

# Real

DC Young Fly

Nard & B  
TrenchWerk

I used to hit them wide body bitches  
And their wide body friends  
Now a nigga get it in a wide body Benz  
Niggas wanna hate  
But didn't know I'm knowin' 'tent, though  
Me, I keep extendo  
Hit you and your friends, though  
Me and all my potna used to sleep off on my potna flo'  
Schemin' on a plan on how we gonna get a pot of gold  
Walk up in a club like, serve 'em with that drug, like  
"Wish a nigga would", all my niggas with a tool, like  
"Hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up"  
"Chill with that poppin' off"  
You wasn't sayin' nothin' when my niggas was out here robbin' y  
'all  
Masked up, poppin' off, head shot, rockin' off  
Call a nigga phone, tryna plead, and tell us to stop it all  
Gone to court, fightin' these cases  
Couple times I'm on probation  
Fightin' these false allegations  
Snitches, we cut our relations  
Gotta get money in rotation  
Gotta get money in rotation  
I'll pop a nigga ass then go on vacation  
  
It get real 'round here, yeah  
It get real 'round here, ayy  
It get real 'round here  
It get real 'round here  
It get real 'round here, yeah  
It get real 'round here, ayy  
It get real 'round here  
It get real 'round here  
It get real 'round here