

# 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