

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!