

Real Niggas Do

Uncle Murda

Yeah, death before dishonor
And you know we bringin death to niggas that dishonor that

I gotta go and kill this nigga, he sold us to the feds
That's just what real niggas do
I'm a shoot him and make sure his faggot ass dead
That's just what real niggas do
If I gotta kill this bitch, I'm a kill her, you dig?
That's just what real niggas do
I'm a throw that pretty bitch right over the brooklyn bridge
That's what she gets for being that nigga's boo

I don't like tim elbows and sammy the bull
I put my gun in they mouth and that trigger I pull
Like it's tellin, what part of the game is that?
You wanna be called the snitch, what kind of name is that?
That brooklyn bullshit, you know I'm audi
Had to kill a brooklyn nigga, 6 in the morning
He was about to brag, so his life God took it
Man I don't give a fuck if we both from brooklyn
I got 40.40 cal's, a hunnder hundred shots calicos
And about 44.44's
My grandmoms know I be thugging
Ever since I was a young she couldn't tell me nothing
She used to say don't let them boys to kill you
I ain't got money to bury you, I said grandma I feel you
I said grannie, even if you did
I refuse to let them niggas push back my wig
I shot the kids so they shut the door up
She said boy you better go and shoot em all up
Police came, my grandma ain't tell them shit
She like fuck that, my grandson gonn handle that shit
Either when I got shot and they tried to make me snitch
My grandma start laughing like he ain't gonna tell you shit, and I didn't!
She know I follow the code of the street
Even my grandma used to say fuck the police!

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Heard a nigga talking to the fall force
Gotta introduce him to the.44
Slide upon him in a volvo
Shoot him 10 times in slow mo
Deal get a rush when I open the jar
Ding in the park coke in the corn
Enemies got no hope when it's on
You get a hand shot if you go for it john
My mom and grandma, both of them gone
My old head mike shoot dope in his arm
You ain't never have to sell coke in the storm

Or how your door kicked in 4 in the morn'
Nah, real niggas doing rap beats
We put hands on them crack teeth
All these rap niggas act sweet
100 hot choppa in the backseat
21 when I fold the murder
I'm out brooklyn with uncle murda
I toss 40 if you want a birdie
I'm at the store, tryina take a 40

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