

## My Nigga for Real - 1/2

Interprété par 8 Mile.

Uh, Zee

I got waiting haze, my customers ho's, sleep with me  
We have small beef, I still sell them O's for three fifty  
They know in big beef, I pop a hundred times  
Be like roadkill, I live nigga's brains on one and nines  
And my down bitches, they be ready to kill  
I be like chill, they be like..

[Chorus]

That's my nigga for real (Yea, uh huh, I'm from the Bricks, we be like)  
That's my nigga for real (Yea, Young Zee, all my niggas from the hood, they be like)  
That's my nigga for real (Yea, B-Boy, you my nigga, talk to 'em)

[B-Boy]

Yo, I don't give a fuck if we don't sell a record  
We still gon' get this money in the Bricks  
Spill it, Zee

[Young Zee]

Yea, uh, yea, yea  
I'm like, Santa Claus, I deliver niggas grams a raw  
Straight from Panama, fiends eat it up like canavaugh  
And my dimes disappear like magic wands  
I sell 'em, 'til the crack of dawn and destroy every track I'm on  
Plus I have a clam packed in the back of vans  
More royal than the Taliban murk you for a half a gram  
(What?) I get B-Boy to drop your truck in the river  
Fuck some dough, we be like..

[Chorus + Young Zee ad libs]

[Young Zee]

Yea, jeah, Uh-huh-ha, yea  
Scarecrow (what?), I'm trying to walk before I crawl  
I want it all ever since I came out of my mama's walls  
I'm trying to make so much dough when I write a song  
I can write 'em all why y'all clique on the corner selling final calls  
Yea, niggas mad at us, gladiators like Maximas, we fabulous  
While you fall off like Canibus's managers  
My man Dee U, keep the nina peelin'  
(Point 'em out, and watch me)

[Chorus + Young Zee ad libs]

[Young Zee]

Zee need Buddha, E-user, beef pre Lugers  
Spittin' from our PT cruisers

## My Nigga for Real - 2/2

My tape don't drop, I still got dough to make  
Got little niggas on roller skates holding my coke and weight  
Blow paper, ho chaser, dough raiser, Joe Fraizer  
Sixteen cellys and four pagers  
Go hype up your squad that they might fuck with ours  
I just, light up cigars, go by bikes, trucks, and cars  
I got (?) In Atlanta deep, 'round the street, ten grand a week  
I give 'em one word to put your man to sleep  
And I love my Jersey live bitches  
They'll leave a nigga face, with thirty five stitches  
They'll help my tie cinder blocks and push your kids  
So deep in the ocean, they'll see where octopuses live  
Jeah, this label deal is for Raz, Pace, and Chill  
I know mad chicks, but still

[Chorus + Young Zee ad libs]

[Young Zee]

What, Bricks (Bricks, Bricks)