

Like That

Fredo

(Really and truly bro I should be apologizing to the fans you know
Been home all over a month and I ain't even gave them what they want just yet
Beat the cases. 12 try send me down the road rudeboi, but I'm home
Niggas ain't real like that. Free the gang)

You ain't real like that, you ain't real like that
You should tell the truth, you ain't built like that
Summer time so the roof peel right back
I'm living luxury, and last month I was living up in custody
Not police then these models want cuffs on me
You ain't real like that
Riding with my day ones I'm in the field like that
Can't phone for a ball I don't deal like that

You ain't real like that, you ain't real like that
My brother been up in jail for years and I still write back
I'm on the block with the guys, man it's still like that
They say I'm gonna blow but I still might trap
Yo I'm smoking on stardawg, my wrist cost a half-box
Driving them foreigners, see police we park off
Cause babes I'm a crook, I'll still show you what's good
We can go to The Shard or we can go to my hood

I put ink on my skin, man I'm living in sin
I give bro couple bags cause he lives in the bin
I'm boiling this water then dipping it in
Half a box in pebbles that's minimum cling
So light your weed up if you ever lost a close friend
Pour your yack if you'll do anything to hold them
I'm coming from the bottom, teacher said I'm hopeless
But now I'm in a Benz, she's cruising in a Focus

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They say keep your friends far and your enemies close
But it's hard to really who's your friend on these roads
Fam it's so real I told the label I don't even know still
Cause a couple years ago I signed up to a coke deal
And If I stopped getting in the work, how would the road feel
But fam I like this music
Turning up at shows with my niggas, fam I like to do it
Put your phones in the air, this is Lyca music
It's summer time she just wants to have fun and smoke some weed
Told her if she tryna roll, come and roll with me
My shoes costs a lot but I get them Os for cheap
I'm overseas in Dolce jeans, I sat down and learnt how to cook from older g's
Now I'm sitting in the trap smoking potent weed
And the neighbours they know it's me

So I gotta keep 'em real nice so they don't phone police

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