

No new niggas, only real ones  
Been a real one and I'm still one  
No thousands, I'm talkin bout millions  
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10 K for the show boy  
Lot of broke rappers unemployed  
Made a lot of money on my last tour  
Bet you I could get it if I aks for it  
Lot of fake niggas, they be runnin they mouth  
My youngin sittin next to me, I just run in yo house  
I play this shit and pray to relax  
'Cause it's crazy everyday, don't go where we at  
Forgive me for my last song  
And every track I showed my ass on  
I'm just speakin from a real place  
Finna turn a dollar into Bill Gates  
Yea, a lot of niggas still fake  
A lot of broke niggas still hate  
Yea, but I still show the world love  
Shop til I got kicks like the world cup

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Soulja 6 be back in the fact  
Comin back just to smack em in the back of they neck  
People be actin funny, I be laughin at that  
Smoking kush and I damn near have a asthma attack  
Never pass up the fact, these rappers barely could rap  
Rappers circus, matter of fact as an act is the act  
Nigga flip like a acrobat  
The flow killin like Kim, she dip it low to the max  
Accurate faxes, they be needin more practice  
Kickin that whack shit, I kick it out like proactive  
It's Heartbreak Gang, partake bang  
With this I be short bank name, short weak playin on that flatscreen  
Black hoodie, white ones, black jeans  
Homie that's me  
When they see me they understand that it's great  
Couldn't touch 100 since I turned 15  
You know what I'm talkin bout?

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