

# 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, juugging 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