

# Sean Paul, Real Rude Boys (Feat 50 Cent)

Sean Paul:

Weh easy, weh ya done know so ya make on the cheesy  
Sean-a-peesy, them girls are over breezy  
Longside with 50 Cent yo  
Now them bwoy waan fi them extend yo

Chorus

Sean Paul:

Some bwoy fi check it  
Jerk off madness and they no make it  
Some pon inna the week I couldn't go home and then select it  
Haffi get it  
Life is gift no man a wreck it  
But some little youth them don't get it  
(Repeat)

Verse 1

50 Cent:

Them say they ready  
But I know for sure they not ready  
Gold is the grain and for sure they don't get it  
4/5th pop of drop they deaded  
Nigga come see I mean I forget it  
Real rude boys pop off they don't want credit  
Niggas know you did it and police know you did it  
Whenever drama comes a real soldier don't set it  
If it's B did it, big money bet it, in ya brain i'll imbed it  
Don't front with 50 and Sean Paul  
I got 50 soldiers on call ready to brawl  
Gangsta see me on those to spray that target  
Cause ya niggas you done know when we finished carpet  
YEAH!!!

Verse 2

Sean Paul:

If ya take it in then ya gonna see  
Nuff a them a rule bad man but they wanna be  
Setting all them front up inna the club them a look upon they enemy  
But them grow empty, no artileries yo  
Park it and make it so that they cyah hold them stress  
Live get tripe and them a run up inna a mess  
When tings pop off some of them gonna get decked  
And them haffi know them cyah hold the flex

Chorus

Sean Paul:

Tell them fi check it  
Jerk off madness and they no make it  
Some pon inna the week I couldn't go home and then select it  
Haffi get it  
Life is a gift no man a wreck it  
It's the same ting me tell them fi check it

Verse 3

50 Cent:

Make this money  
Niggas like my style I'm chipped up  
Still I won't hesitate to shoot ya whip up  
Gully I got guns, chromes and black ones  
Sniff nose and long joints you might wanna pack one  
With all the bullshit goin' up in the hood  
You need to be something shit it's on in the hood  
Get ya ass beat up, stabbed, and shot up  
Niggas will tear your fucking block up

Over some prada

(Chorus)