

Real Muthaphuckkin G's

Eazy-E

[Intro]

Compton, Compton, Compton
Ahh, real muthaphuckkin G's
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Ahh, real muthaphuckkin G's

[Verse 1: Eazy-E]

Hey yo, Doctor, here's another proper track
And it's phat, watch the sniper, time to pay the piper
And let that real shit provoke
See, you's a wannabe 'loc, and you'll get smoked, and I hope
That your fans understand when you talk about sprayin' me
The same records that you makin' is payin' me
Motherfuck Dre! Motherfuck Snoop! Motherfuck Death Row!
Yo, and here comes my left blow
'Cause I'm the E-A-Z-Y-E and this is the season
To let the real motherfuckin' G's in
You're like a kid, you found a pup, and now you're dapper
But tell me, where the fuck you found an anorexic rapper?
Talkin' 'bout who you gon' squabble with and who you shoot
You're only sixty pounds when you're wet and wearin' boots
(Damn, E, they tried to fade you on Dre Day)
But Dre Day only meant Eazy's payday
All of a sudden Dr. Dre is the G Thang
But on his own album cover he was a she-thang
So, nigga please, nigga please
Don't step to these muthaphuckkin' real G's

[Hook]

Stop him in his tracks, show him that I am Ruthless
Yo, Dre! (What's up?)
Boy, you should've known by now

[Verse 2: Dresta]

Every day it's a new rapper claimin' to be dapper than the Dresta
Softer than a bitch but portray the role of gangsta
Ain't broke a law in your life
Yet every time you rap you yap about the guns and knife
Just take a good look at the nigga and you'll capture

The fact that the master is simply just an actor
Who mastered the bang and the slang and the mental
Of niggas in Compton, Watts, and South Central
Never ever once have you ran with the turf
But yet in every verse claim you used to do the dirt
But tell me, who's a witness to your fuckin' work?
So you never had no bid'ness, so save the drama, jerk!
Niggas straight kill me, knowin' that they pranksters
This is goin' out to you studio gangstas
See, I did dirt, put in work, and many niggas can vouch that
So since I got stripes, I got the right to rap about that
But niggas like you, I gotta hate ya
'Cause I'm just tired of suburbia niggas
Talkin' about they come from projects
Knowin' you ain't seen the parts of the streets, G
Think you started tryna bang around the time of the peace treaty
Wearin' khakis and mob while you rhyme
Little fag tried to sag, but you're floodin' at the same time
And your set don't accept ya; scared to kick it with your homies
'Cause you know they don't respect ya
So, nigga please, check nuts
Before you step to these muthaphuckkin' real G's

[Verse 3: B.G. Knocc Out]

Well, it's the Knocc Out, definition "Original baby gangsta"
Approach me like you hard, motherfucker, I'ma bank ya
Shank ya, with my fuckin' shank, if I have to
Dr. Dre and Snoop Doggy Dogg are fuckin' actors
Pranksters, studio gangstas, busters
But this time you're dealin' with some real motherfuckers
G's, nigga please, don't try to step
'Cause if you do, then a peeled cap is all that would be left
See, young niggas like me will break you off somethin'
Claimin' my city — but Dre, you ain't from Compton
Niggas like y'all is what I call wannabes
And ain't shit compared to real muthaphuckkin' G's

[Hook]

Stop him in his tracks, show him that I am Ruthless
Yo, Dre! (What's up?)

[Verse 4: Eazy-E]

I never met a O.G. who never did shit wrong
You tried to diss the Eazy-E, so now, nigga, it's on
You and your Doggy Dogg think that y'all hoggin' shit
Both of you bitches can come and suck my Doggy dick
Beatin' up a bitch don't make you shit, but then again
Some niggas think it makes a man
Damn, it's a trip how a nigga could switch so quick

From wearin' lipstick to smokin' on chronic at picnics
And now you think you're bigger
But to me you ain't nothin' but a bitch-ass nigga
That ain't worth a food stamp
And at Death Row, I hear you gettin' treated like boot camp
Gotta follow your sergeant's directions
Or get your ass pumped with the Smith & Wesson
Learn a lesson from the Eaze
Stay in your place and don't step to real muthaphuckkin' G's

[Hook]

Stop him in his tracks, show him that I am Ruthless
Yo, Dre! (What's up?)
Boy, you should've known by now
Stop him in his tracks, show him that I am Ruthless
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Stop him in his tracks, show him that I am Ruthless
Yo, Dre! (What's up?)
Boy, you should've known by now: Eazy Duz It

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