

You can tell the real by how the real interact
Be surprised who inspired how a real nigga act
Man these little niggas lack
But who am I to say, that these little niggas wack?
We all reaching for the same
Children of the game switching lanes on them thangs
Tint low as hell, gliding down the sale chart
Knocking because it's loud as hell
Bitches in the back like, "Who the hell in there?"
Cutting corners cause them boys in the rear
Gold grills give these bitches chills and I ain't got no fronts
Woodgrain on the steering wheel, static in the trunk
Little niggas with no fear, they only hate us cause we're young
Queen city 'til I die, that fo five make 'em run
Niggas swearing they some G's 'til you flash it in the sun
Cock back and let it hum, he ain't even make it home
Goddamn, my nigga gone, baby mama on her own
She a baby raising babies on her own
Had plans to go to school, but shortie couldn't get the loans
Now she stripping down them poles, she ain't nothing like them hoes
Highly educated, all they want is niggas wrapped in gold
Mounted up on fours, watching screens fold in their lap
Selling CDs out his truck, cause you know every nigga rap
But ain't nobody fucking with me, represent the fucking north
Side, in my fucking state, reside in the fucking west
Side of my fucking city
Now throw your dubs if you feel me
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[?] cause they know me
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Real nigga shit is so rare, niggas never go there
With the ice around his wrist, you would probably think it snow here
Polar bear cold, yeah they probably sell coke there
Trapped on the hot block, yell nigga be easy
Meth transform to living room speakeasys
Peep the slang, niggas 'round here don't speak easy
Short temper, lose a member if you bitch-made
Short temper, lose a member looking this way
So fix your eye on some ass
It's enough around, my niggas trying to get laid
Bro I'm trying to get paid, niggas trying to get played
Beats trying to get slayed
Like, peep the Audi A8 looks like it's gliding on blaze
Put some ice around my neck, looks like there's never no shade
But niggas hate, that's why there's never no way
But my niggas got fakes, so we'll be there some day
And while you worried about these hoes, the next nigga to spray
My nigga look around, they ain't worried, no way
They tearing down our hoods, where the fuck we gonna stay?
Make the block smaller, push us further away

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