

# Jay-Z, Real Niggaz

(feat. Too \$hort)

[Jay-Z]

Real niggaz do real things  
Hangin with the honies is the song I sing  
Real niggaz do real things  
On the road to riches and diamond rings  
Real niggaz do real things  
Bustin my toast off the roof drinkin 90 proof til spring  
Real niggaz do real things, check

We started out makin, small time bacon  
Two little niggaz bakin, talkin bout whippin cakes  
Get clothin and big cheddar, hopin it gets better  
We had no knowledge of this shit we just was with whatever  
In front of your buildin clockin, thought I was makin a killin  
Right in front of your children, eightball in my side pocket  
They was corrupt too, disrespectin the fiends I used to  
look up to, take it or leave it, fuck you  
In different parts of the planet, Oakland to New York  
I'm hollerin Lifetimes, he hollerin Life's Too \$hort  
Parallel lives and jew-els held high  
To the Range, to the Rove, get exchanged, for your souls  
You know how the game goes, slang to get G's  
and speak in Chinese everybody gains the same dough  
Get your shit scarred fuckin with my sick squad  
from Marcy, to the Bay y'all, we get large, keep in charge

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[Too \$hort]

So now you own a record label, I got one too  
We on a roll now, can't nobody stop our crew  
You can treat us like convicts, you know we got records  
On the shelf and on the charts the double deckers  
The fat donkey house down the block, belongs to me  
You criticize the way I walk, you wanna see my bankbook?  
I'm not a crook, I flipped the script and changed my ways  
so I can get paid, everyday  
I see the same old shit, I see in the streets  
I know you think I'm sellin keys but I only sell beats  
Dopefiend music, it's drug related  
You can buy it on the corner get a radio and play it  
It always sounds better when you turn it up loud  
Rap music let these motherfuckers know what we about  
I know these gay ass record labels keep fuckin niggaz  
It's just like in the streets main, how much you get?

[Jay-Z]

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On the road to riches and diamond rings  
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Bustin my toast off the roof drinkin 90 proof til spring  
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[Too \$hort]

That's right, I been a hustler for a long time  
Always got the right beats, never saying wrong rhymes  
I started off with nothing ended up with everything  
Now we sip Hennessy in first class on every plane  
Ask Jay-Z, he know what I'm sayin  
Always see me at the bank and yes I'm goin again  
There ain't no dollar amount, that can make me happy  
Fine women, a big house, a truck and a Caddy

[Jay-Z]

Now peep, how sweet, niggaz lives can get  
Put beef aside, the East and Westside connect  
\$hort Dawg, and Jigga with the, fo'-fo' flow  
I got love for y'all motherfuckers y'all just don't know  
I know y'all got a thing for them rag six-fo's  
I like the five speed drops pop the clutch then go  
If you want it, keep ballin, and if you jealous stop  
I want Biggie to rest in peace, as well as 'Pac  
How real is that?

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And I'm out

[Too \$hort] Beyotch! \$hort Dawg's in the house

[Jay-Z] Jigga

[Too \$hort] Much love

[Jay-Z] \$hort Dawg, get your money main

[Too \$hort] All the way from the West coast

[Jay-Z] Uhh, how real is that