

50 Cent, The realest Niggas (Remix)

[Intro] (50 Cent)

I love niggas! I love niggas!

Cause niggas are me!

And I should only love that 'presents me

I love to see niggas go through changes (Whoooo!!)

I love to see niggas shoot through shit (Did it again)

And to all niggas that do it I love

[B.I.G.]

To all my Brooklyn (Niggas!)

To all my Uptown (You niggas understand?!)

To all my Bronx (It's war nigga)

To all my Queensbridge (I'll blow you away)

[Verse: B.I.G.]

Back up chump, you know Biggie Smalls grips it quick

And kicks it quick, you know how black niggas get

With the hoods fatigues with the boots with trees

Smokin weed, flippin ki's, makin crazy G's

Hittin' buckshots at niggas that open spots

On the avenue, take my loot, and I'm baggin you

Pimpin hoes that drive Volvo's and Rodeos

Flash the Roll, make her wet, in her pantyhose

Damn, a nigga style is unorthodox

Grip the glock, when I walk down the crowded blocks

Just in case a nigga wanna act out

I just black out, and blow they motherfuckin back out

That's a real nigga for ya

[Chorus: 50 Cent] (2x)

We the realest nigga

50 Cent and B.I.G. my nigga

Don't try to act like you don't feel a nigga

Biggie yo nigga, 50 yo nigga

Squeeze the trigga' leave a nigga fa' sho!

[Verse: B.I.G.]

When we smoke spliffs, we pack four-fifths

Just in case dread wanna riff

He get a free lift to the cemetary, rough very

Not your ordinary, we watch you get buried

That's a real nigga for ya

Get mad do a quarter flip the script, and rip your lawyer

Spit at the D.A. cause fuck what she say

She don't give a fuck about your ass anyway

Up North found first stop for the town

of fist-skill, where the hand skills are real ill

You'll be a super Hoover doo-doo stain remover

Ha hahhh, yo G, pass the ruler

[Chorus]

[Verse: 50 Cent]

When I was young my M.O. was to go hail the Henny

And even my P.O. she called me the Ginger Bread Man

I cut ya new case, and tell her ass "catch me if you can"

Don't let your people feel your awkward

I tame I'm not lame

Get gassed up to get blast up

Real B.I.G. style watch the kid break it down

Check it, thou shalt not fuck wit North Seed Papa

50 Cent, I'll break yo ass off propa'

This new place like home, New York - New York

I run this city, I don't dance around like Diddy

Niggas is giddy, till they act smack silly

Or spray wit the Mack Milly, they don't want drama really

Pushy niggas get hard lip syncing my lyrics like Milly Vanilly

Even the hood they feel me {*gun cocked*} hah! I'm on fire!

Niggas out in Philly they feel me, they bump my shit

Even bootlegged you know, bump my shit, bitch!

[Chorus]
I got 50 Cent
I got G-Unit
D-Twizzy's in this bitch
With Obie Triiiiice
So watch what you say
Before you call our name
If you say one more thing
It won't be nice
[Verse: Eminem]
Here we go
I shoulda known
I was bound to get pulled into some bullshit sooner or later
You little haters are too jellous of us to love us
You ain't it
G-Unit made it
And Obie's comin
D-Twizzy's comin
You sick to your stomach
50% is 50-Cent
The other 50% is who's color skin it is
Well if you're even considering takin our label down
You better find our building and fly a fucking plane into it
But I ain't tryin to get too intriqette into it
I'm just tryin to give you a little hint for your own benefit
Cuz then it's gunna get to the point where it escalates into some other shit
Then Im a flip
Then Im a get to stompin in my Air Force One's
Won't be able to tell if it's two pairs or it's one
It's gunna feel like there's so many feet kickin you
You think that Nike just made these into cleat tennis shoes
I don't know what it is or what it could be
But I get a woody when these pussy's try to push me
Thinkin they gon' put me in the position to pickle me
Ya'll tickle me pink
I think I'd just rather have pink tiggie me
Hickory dickory dock tickoty tock tickety a little bit of the diggity dock diggity
Mixed with a little bit of the jiga jig jiga
With a small pinch of Biggie
Look at me, I'm just the bomb diggity
We the realest label
Don't try to act like you don't feel our label
Cuz we gon' fuck around and kill your label
Obie, D-Twizzy, G-Unit, 50, Shady Records, we the label fa sho
We the realest label
Don't try to act like you don't feel our label
We gon' fuck around and steal your people
Obie, D-Twizzy, G-Unit, 50, Shady Records, we the label fa sho
Shady in the place to be seen
And I got what it takes to rock the mic RIGHT!
Still watch what you say to me punk cuz I'm off probation in less then 6 MONTHS!