

## real life (interlude)

Destroy Lonely

Underworld

Damn

I done touched down back up in my city  
I'm rockin' Acne jeans right now, nigga  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Clayco

(Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Two-fifty on the dash, moving fast, livin' smooth  
I be cashin', lil' bitch, think it's magic or somethin'  
Damn, I'm geeked up, think I'm finna crash really soon  
When I'm geeked up driving, I'm not crashing in the coupe though  
Damn, I think I fell in love with the Dunchos  
Yeah, yeah, you know I fell in love with the Runtz though  
I'ma blow a couple bands on some drugs and some clothes  
And I'm always havin' bread but you know I need some more  
Oh yeah  
Word to Kaine, I be geeked out my body  
Yes, I'm Lonely, baby, getting money is my hobby  
And my Blooda real right, he put the pistol to your noggin  
Call up bitches, all tens, tell 'em, "Meet me in the lobby"  
And I'm steppin' in Maison Margiela, this is real designer  
See, I brought this bitch a meal and she told that me she feel honored  
When you comin' up from nothing, it get hot just like a sauna  
Damn, goddamn  
I done touched down back up in my city  
Lil' shawty told me hit her when I touched down in her city  
But I'm never chasing hoes, lil' bitch, you gotta come and get me  
And I'm touching real-life money, nigga, 3D  
And I'm living real life, nigga, not TV  
And I'm having real stripes, nigga, come and see me  
Everything you did, niggas did twice, nigga, you can't see me

Niggas got it out the mud but it's like we had a genie  
Niggas seen a lot of numbers, made some money off of CCs  
I done ran off on some plugs 'cause a young nigga was needy  
And I done did a lot of drugs, I can't help that I love geeking  
We get money every day, you just get paper on the weekend  
I'm singing to your bitch, a nigga feeling like The Weeknd  
See, I'm really getting rich, I don't care that these niggas sleepin'  
I'm havin' real designer drip, this shit barely in-stock at Neimans

I ain't gon' cap, I never would've thought  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, everything you did, niggas did twice)

Different color money, different fabrics

(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

(And I'm touching real-life money, nigga, 3D)

All types of designer, all different color bitches

(I get cash, your lil' bitch think it's magic or somethin')

This shit getting crazy, nigga, but I'ma still get it out the mud

(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

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(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
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System offline