

Ain't Real

Famous Dex

Yeah Dexter

Yeah

Dexter yeah

(RT YOU GOOD BRO)

Everybody wanna flex, know they ain't real

Everybody wanna flex , know they ain't real

I be so high, I be off them pills

Run up on me, swear to God you'll get killed

Why you so lame [?]

Remember last year I was walking

I was on the phone talking

My homie got shot while we was walking

Oh my god

Everyday I'm riding wit that Glock, yuh

Everyday I'm riding wit a mop, yuh

I catch an opp, swear to God he get shot, yuh

I'm so paranoid, yeah I'm sipping wock, yeah

[?] Pop me a perc, yeah I perc out

I wanna go up with her now

Babygirl she a flirt now

How will she get down? yeah yeah

She ain't true

But you can be my boo

Count money, let's hop on a jet

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Why you so lame [?]

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Oh my god

Remember them days I was walking

Remember them days I was talking to my mama

Told my momma imma make it

Yeah yeah yeah, yeah I made it

Look up in the sky, ma, I miss you

I wish I could kiss you

[?] I get on my knees and I love you, yeah

One day imma see you again

I know mom, you want me to win

Take care of my kids, and that's what I did

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Why you so lame, [?]

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Oh my god

Oh my God
Oh my God
Oh my God
Oh my God
Oh my God
Oh my God
Oh my God
Dexter yeah

And I'm screaming till the [?]
Now every scene they be calling
Your bitch on my dick, yeah she stalking
Oh my God, oh my God
Remember them days ya ya
I was getting money like ya ya
Catch me an opp then it's trouble, yeah
Shhhh, Dexter
Oh my God