

# Lil' Kim, Real Niggas

Intro: Puffy

I am not wit that standin around lookin cool and shit  
I want ya motherf\*\*kers to jump the f\*\*k up  
and have some motherf\*\*kin fun  
You understand what it means to be black?  
I have my man the Notorious B.I.G in the back  
I go by the name of the Puff Daddy  
But check this shit out  
Four fives  
As we proceed to give you whut you need

Verse One: Notorious B.I.G

Sick of ma screamin get a job nigga  
Pressed to the limit gotta rob me a nigga  
Simple and plain, my man scooped me in the hooptie  
Whispered in his ear, this is what we gotta do G  
We gotta bang a nigga, and bang a nigga good  
So I could cop a benz and drive the f\*\*k out the hood  
Cause baby mama screamin, your daughter twelve months  
Can't live life slingin rocks and smokin blunts  
Hangin with the niggaz don't pay the bills  
And bein broke and dirty give the nigga chills  
So what we gotta do is creep and see a sweet vic  
Did you see that shit? (hell yea I see that shit)  
Columbian Dominican yea whatever  
Who ever he was he had a tuck under the leather  
Two keys twenty G's nigga please  
Blew his brains out cause witnesses we don't need

Chorus: Notorious B.I.G. (repeat 2X)

On the road to riches and diamond rings  
Real niggaz do real things  
Hanging wit the bitches is the song I sing  
Real niggaz do real things

Verse Two: Puff Daddy

Yea, yea, yea, yea  
I tote gats wit my nigga  
Clap wit my nigga  
Break bread then break backs wit my nigga  
jack wit my nigga  
Cock the latch wit my nigga  
Now how you gonna act wit my nigga  
Just remember there is a gun to your dome  
And i will lick shots and run through your home  
Or better yet i put your son to the chrome  
Turn the music up and unplug the phone  
I will kill him read my lips  
You too motherf\*\*ker if i dont see no bricks  
See I flips when I dont see no chips  
Yea nigga  
I know you in pain I dont care nigga  
I want the stash Keys, hash, weed, G's motherf\*\*kers freeze  
Cock sucker you better bring the things out  
Before i blow your motherf\*\*ker frame out  
Nigga what

Chorus 2X

Verse Three: Lil' Kim

Big these niggaz over here talkin shit  
Yo f\*\*k that I am gonna check these niggaz

What you said speak up  
Cant hear ya  
Oh thought you were talkin to us  
Um pardon me my bad  
I should of known you werent wanted with these 3 time losers  
The open surgery hearth removers  
Niggaz think they gonna stop my ones  
Put a contract out and stop ya lungs  
We powerful dont think that all we got is guns  
We buy out everything you claim including your name  
Mama bitch squeeze the life out of ya niggas  
Screw barker i take bites out of ya niggaz  
Crack open ya safe then put a bomb to it  
F\*\*k shootin windows i jumps through it  
With the all black hoodie beat a nigga till he hurl  
Then pull the hoodie off so he can see it was a girl  
When it comes to my nigga B.I.G  
I wanna see all ya niggaz D.I.E

Chorus: Lil' Kim

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Hanging with the niggas is the song I sing  
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(B.I.G.)  
On the road to riches and diamond rings  
Real niggaz do real things  
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