

Big Tuck, These Niggas Ain't Real

(Hook - 2x)

You niggaz ain't real, you niggaz ain't real
You niggaz ain't real, that's real

(Big Tuck)

You niggaz ain't real, real niggaz know that
We'll come to your doormat, (*gun shot*) hold that
Bitch niggaz talk down, real niggaz tote rounds
Move crack through the town, survived up and down
Been there done that, can't lose fuck that
Fall off bounce back, fake niggaz hate that
I know they do, whatever happens gotta stay true
Be real with a nigga be real with you, you get a chick Southside too
Stay on top of game, it's hard to shoot red beam to aim
Gotta get that change, disregard the fame
Why y'all niggaz hate, we shook back to divide up the cake
Won't stop we fill the plate, y'all niggaz better get it straight

(Hook - 4x)

(Trae)

These niggaz ain't real, I'ma show 'em the definition
Reputation of a asshole by nature, the truth is what niggaz missing
I'm gon expose some niggaz out here what the deal, quick to stealed
They never gon fight and they never gon kill, he's alright but he is not real
Say what you know about Trae, better yet what you know about Ro
Not too much but you niggaz know, these niggaz here never be hoes
For real I promise these niggaz, be putting me in my zone
Till they get pissed off and I get to clicking, get to running they bitch ass home
I forever Maab, Slow Loud And Bangin' never changing but rearranging
Throwing our shit like Troy Aikman, then back to the West like Gary Payton
For the 2K3 they can't see me, we A.B.N. out S.U.C
Bitch niggaz better beat they feet, ain't no way you finna fuck with me
Ain't no way you finna fuck with Boss, ain't no way you finna fuck with B
Jay'Ton, DSR hate the click and boys lose they teeth
I hope you feel what I'm telling y'all, if you don't then I'm swelling y'all
Straight up on the click, pull out the Mack and fuck 'em all

(Hook - 4x)

(Z-Ro)

These niggaz ain't real, they just act like they got nuts
24 murderer pull up and dump, like scared busters they telling us
I'm one of the best with a gun in my clutch and (danger), we blood rushers
Why blow with beef hopping out on fo' crutches, dedicate that to all busters
Guerilla Maab they running the streets, running thru sweets running thru freaks
They daily pertaining M double A-B, everyday for Screw it's R.I.P
One day Dinkie gon be free, no more Penitentiary
Up on the stage with us getting paid G's, cause I'm straight out of no cash
A broke motherfucker, named Z-Ro
That was a long time ago, because now I got some c-notes
I'ma waste my time in a Jag boy, looking for jackers in my rearview
Cause y'all motherfuckers be scheming, with a infrared beam in my rearview
But I ain't scared, been shot a few times but I ain't dead
Made some moves but I ain't red, on a block in Mo City ain't bled
So I claim that ass mine, when you revenge watch you out a vine
Homie you better respect my mind, or be the next nigga to get found face down

(Hook - 4x)