

Real Street Nigga

Young Scooter

[Chorus:]

Real street nigga,
Real street nigga,
Real street nigga,
Real street nigga,
Never tell on nobody,
Been a 4 to 34?!?

Pay my respect to John Gatti,
Look at all the shit he did,
Ain't tell on nobody.
Real street niggas,
They don't talk I the interrogation,
Folks put the pressure
On them on the investigation.
But with every street nigga I am money making,
I got it at the streets too,
Jucked up and down the pavement.
All my life, reputation,
Fred Grant, Jessey Lincoln,
And no, I ain't gang bang,
I know real gang bangers.
I'm a real street nigga,
Can't no nigga outtake me,
You rappers have never seen the streets, so stop faking!
Big to your hustle, know that money make you impatient.
Real street nigga work the doughs at their track crazy,

[Chorus]

You ain't no street nigga,
I can see through you,
Where my niggas juggie?
Where my niggas working?
If you out there in the streets,
Money is the purpose,
Gotta know to work the corner,
You get time for it.
In the road, run up tricks,
I put my life on it.
With all these plots,
I could be a brick mason,
With all these bags,
I take money vacations.
Put G's on the plot,
Shout a risk crazy!
Put G's on my watch, got a real diamond.
I never see you on the block
When I was out grinding.
I got bills in the air,
I got bricks flying.
I'm a real street nigga,
The other rappers lying.

[Chorus]

They gon'vouch for me,

They gon'vouch for me,
All the real street niggas,
They gon'vouch for me,
All the O.G. bossing,
They gon'vouch for me,

Young Scooter got a lot of street credit,
Pull up in any hood and sell a hundred bills.
You in the trap, you gotta have some plan,
You wanna ride foreign, gotta whip it Yale,
The code of the streets is to never tell,
The streets, how I eat, I eat bad meals.
Just tell me what you need, I can make a deal,
The streets have B.o.g. working.

[Chorus]