Real street shit Yeah, yeah, yeah

I got so many niggas plottin' on my head And real gangstas contemplate my death Real street shit
Fuck a rap beef, I got real drama
Nigga, we the real thing
I got so many niggas plottin' on my head And real gangstas contemplate my death Real street shit
Fuck a rap beef, I got real drama (Yeah)
Nigga, we the real thing

I'm fresh out the can, still smellin' like jack mack' Body chiseled up and I'm lookin' for my slide-back In that top tier, it's no fear in my blood cells I'm knockin' down whoever stand in my way Them gun shells'll fall like raindrops when them things pop The same old song, a million times, it don't stop Your violence is edible, your death is inevitable When you comin' at me with that bull My knife'll impale you, you pussy, I smell you I can show you better than I can tell Ooh, this is my favorite part of it all My dick hard, my hormones bark for war For blood, for the stuff that'll spook you out And have shit runnin' down your pant leg, you child I don't give a good goddamn 'bout your rap sheet 'Bout your street credit score, I smack beef And wipe the corners of my mouth with your white tee Then pick my teeth with your bones, don't entice me Don't invite me to eat food, I'm a hog I'm a jungle king, the top of the chain, dog

Got so many niggas plottin' on my head And real gangstas contemplate my death Real street shit
Fuck a rap beef, I got real drama
Nigga, we the real thing
I got so many niggas plottin' on my head And real gangstas contemplate my death Real street shit
Fuck a rap beef, I got real drama
Nigga, we the real thing, real thing

It's QB, we always gon' rise to the occasion
You know what I'm sayin'?
Niggas don't know, but they seen it
Or they'll see (Ayo)

QB in this bitch, nigga, we can air it out Party, tell the whole crew we the ones you hear about Wildin' out, shuttin' shit down, we responsible More bodies than a world war, shit get volatile Rap beef, what beef? This is real beef Carnivore when we eat, niggas dead meat Deadly, lettin' off a medley of bullets with the fully Goin' out to the fullest, whole team crooked Whole game shook it, with the pain, took it To another level, gave a flyin' fuck, whole world lookin' We in your face with it, say it with your chest Put some bass in it, can't find the body, cold case with it Let me finish up, Mobb, know we level up Y'all just level one, quit, we already won H-A-V-O-C, King P

Got so many niggas plottin' on my head
And real gangstas contemplate my death
Real street shit
Fuck a rap beef, I got real drama
Nigga, we the real thing
I got so many niggas plottin' on my head
And real gangstas contemplate my death
Real street shit
Fuck a rap beef, I got real drama
Nigga, we the real thing, real thing