

If I ain't a real boy, what you call it? (call it, call it)
Yo (P-Lo, time to bring the bass back)
Yo, yo...

Ayy, yeah, wake, wake shit up, ayy
On my mama, I can't make shit up, ayy
If I ain't a real boy, what you call it?
I don't think you want no problems
Wake, wake shit up, ayy
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You see it... you see it, you see it (woo)
VS's in my grill, you peeped it, you peeped it (woo)
I'm a boy for real, I keep it, I keep it
On me stay heated, I'll knock the meat out yo' pita
Crack them gates up in Rita, or should I say jail?
JPay, CorrLinks, and Music by Mail
I started with nothin', ended up with a lot
All my life I been hustlin' and clutchin' choppas and Glockes
Man, I get it to pop, whenever I'm on the block
Never know who will score when you feed 'em the rock
Six in the mornin', dreads at my spot
Ball on the floor, team ready to drop
Run with scotch, I roll one up
Enough in my blunt to levitate like monks
Big boss status ain't made for runts
Exotics online that'll wake shit up

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I'm authentic
Got a Bela and a heater when I'm off in it
When I meet her I'ma need about a soft minute
We could chop it over lunch, maybe talk spinach
Got a product we can rock and we walk with it
Get a bag, run it up then we run it back
Get a pack to the yak, watch how they act
It's a wrap when it's wrapped and it's all intact
If I ain't a real boy, what you call that?
Havin' at it, gettin' to it
I'm on this juice, same color as transmission fluid
Two units on my collarbone
But the, screen cracked on my iPhone
And uh, these niggas dealin' with their hormones
They actin' like bitches, they need some tampons
I'm havin' my riches, I'm sittin' on a few tickets
And I'll lay a nigga out like a nap-kon, BIATCH!

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Everything Gucci in another week
Just put the stash in a seven-three
Me and little bruh, we don't even speak
Block me on the 'gram, I ain't even peep
All I ever had was a bunch of love
Pop anybody tryin' to fuck with cuz
It is what it is, was what it was
Truth really is, we don't give a fuck
Rose gold Rucci rims on my Chevy, the paint wet (wet)
Bought a studio with my SoundExchange check
(SoundExchange check)
I'm a movie ho, you can find me on the set (set)
Slappin' dominoes, shootin' dice, talkin' shit (biatch)
Excruciating throb in the trunk of the mob
Mama used to tell me to get me a job
I used to tell my mama "Don't you worry, sahob"
One day my pockets gon' be as fat as the blob

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