em  
what the deal is  
that nigga was a hoe  
'dem niggaz ain't real

I always knew he was a hoe  
you come to me wit' that shit  
you gettin' popped  
I always knew he was a hoe  
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you gettin' popped  
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you come to me wit' that shit  
you gettin' popped

I heard a rumor  
that they said  
I was broke  
I didn't have a six-fo'  
and another so def  
but 'dem niggaz  
don't know me  
the same niggaz  
that's talkin'  
was the ones  
that's hollerin' fo' me  
but bitch  
I don't think so  
my shit is nation wide  
and 'dem niggaz still loco'  
I'm doin' tours  
while 'dem niggaz  
doin' talent shows  
I ought to take  
my fuckin' glock  
and straight clown  
'dem hoes  
cause if you got  
sumtin' to say  
say it in my face  
ew' if ya' do

it'd be a muthaphukkin'  
murda case  
catch his ass on stage  
and represent  
me and my boyz  
in the audience  
wit' the techs  
bustin' caps  
at yo' ass  
straight gunnin' man  
got 'cha jumpin'  
like Hammer  
doin' a runnin' man  
so if you got  
sumtin' to say  
keep it to yo' self  
cause talkin' bad  
about Pistol's bad  
fo' yo' health  
so bitch  
raise up  
to this real shit  
you betta ask  
a muthaphukka  
who you fuckin' wit  
cause I'm a show you  
what the deal is  
[Ey' yo' P  
you want me to  
straighten 'dem hoes]  
'dem niggaz ain't real

I always knew he was a hoe  
you come to me wit' that shit  
you gettin' popped  
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