

Real

Fat Trel

One time for the real niggas, two times for the bad bitches
One more time for the killers and the drillers
And the niggas on the block that's still getting it

On the block, bitch I still get it
Since a youngin I been sick with it
Duffel bag got pounds in it
Get the work, move the work, I'm a pro with it
Got your bitch on my dick, I can still hit it
Got a K, got a MAC, got 30 in it
You ain't talking bout no money, we ain't fuck with it
When it comes to the money we don't play with it
Back in the day I was toting the strap
Flipping and moving, juuging the pack
Hundreds and fifties, we stacking all that
Bands on my dick, tell them bitches fall back
I'm rolling with Boosa, that's Boosa Da Shoota
Got a Ruger with a 30 and that chopper gone screw ya
Nigga want work, nigga we can get it to ya
I don't do no talking, like Nike I do it
Double cup of lean, Sprite my fluid
Thumbing through the checks, see them bands, run through it
No free shit till I die fuck nigga
I be with them goons and them killers and them drillers
You be with them hot niggas, snitching on your niggas
Fuck y'all niggas, SB be the realest
Ear rings, neck piece, wrist game chilling
Nigga you can hate but I'm still gone get it, wow

I'm a do it for the real, one more time for the niggas in the field
Free Gino cause they got to free the real
Came from the streets, young nigga keep it real
Hustle in the projects, bitches love projects
Free my nigga Gucci, know what's up, squad shit
Ready get money, get money, fuck bitches
Bad bitches on me cause they know a nigga getting it
Ready get the guap cause the bitches come with it
Hit your block with this Glock, you don't want to feel the semi
Set up shop on your block, bullshit and then we hit it
Peep your [?], glass bullets, running from the ceiling
All my niggas savage, when I leave they coming with me
Came from the bottom now we aiming for the top
Got to get this money, I ain't never gone stop
And how's my block, E street where I bang
That thing changed, Slutty Boys be the gang
Mention our names, bet the chopper gone bang
Nigga smile for the chopper, you can smile for the flame
Money in my pocket, ain't a damn thing changed
Nigga changed up for the money and the fame
You smile for the chopper, you can smile for the flame
Money in my pocket, ain't a damn thing changed
Nigga changed up for the money and the fame, let's get it

One time for the Slutty Boyz
Fuck one time cause my gang got guns

Two times for the bad bitches, still fighting over bags of ones
One time for my nigga P Wild
If a nigga talk down I'm a smack his ass down
30 shot Glock make a nigga's heart stop
Nigga we from North Beach, don't come around town
One time for my nigga Gino
Cause he keep getting locked, hope they let his ass go
One time for my nigga [?]
I remember sixteen [?] with a four
One time for my nigga Meechy
Cause we pop a lot of mollies, we don't take shit slow
One time for my nigga Kut Dawg
Cause they run up in the spot, all the stock that's gone
One more time for my wild nigga Toby
The pistols he toting, he just came home
One time for my bro Big Blocks
Set up the shop, all the guap I drop that
One time for my bro Killa Killa
Try to take him out the picture, I'm a have to deal with ya
One time for my bro Badazz
Cause he a real savage, and let your ass have it