

# I.G. Joe

## Bill Engvall

PUFF DADDY

Miscellaneous

Real Niggas"(feat. Lil' Kim, Notorious B.I.G.

[Puffy]

I'm not wit none of that

Standin' around lookin' cool and shit

I want you motherfuckers to jump the fuck up

And have some motherfuckin' fun

You understand what it means to be black?

I have my man the Notorious B.I.G in the back

I go by the name of the Puff Daddy

But check this shit out

Four, five

As we proceed to give you what you need

[Notorious B.I.G]

Sick of momma screamin' that "Get a job, nigga"

Pressed to the limit, gotta rob me a nigga

Simple and plain, my man scooped me in the hoop

Whispered in his ear, this is what we gotta do G

Got to bang a nigga and bang a nigga good

So I could cop a Benz and drive the fuck out the hood

Cause baby mama screamin', your daughter twelve months

Can't live life slingin' rocks and smokin' blunts

Hangin' with the nigga's don't pay the bills

And bein' broke at 30 give a nigga the chills

So what we gotta do is creep and see a sweet vic

Yo, you see that shit? (Hell yeah, I see that shit)

Columbian, Dominican, yeah whatever

Whoever he was, he had it tucked under the leather

Two keys, twenty G's, nigga please

Blew his brains out cause witnesses we don't need

[1] - On the road to riches and diamond rings

Real niggaz do real things

Hanging wit the bitches is the song I sing

Real niggaz do real things On the road to riches and diamond rings

Real niggaz do real things

Hanging wit the bitches is the song I sing

Real niggaz do real things[Puff Daddy]

Yeah, yeah, yeah

I tote gats wit my nigga, clap wit my nigga

Break bread and then break backs wit my nigga

Jack wit my nigga, cock the latch wit my nigga

Now how you gon' act wit my nigga?  
Just remember there's a gun to your dome  
And I will lick shots and run through your home  
Or better yet I put your son to the chrome  
Turn the music up and unplug the phone  
I will kill him, read my lips  
You too, motherfucker if I don't see no bricks  
See, I flips when I don't see no chips  
Yeah, nigga, I know you in pain, I don't care nigga  
I want the stash, keys, hash, weed, G's motherfucker, freeze  
Cock sucker, you better bring the things out  
Before I blow your motherfucker frame out  
Nigga what[Repeat 1][Lil' Kim]  
Real big nigga's over here talkin' shit  
Yo fuck that, I'm gon' check these nigga's  
Fuck that, fuck that  
What you said? Speak up, I can't hear ya  
Oh, thought you was talkin' to us, um pardon me, my bad  
I shoulda known ya'll ain't wanted with these three time losers  
The open surgeons heart removers  
Niggaz think they gon' stop my ones  
Put a contract out and stop ya'll lungs  
We powerful, don't think that all we got is guns  
We buy out everything you claim, including your name  
Mama bitch squeeze the life out of ya'll nigga's  
Screw barkin', I take bites out of ya'll nigga's  
Crack open your safe then put a bomb to it  
Fuck shootin' windows nigga, I jumps through it  
With the all black hood, he beat a nigga 'till he hurl  
Then pull the hoodie off so he can see it was a girl  
When it comes to my nigga B.I.G  
I wanna see all ya'll niggaz D.I.E On the road to riches and diamond rings  
Real bitches do real things  
Hanging with the niggas is the song I sing  
Real bitches do real things On the road to riches and diamond rings  
Real bitches do real things  
Hanging with the niggas is the song I sing  
Real bitches do real things[Repeat 1]

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