

So Real

French Montana

So real (Felipe S)
In the tinted out windows (Ooah)
And I can't see where that light shine
I just know what I know (Hah)
(This Vade on the keys)

Depression is so real
Watered down windows
And I can't see where that light shine
'Cause I'm so caught in what I know

They don't see the shit that I see
They don't feel the things that I feel
The be cappin' for they ig
And they swear to God they so real
You know fuck 'bout how they pay me
Long as my sons know whom I is
Nut about it, 'notha one kill
I'm saw your paranoid, your brain chills
And I'm dead, president's brain pills on me, you no good
Like why the fuck should I go back to my own hood?
Yo conversation ain't good
My pain be rainin' down my face just like Floyd
At the club that night they touch I blood
Relocate to Utah I should
Four inches go out to payroll, rock
I'ma put the GT up in four throttle
Took her wrist and put the cardio at raw
Double bag Hermes all up inside of it
Bam got the band on the one and sidin'
Shoot 200, nigga, better hunnid thousand
Leave that nigga livin', kill the ones 'round me
Back again once the night's fallin'
I said yeah
It's a scheme after a dream he be callin'
My brother playin' then I'm all in
I don't know them then, I ain't talkin'
We gon' stalk 'em all damn mornin'
When the dogs out we gon' off him
They gon' bring me down 'til I'm down in jail
Don't be waterin' if you still in depression

Depression is so real
Watered down windows
And I can't see where that light shine
'Cause I'm so caught in what I know (Woo)
Depression is so real
I'm in the watered down windows (Skrtrt)
And I can't see where that light shine
I just know what I know (Hah)

Pull up with the windows tinted with the [?]
Spin it, ain't nothin' off limit, we gon' slide
Amy Whitehouse fade to black, made millies off the trap
Knock your head off the map, when we fire (Woo)
Price of fame ain't cheaper than your thoughts
It put demons in they hearts

You can't even turn to people
'Cause hurt people hurt people
I be swervin' off the drink
I be movin' off the like I'm Flint
I be dryin' off the ink
When we hop out niggas faint
Lord, I light yo ass up 'til you get on fire (B-B-B-Bye)
Where there's smoke there's fire (Montana)

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Watered down windows
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