

Real Talk, Pt. 2

Doe Boy

I ain't no killer but don't push me
You can call me anything you want, just make sure it ain't puss
y
Won't let them catch me lacking, I ain't trynna catch a bullet
I put that on my fuckin' grave, You run up, I'mma pull it
You disrespect the squad then you out your fuckin' mind
We cockin' them nines, the bullets is flyin' and niggas gon' en
d up dyin'
40 to his mouth, tell that fuck nigga be quiet
Tie is ass up and let them sit in the garage
I don't trust these niggas, it's just me, myself and Ruger
You better keep it cool cause I won't hesitate to do ya
Youngins in my clique and they all tryna be shooters
Not playin' with these niggas it's like they versus to computer
I keep one in the edge you better know that I'mma cock it
Cause bitch I come from Cleveland, niggas out here ain't gon' b
ox
I'm trynna keep my life so I ain't worryin' 'bout no cops
Keep my eyes open I ain't goin' out like Pac
Raised to be a savage I was just a little nigga
Firm life thuggin', I rolled with a bunch of killers
Swimming with the sharks and in the jungle with Gorillas
So if you got a problem you can solve it with this trigger
R.I.P to T.John, R.I.P to Joe
Only like 16, but my young niggas cut throat
Throwing up the 6 screaming "Let Big J go!"
Black flags hangin', bitch you ain't my folk
Free my nigga Pooh, we fuck the feds cause they be watchin'
Got a lot of pistols cause I know niggas be plottin'
Stocked up like a soldier, who the fuck you think you robbin'?
Taliban goon, call me Doesama Bin Laden
All my niggas slang 'caine, tote straps and gang bang
Bitch I grew up 'round this shit so I be on that same thang
You can't hang where I hang, you can't claim what I claim
Rubber Band Money Gang they gon' let them shots rain
? motherfuckin' bust and they shoot?
So try me if you want I bet you gon' see Jesus walk
They ain't 'bout that life, they only cut throat when they talk
Pistol in his face I bet that'll make that nigga soft
Real talk

(Real talk, real talk, real talk...)