

# Niggas

50 Cent

Shadyville Entertainment  
Bad Boy collaboration

I love niggas, I love niggas  
Because niggas are me  
And I should only love that which is me  
I love to see niggas go through changes  
I love to see niggas shoot the shit  
But there's one thing about niggas I do not love

To all my Brooklyn  
To all my Uptown  
To all my Bronx  
To all my Queensbridge

Back up chump, you know Biggie Smalls rip it quick  
And kicks it quick - you know how black niggas get  
With them hoods, fatigues; with the boots with trees  
Smoking weed, flipping keys, making crazy G's  
Hitting buckshots at niggas that open spots  
On the avenue, take my loot, and I'm bagging you, huh  
Pimping hoes that drive Volvos and Rodeos  
Flash the roll, make them wet in their 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 motherfucking back out  
That's a real nigga

We the realest nigga  
50 Cent and B.I.G. my nigga  
Don't try to act like you don't feel us nigga  
Biggie yo' nigga, 50 yo' nigga  
Squeeze the trigger, leave a nigga fo' sho'!

Yo, we smoke spliffs, we pack four-fifths  
Just in case Dread wanna riff  
He get a free lift to the cemetery, 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., because fuck what she say  
She don't give a fuck about your ass anyway  
Up North bound first stop, Watertown or Fishscale  
Where the hand skills are real ill  
You'll be a super Hoover doo-doo stain remover  
Ha-ha, yo chief, pass the buddha

When I was young my M.O. was to go hand in hand  
Even my P.O., she called me "the Ginger Bread Man"  
I catch a new case, and tell her ass: "Catch me if you can"  
Don't let your people fill you up with octane, I'm not playing  
Get gassed up, to get blast up  
Real B.I.G. style watch the kid break it down  
Check it: thou shalt not fuck with, nor see Poppa  
50 Cent, I'll break yo' punk ass off proper

There's no place like home, New York! New York!  
I run this city, and I don't dance around like Diddy  
Niggas is giddy, till they're smacked silly  
Or sprayed with the MAC milli, they don't want drama really  
Pussy niggas get hard, lip syncing my lyrics, like Milli Vanilli  
In the hood they feel me [\*Gun cock\*] ha! I'm on fire!  
Niggas out in Philly they feel me, they bump my shit [\*Gunshot\*]  
Every bootlegger you know, pump my shit - bitch!