Real Only

Uncle Murda

We up in this club, turning up this party
That sign on that front door say
Real niggas only, real niggas only, real niggas only
That sign on that front door say real niggas only
We up in this club, turning up this party
That sign on that front door say real bitches only
Real bitches only, real bitches only
That sign on that front door say
Real bitches only.

You blind, nigga, fuck and read that sign nigga
It's real niggas, real goons, how the fuck you get inside nigga
Your ego and your pride nigga
That's gonn make you die nigga
When the war's on, and them heaters drawn
Y'all bitch niggas run and hide nigga
We the realest niggas that's in the room
Realest niggas that's in the room
My wolves out and they hollering
Like they seen the full moon
Them reaal niggas miss real shit
That real shit that they could ride to
So this real talk from a real nigga
My real voice and no autotune
I'm a shut em down, I'm a shut em down
It's a real nigga here, it's a fake nigga there
It's a gun right here and I'm a gun him down
It's a new jack city free t bow brown
Ride this too, we run this town
I was feelin like JFK, when I left that lot
I dropped my top, down
Why all real niggas all locked down
Runnin from the feds all underground
Got a 100 rounds drum with a thunder sound
Bang, bang, man down
Salute me nigga or stand down
Salute me nigga or stand down
We up in this club and we gonn tear this whole bitch down!

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I'm a real bitch, I don't fuck with you fake hoes
Your fake nails, your fake hair, them eye lids and them fake clothes
My matrix red or blue pill,
Giuseppe shoes or red heels
My body right and it's full of curves
And I ain't never hit no treadmill
You ain't real nigga, you a combo
I show you real with a phone cord

I have murda and the murda team
Come out here and murder all y'all
What's your name, I never heard of ya
You getting real money, then buy the bar
Please do me a favor, please keep the ice
Got all that in my audemar
Plus time is money, stop wasting it
You a real nigga, put your face in it
Watch a real bitch put a waist in it
Now that's real shit, is you tastin it
I'm the best you ever had trackin in
Get your ray jay on, start tapin it
Or you the baker boy, I heard you cakin it
But I seen nigga stash, you fakin it
Just look at me, I'm so real
My closet worth at least 4 mill
When that Nas bag I just bought
I could have went in both 4 wheels
Alexander mcqueen hoe, murda team my team hoe
What you know about this scooter there's 10 racks in my jeans hoe

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