

# Genuine

Doe Boy

Everybody startin' to like all my pictures now, like they rootin' for me  
'Cause they see shit startin' to change (Hahaha)  
But they really not, though (They ain't real, niggas hatin')

See, I don't gotta write that shit down  
They know I speak that shit straight from the top, 'cause that shit really  
That shit really facts  
That shit really come from somewhere  
You get what I'm sayin'? (ATL Jacob, ATL Jacob)

How real can I be? Shit, how real can I get?  
Fuck the dead opps and the ones still gettin' spinned  
Been with my gang thick and thin, niggas still ain't switched  
I been through everything I could go through and I still ain't a bitch (Oh, really?)  
I don't know if niggas hate me or if they just hate my wrist  
I pop a Perc', give her this dick, you ain't takin' my bitch (Mwah)  
Nigga crossed that one line and I ain't spoke to him since  
Always talk shit on Live, but don't talk about how he got blicked  
A nigga that said he loved me cliqued up with them niggas who wan' kill me  
I thought I was slimy, psh, damn, that nigga filthy (Filthy)  
Nigga did me dirty, damn, he ain't keep it real with me  
Even though my nigga Kev gone, he still here with me  
"Keep your foot on all these niggas necks," I keep on hearin' him (I got you )  
God, why you take away one of the only niggas that still cheer for me? (I was his favorite rapper)  
Hop in the coupe and crash out, the Percocet gon' steer for me  
All them peeps on vibes, you capped out, that's why you don't hear from me  
I did shit for everybody, but they can't name one thing they did for me  
If I lose it all right now, go back in Lil Will attic, who gon' visit me?  
That's just real life shit, this ain't no Disney  
Sometimes I feel like my bitch the only one that's with me  
Know she'd probably die for me, I feel it when she kiss me  
Know she's not just talkin', feel it when she say she miss me  
Run with me, I run with you, can't let these bitches trip me  
Anything you want, baby, that's what you get from me  
Pussy so damn wet, we fuck, I almost came instantly  
Fuck what he say, she say, please don't bring that hatin' shit to me  
Could you let 'em say it? Shoulda hit him in his shit for me  
Shoulda kept that shit to yourself, now you a bitch to me  
Free B and DJ, they mama like my mama  
Told me you a rider, but not nada like this choppa  
I remember 2010, I was doin' hits to Flocka  
Can't lie, Wak' and Bricksquad had me wildin' like a monster  
I was really hittin' licks, nigga no imposter...

Oh really?

Those my niggas, say no to the case, still screamin' free 'em 'til we find 'em  
Free Poopy, he gon' come home, grab that K (Grirt)  
For him and Lil Will, oh, I'ma make sure I rep Knowles Ave every day (Knowles Ave)  
Made a mistake and let some niggas claim gang, knew they was fake  
Free Mick B, niggas spoke on me, you know he broke that nigga face (Haha)  
Bitch, I'm ridin' with this fully, rep that Fully to the grave

Always on go time, 6:26 p.m., that's on the gang  
 All that lame shit you heard 'bout me, it's all hate  
 Tried to make out a snitch and Photoshopped the wrong name  
 Fuck Doe Beezy, he a bitch, yeah, that's what they gon' all say  
 'Til shooters run in they apartments, leave brains in the hallway  
 Robbed that nigga and shot at him, 2013, I caught a case  
 Tried to hit his face, I missed, damn, that's how he saw my face  
 Went and snitched on me, two counts of armed robbery  
 He had his bitch on him, told both they asses shut the fuck up  
 Put them sticks on 'em, that boy'll lose all focus  
 See a lick, warning, everyone heard them shots and let me know you was gon'  
 bitch on me  
 That's my fault for lettin' 'em drive  
 Then was supposed to kill ol' boy, but that's my fault, I let 'em slide  
 Marv, Shark, Dane, Blaze, look, don't touch nothin' of mine  
 Knew Goonie or Yella never changed up, niggas know I'ma take one of mines  
 I'll get whatever for my whole gang to get on  
 They know my body, know I'm solid, that what they claimin' this for  
 Them niggas really saw me in action, know that banger'll blow  
 One thing they know for sure, they CEO, that boy ain't no ho  
 Shaq got out, took him a gun, I said, "Boy, you should keep it" (Fresh off a  
 murder)  
 All Fitboy niggas dimed, damn, my boy feel defeated (I know that shit hurt)  
 That same seven-seven, know you got my number you need it  
 And I'm so proud of Banky, we just had his first label meeting  
 I told my niggas, "Better not give up, if you see it, can reach it  
 So go 'head and reach your arm out, put your hand on this demon"  
 I got your back, Lil Craig, you know that, murder gang what I'm screamin'  
 They know me, Poot, ayy, rider blow that if you gave us a reason  
 Fat Man and Jesse only niggas I call my OGs  
 And they don't even let me say it, they be like, "Nah, you OG"  
 Don't fuck with some older niggas 'cause they knew the way, ain't showed me  
 Love my young niggas, I'ma give woo and my jack twin Rollies (Oh, really?)  
 Speak on my situations, if you know that you don't know me  
 Say that I'm a pussy, won't believe it 'til he show me  
 Some niggas I love turned to opps, catch me lackin', probably blow me  
 Same nigga that used to blow for me keep everything I gave him, he don't owe  
 me  
 I don't want that back, you don't owe me (You don't owe me)  
 Get that through your head, I'ma say it slowly (For what I did for you)  
 Since you was ridin' for me, guess the tires had a slow leak (Tell 'em what  
 you want)  
  
 Cap-ass niggas (That's crazy)  
 Doe Beezy (Oh, really?)  
 Y'all know I'm real as they come (It's a true story)  
 They don't get no realer than me (Based on a true story)  
 And you know that, hahaha