N.W.a, Prelude

[Dre:]
The motherfucking saga continues...

All of you who don't believe in the real gangsta shit,
Cause when it comes to the real niggaz,
It makes the shit they're much harder to deal with.

Yeah, above the laws in this motherfucker,
Like Mafia for life, down with the real niggaz 4 life.
Ha-ha, yo sweet-talk, tell 'em what the fuck we're here for...

Well I write ya, USE, Compton, Watts, The Wood,
All across the motherfucking USA.
They know I'm walking through the valley of real niggaz,
I should fear no man on the motherfucking planet, hit me one.
Cause I've been to the mountain top y'all,
And I have been seeing through the eyes of a real nigga.

Yo, what you think about the real niggaz 187?

Yo, they make some of the coooooolest shit I had never heard,

Yo, when we came, G, I almost gave it up,
To the ruthless motherfucking gangstas.
Fear no man...

...because you're shit man yourself,
Time to put the world at yourself man.
Me not seeing bobba-clot mobbing to see a pussy-clot run,
Bob-bob-bob-bob-bob, keep Babylon on the run, see...

[Ren:]
The real niggaz is back, cause there's to many bullshit records out,
Niggaz beat it for what we put out.
But you don't have to wait no longer,
Because the new album is out and the shit is much stronger.
So many groups made three albums or more,
And their weak-ass shit is still sitting in the record-store.
They wonder why it never sold,
Niggaz rapping since the seventies and still never went gold.
Our first record sold two million copies,
That's because you other motherfuckers are sloppy.
You came out the streets and crossed over,
And after that your career is fucking over.
Because after that you're not around,
So shut the fuck up, and witness the sound of some real niggaz.

[Eazy:]
Yeah, motherfucker.
Keeping all you busters on the run in ninety-one, kick that shit Ren.

[Ren:]
Most niggaz can't understand,
And never will if they ain't part of the ruthless Mafia-clan.
Niggaz is dedicated to the streets,
With hyped fucking lyrics and a dope ass beat.
The songs will never come soft, because I come off,
So don't get in my way or motherfucker you'll be cut off.
And it's something you can move your lips to,
To wrap around my dick and suck if it fits you.
And let me now if you wanna ride the D-I-C-K,
All day that's with no play.
Cause ain't no rap group out, that I know,
That makes me wanna listen to the radio.

All I hear is motherfuckers trying to make a comeback with lovesongs,
And that shit is whack.
And that's why your ass ain't around,
Cause you don't have the motherfucking sound of a real nigga.