

# 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)