

# Real Ones

Mark Battles

Show love to the real ones  
All my niggas  
And we on the grind tryna get it  
Won't stop we gon' ride to the finish  
For the real ones  
Yeah everybody that hold me down  
Everybody that hold me down

Shout out to my real ones  
And shout out to my ex cause she feel dumb  
Should have known I been up next no flex send a late night text and she stil  
l come  
I'm just giving thanks like a Pilgrim  
If they don't bang Vasi Gang I don't feel them  
I'ma go from a penny to a million  
Already went from a closet to a building  
I can fell it  
Been on my grind now it's time to shine on these niggas  
I'm the realeast  
Got the open shot and I'ma go Lebron on these niggas  
Kobe Bryant on these niggas  
But won't return on these niggas  
Open fire keep killing  
The flow inspiring these children  
Back to back I'm Meek Mill and all the real niggas feel me  
Really? I know you hurt but you might heal  
Ain't no telling how it might feel  
Flow cold give an ice chill  
So cold need Nyquil  
Been patient for the right deal  
Never know what me might build  
I'm alright chill  
Cause y'all in it for the hype still  
And I'm searching for the right feel

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I need to feel the love  
It is what it is and it was what it was  
You cope with the pain with a couple of drugs  
I pour me a drink and I roll me a blunt  
Don't do what you say cause I know what I want  
A car with the trunk in the front  
Hating cause payment is behind now a couple of months

But that shit ain't nothing to us  
Vasi the gang and this not a game my nigga  
You just not fucking with us, it's just not enough  
My real ones gotta feel something now you gotta deal with it cause the deal  
done  
Nigga met you like this dumb  
Clique full of real better get you some  
Vasi till I'm a hole in the ground keep holding it down

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