

# Mobb Deep, Real Gangstaz

(feat. Lil Jon)

(Lil Jon)

This some of that real gangsta motherfuckin shit nigga (yeah!)  
Yeahhhh! For all the real niggaz out there (yeah!)  
You know what I'm talkin bout? (what!)  
Like my motherfuckin East coast niggaz (what!)  
My motherfuckin Dirty South niggaz (what!)  
And my motherfuckin West coast niggaz (what!)  
Let's go!

(Chorus 2X: Havoc + (Lil Jon))

Some, peo-ple run (yeah!)  
But, gang-stas don't (yeah!)  
Know my hammer stay cocked (yeah!)  
If, you, leave you crippled (hey!)

(Havoc)

Now y'all know the deal why we up in here (uh-huh)  
Burn that ma, put it up in the air (c'mon)  
Ma got a phattie so I'm up in her ear  
Cause - these clowns wanna grill, I got the clique right there  
Now you could get your ass drug around up in here  
You know I know the promoter, the pound's in here  
And these my parts, you outta town out here  
Slow it down, pump the brakes, get found out there  
I'm push that melon, what the fuck's that smellin? (pussy)  
Thugs not thugs no more, they tellin (yeah)  
You did that time, but you not that felon (nah)  
Nigga kill the noise, your hammer not yellin  
.. your infra-red not beamin (nope)  
Y'all not eatin while your neck not gleamin  
We don't give a fuck, flip for any ol' reason  
Just for the fun have your bitch ass leakin  
(Lil Jon) Okay!!

(Chorus)

(Lil Jon)

Y'all niggaz ain't gangsta  
Aiiyo Prodigy, tell 'em what's up!

(Prodigy)

Yeah, all I want is the money and y'all can keep them sloppy hoes  
My calender's shows booked, I ain't got time yo  
Gimme the cash, keep them beat up chicks  
My bank bounce gotta stay thick  
You know e'ry day I stay with, the latest guns  
Keep those under our belts to blaze you up  
E'ry day we play with, the latest trucks  
Work that tip chronic on the porch well  
Don't get rat-a-tat tatted up, it be a bad look  
Be wettin your pants when bullets hit, mad shook  
Droppin your gun and all that, you mad puss  
34 shell cases fall in one push  
You get beaten and battered up, y'all little chain snapped  
We still takin 'em, fuck it let the team have it  
Be droppin your drinks, trippin on things scramblin  
It be chaos when guns ring at him  
(Lil Jon) Okay!!

(Chorus)

(Lil Jon)

Aight it's bout to get real ugly in this motherfuckin club  
What, WHAAAAAAAAAT?! I need to see nothin (hey!)  
but the real gangsta niggaz and bitches on the dance FLO' (hey!)  
YEEEEEEAHHHHH!! We gon' crank this motherfucker UP!  
Let's crank this bitch up!  
We need to see all y'all motherfuckers doin this shit! (what!)  
Doin what?

Hey, put your middle finger up, motherfucker (motherfucker)  
Put your middle finger up, motherfucker (motherfucker)  
Put your middle finger up, motherfucker (motherfucker)  
Put your middle finger up, motherfucker (motherfucker)  
Let me hear you say - put your middle finger up, fuck you nigga!  
Put your middle finger up, fuck you nigga!  
Put your middle finger up, fuck you bitch!  
Put your middle finger up, fuck you bitch!

(Chorus)