

Real Thugs

Easy-E

[Verse 1: Easy-E]

Yeah, let's take a trip
Just sit back and light a spliff with this and don't slip
On a funky-dope track, jump back
Strapped with a fat buddah sack in a 7-8 'Lac
Go clean, gangsta lean, I got green
Bud, I serve dubs like it ain't no thing
It's so sweet, when you got money to spend
I got a proper big tilt and a fabec Benz
I make ends, spend my dough on no ho
That's how it is, and that's how it goes
Act like you know when I creep real slow
Givin' love to them playas that I know is real G's

[Verse 2: 2Pac]

Mobbin' like a motherfucker, stuck
Can you put your middle finger out the window?
Gettin' fucked off liquor
Get loaded, can't control it
Nigga, pass me the blunt and let me roll it
You get the bones act to the whole stack
Keep your dough fat

[Verse 3: Easy-E]

Or you might get what we call the rat pack
I gives a damn 'bout a skanless trick
Let me hit it one time and trick that sick
I don't trip, gives my dough to no ho
That's how it is, I got no love for you

[Verse 4: 2Pac]

And jealous mothafuckas can't see
That it's the fame that caught these stupid bitches
Pass the pussy free
So, tell me, why you sweatin' a mothafucka like me?
A young nigga tryin' to a hustle up some G's
You pussy-ass, playa-hatin' hoes
Speakin' down on niggas, jumpin' around at the shows
And you're the first mothafucka to jump
To the trunk when it's time for funk, little trick-ass punk

[Verse 5: Easy-E]

Dump dump on fools with a quickness
And they got no cure for this sickness
I get paid for the way that I kick this
Like a G-ster, an OG-ster
(Who's that?) A real playa named Easy
And I live my life straight crazy
Don't need no punk fools payin' me
And broke groupies and hootchies don't faze me
I take two steps back and release myself
To put platinum and gold on the record shelf
I don't brag, but I do it like a straight up is
Before you do a record, partna, handle your business

[Verse 6: 2Pac]

And tell me, what does it take to be a G?

I started with a quarter ounce and bounced to a key
You gotta watch your back, stay strapped, be alert
Started as a young mothafucka doin' dirt
And now I'm in the rap game
Like the crack game, I got enemies
Can't pretend to see my friends are not my enemies
And even thug mothafuckas wanna have fun
Stuck it, buckin' my mothafuckin' Magnum
What does it take to be a G?
Silence is a must, violence is a plus
Plus, shots at my adversaries
Them niggas scary, best it's time to be buried
'Cause I'll be buckin' in a fuckin' hurry

[Hook: Ice Cube]

They give us guns and drugs
Then wonder why you don't fuck with thugs
You wanna count the slugs
Then come around here and fuck with us (You know)
They give us guns and drugs
Then wonder why you don't fuck with thugs
You wanna count the slugs
Then come around here and fuck with us

[Outro: Ice Cube]

Every hood's the same, every hood's the same
Every hood's the same, every hood's the same
Every hood's the same, every hood's the same
Stop trippin' on me!
Every hood's the same, every hood's the same
Every hood's the same, every hood's the same
Every hood's the same, every hood's the same