

Shyheim, Real Bad Boys

Chorus:

Screw on the silencers, screw on the silencers
Cuz real bad boys movin' silence
Screw on the silencers, screw on the silencers
Cuz real bad boys movin' silence

Verse One: Shyheim

I stash butterfly knives and 45's in ma garments
Fuck nigga, I take a pussy god quick
Peep ma stee in the streets where respected
Like the rectomatic dime back to the Method, Zee
Bomb on heads like what kid
I keep em on slow mo son I'm the champion at one on one
I make it death fun when I killed ya
I take a power drill and drill it right through ya liver
Ha, Ha, Ha,
I'm ruthless possessed by the devil
Fuck fire part I'm on a hole nother level
Tha mess tablets make ya mind flick
Ma murdarous styles, I kid make female groupies lickin' ya dick
Word to ma mother I put this on tour wicked
The first that fakin' I relacin'ma dislocatin'
Real niggaz do real things youknowwhatI mean ?
The first that fake the game so Lincoln thrown in the fiend
Killa Kane where ya at ?
Should he be packin gats, runnin, nah son it won't be none a that
The clips who fat plus long, I love doin'wrong plus killin'copperz
favourite song
(fuck tha police)

Chorus: repeat 2X

Verse Two: Shyheim

I rol with criminals, coldbloody murderers, drunk hustlaz, suburban
areas
I know ya heard of us
Pick up and duck for ma niggaz in the bricks
Bad boys, you snakes on the hucious tip
I brusk you shit quick phoney G'z won't call
I mak it, happen like God test me if ya wanna die Lord
I wear black to keep ma I.D. on the low
I'm all about makin' dough at the fast time fo
Fuck shootin' up shit that only makes the spot hot
And we don't need the booshaa, blast the blood clot!!!
Say word! Word iz bond (Word iz bond!!!!)
Load tha gats up son cuz once again it's on
Niggaz must be thinkin' that i'm sweet a somethin'
I aint frontin, want you live, I murder someone!!
Ha, Ha, Ha,
Fuck y'all crab niggaz
Bring it to me
Word up