

# Black Knights, Real Shit

Artist: Black Knights f/ D.L. Hughley, P. Dot

Album: Every Night is a Black Knight

Song: Real Shit

Typed by: Cno Evil

[Intro: D.L. Hughley (Doc Doom) {Holocaust}]

So the other day, I'm listenin' to the radio and shit

And I'm hearin' these Black Kneez-ights

These muthafuckas 'sposed to be from the West Coast and shit

(You hearin' the Knights homeboy, Black Knights)

But I ain't hear no West Coast in they shit, man

Them niggas sounded like East Coast this, East Coast that

(They from Long Beach, man, what you talkin' about)

East Coast this, man, them niggas is talkin' bout

Dun-dun, and God-God and yo-this, yo-that (This is the shit, man)

Them niggas ain't no killas, nigga

Them niggas is fuckin' East Coast dick riders (Fuck this nigga, man)

I know the niggas personally {I know the niggas too} (Black Knights nigga)

Man who the fuck is you talkin' about, I'm Gino, nigga, and Gino know

(Fuck Gino, nigga) You ain't know that (Nigga, tell 'em to smack)

(Fuck you nigga!)

--beat kicks in--

[Intro: Doc Doom]

Bang that shit nigga, fuck you

Bitch ass niggas talkin' that bullshit

From the side of ya necks and shit, fuck ya'll niggas

Real West Coast, nigga, right here nigga

Muthafuckin' real, nigga, straight up, Killa Bee Gang

Nigga, gangstas, bank ya, shank ya

Take ya muthafuckin' cash, muthafuckin' bitch

Take all ya muthafuckin' stash, it's real, nigga Black Knights get ya cap pesled

Nigga, act like ya heard, nigga, it's real, nigga, check the shit out nigga

Yo, yo, aiyo

[Doc Doom]

I spit yae, my lyrics keep k's and dodge cops

Alone, I'm like Capone movin' weight on ya block

We keep glocks cocked, lit daily, hop Chevy's and smoke heavy

Every night we got bitches shakin' ass in the telly

Drunk off Bailey's, we the shit, so fuck what ya tell me

I ain't tryin' to hear that bullshit, you tryin' to sell me

On the low, like you niggas don't sound West Coast

But it sounds to me, like you niggas gossip like hoes

All on our dick, knowin' nobody could fuck wit this

Rappin' or scrappin', blastin' or jackin', who want action

At the vet who haven't lost his step yet, place ya bets

I've been doin' this shit before Quiet on the Set

I'm violent wit a Tec, don't make me make these hollow heads eject

Murder on cassette, Black Knights, we haven't met our match yet

[Holocaust]

Chopped off fingers, seen you movin' for the jackpot

All Holocaust, I'm met up wit him in the crack spots

Branches and skulls, straight razor lyrics, California

Guns and begonias, burns you like ammonia

West Coast junkyard convict from darkness

Roll wit the heartless, murder you like an ar'ist

Mean man hollow, the man who painted flowers

String bloody teeth, then knock you over the towers

Medieval cathedral, dance out with the skeletons

Iron that veteran, heard of dead elephants

Trampled through ya grave site, fungus in ya ear hole

Blackboard jungle, humble, but watch my spear blow  
Wu-Tang Clan, warriors on the hillside  
Murder any M.C. sittin', dinin' wit the swells  
Pearl handle cougar knife, baby pist' revolvers  
Shoot my way out, and dead bodies clog the doorway  
A la carte, more vay, I rhyme the best charm  
Huffin' on a blunt, wit an anaconda for left arm

[Chorus 2X: Doc Doom, P. Dot]

Who got that real shit, niggas blast too  
Bitches shake that ass too, hit you up wit they set, when they pass through  
Black Knights got that hot shit, got ya hooker topless  
In the cockpit of my drop six

[Crisis]

The committee, control and patrol the inner city  
Off Henny, Remi and Phillies, smack sadiddy bitch silly  
You feel me? Heat holders, street patrollers, cannabis leaf rollers  
We control this, had the baddest bitch deep throat us  
In public, she do it just because we Wu-Tang published  
They love it, bust a nut and don't think nothin' of it  
Corrupted in the slums where the average hustle for crumbs  
Bustin' they guns, we lustin' for funds

[Monk]

Dodgin' dumb-dumbs, murder for fun, who want some  
Of this Killa Bee Gang, bangin' Six Mill beats  
We spit hotter than the summer heat, mid July  
Always stay high, stay low, smoke gray Khaki  
Blue dickie coats, chokin' on that Andy smoke  
The Knights the antidote... prescription

[Crisis]

Description..  
Bar face abrazed undercover hit-men  
Wastin' the shit like a religion, average, where ya livin'?  
The unforgiven, hold ya own, never move ya pivot  
Niggas is innocent as infants, don't know nothin' about thuggin', Bloodin' or Crippin'  
Street raps blow off ya knee caps for street scraps  
In my hood, we all perform magic, cheat death, take a deep breath  
Lace up ya boots, cock and shoot  
Let it penetrate, just a little way gangstas communicate

[Monk]

Who to say the Knights ain't shit, niggas get blew away  
It's obvious we too much, fuck the such and such  
Ya click can't rough, tough, low down and dangerous  
Or save the extras, we smoke blunts laced wit textures  
Of high explosive, take two, and can't focused  
Pass it around, let it rotate, that's on the eight  
We lockin' down cities, and sewin' up states

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Doc Doom]

Muthafuckin' Black Knights, Black Tech's  
All my niggas on deck, online  
Nigga fuck ya'll we be throwin' up mind  
Gang signs, nigga, Killa Bee Gang  
Fuck where you from, fuck ya hood that you claim  
We bang, all day, all night  
Where I'm from? Black muthafuckin' Knights, nigga  
Straight up, West Coast, K.B.G., Killa Bee Gang, thought you knew  
Now you know, whose, stepped in the door, slappin' whores  
Ya niggas know me, niggas gives a fuck, Doc Doom

Muthafuckin' Black Knight to the tomb, gangstas, don't give a fuck, bank ya  
Take ya cash out ya dickies, street's risky, heh  
Ya niggas know you can't get with me, simply