

# Mac Dre, Real Niggas

Chorus (Mac Dre)

I'd rather die like a man then live my life like a bitch  
I'd rather be in the pen then live my life like a snitch  
Playa population is decreasing by millions  
So I dedicate this to all the real ones  
Real niggas, real niggas  
Real niggas, real niggas

[Verse One]

I got three rules when I hustle and ain't anyone funny  
It's like get yo money, get yo money, and oh yeah get yo money  
Can't be no punk and damn sure can't be no hoe  
I'm like the Grand National, they don't make them like me no mo'  
Doper than a joint of that sticky gooey  
Hella saucy potna, real ragooley  
I pops extra hard cause I know talk is cheap  
Tell a hoe toss it in the air, whatever I say she peeps  
See I'm about my cheese, I want G's, y'all fucked  
Down and dirty low to the ground like frog nuts  
Keep a hoe bottom lip hanging like a turtle neck sweater  
Love a freaky lesbian who can give bomb headers  
See my dick stay hard like a cave mans chisel  
Waiting for a super bad to come wet my whistle  
But my ???? in life is to gain cash  
And that there is more serious than a plane crash  
Real niggas, real niggas  
Real niggas, real niggas

Chorus 1x

[Verse Two]

I'm on the mic representing that players committee  
Letting ya know that some of these niggas need a pair of tities  
Never had a player hater born in my body, never been jealous  
Just stubborn hard headed and hella rebellious  
Fly like Denzel, smooth like Billy Dean  
Some ain't feelin' me cause they can't really see  
I'm saucy cause I stay dipped hoe  
And still hit the scene, and scream what they hit fo'  
Steady havin' cash cause I'm down to take a dollar  
Quickly pop my collar, and tell that bitch a holler  
It really ain't hard it's just this pimpin and this tongue  
That get them bitches sprung, and make them wanna run  
And when I say run I mean perform it to the utmost  
Other niggas trip with they dick and wanna fuck hoes  
Pimpin's outdated is what them suckas said  
But the pimpin ain't dead its just the hoes they mislead  
Chorus

[Verse Three]

I got the heart of a gangster, mind of a business man,  
tongue of a pimp,  
Stupid dumb all dollars no sense  
Stay perkin', used to be off that yac  
Now I'm on that gorilla milk or that Yukon Jack  
Double R star, three c general  
Fortified with this game like vitamins and minerals  
Doper than a bottle of that dog food  
Yall thought I was stupid, now look how I'm comin' at yall fools  
Sportin' one fifties used to fuck with pumas  
Now I'm havin more money than Brinks and Lunars  
Maurice Malone, Mark Buchannon, and Enyce  
Cashin' fat checks weekly  
Beep me, if you tryin' to et chirped at  
No paper you'll get cut like Elvis Grbac (I heard that)  
Punk bitch get stomped out  
Triple see ya, Mac Dre, romped out  
Chorus

