

Real & Fake

MoneySign Suede

Lately, I've been noticing the real and the fake
I was on my ass
You ain't care, if I ate
They don't wanna see you win
They don't wanna see you paid
How the fuck you saying you're my nigga
But you ain't help me get this cake?

How the fuck you saying you're my nigga
But you ain't help me get a bag?
I remember I was down bad
I was reaching for a hand
I remember I was down bad
You had the ball and you ain't pass

You had the ball and you ain't pass

I didn't wanna have to do it
Don't make me get up on your ass
Was down bad. It is what it is
Don't make me get up in your bag

Expect to slide
I tried to tell 'em that we ain't giving up no pass
I got the city on my back with the titties on the strap
I'll boss another jug, put the hoodies on the map
How you say you're real, if you ain't where it's at?
Wish you would try to act
Came from nun, start from scratch
Making plays, had to fuck around
Fell in love with the packs

Better not to love get you wacked
I'm with Suede. We done walked up
In the club with some stacks
I can't see their love, when they cap
But we're not them type of niggas. I ain't fucking with that

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People change every time
It's really true. Ay

They ain't 'bout to be there
Be to be there when you lose. Ay
I be over-thinking when I'm sipping on this juice. Ay
Pull up in a brand-new car with Tru. Ay

They ain't used to like me
What's all the fake love about?
I had cut some niggas off
They had runny mouths
Bitch, I've been through hell and back
I had to thug it out
And I'm still at the block
Still selling pounds

Don't compare me
I don't want to be no one else
Fuck your fake love
You can keep it to your fucking self
Shit changed
I don't know why
When I came out of jail
I've been through hell and back
And if you're fake, I can tell

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