

Real Ones

Murray

(Ain't that DJ Chose over there?
Mmm, you look like DJ Chose)

I put twenty on the wrist just to feel alive
I got sticks inside the car, too many niggas dying
All these niggas like cassettes 'cause they be flipping sides
Real ones dead and gone, that shit hard to find
You ain't even got a car, but say that you would ride
You won't even ride for you, so I know that you lying
I can tell you gon' switch, I see it in your eyes
Real ones getting rare, that shit hard to find

I've done seen it all, swear to God I almost did it too
Living close to the grave where you be if I'm not digging you
In touch with my feelings, won't touch again if I'm not feeling you
Leave a nigga stressed, like making beats with long interludes
If you only knew what I went through just to get here
Walking through the night dangerous, couldn't see clear
Niggas say they got me on the way like they gon' be there
No longer in my circle, guess them niggas choose to be square
I had to learn a lesson
When you grow, ya friends will lessen
Right now I'm just debating, is that a curse or a blessing?
Niggas young and adolescent, they hating progression
Losers only mad because I got the winning method

I put twenty on the wrist just to feel alive
I got sticks inside the car, too many niggas dying
All these niggas like cassettes 'cause they be flipping sides
Real ones dead and gone, that shit hard to find
You ain't even got a car, but say that you would ride
You won't even ride for you, so I know that you lying
I can tell you gon' switch, I see it in your eyes
Real ones getting rare, that shit hard to find

Where the real niggas at the one that still believe in loyalty?
Purple blood in my veins 'cause a nigga feel like royalty
Niggas slick as Kheri curls, I'm shining just like some oil sheen
Rotten eggs with the blessing 'cause I swear the lord be spoiling me
Long bicks, hockey sticks, a nigga ready for the face off
A nigga hit a home run through the bases, watch me take off
Man mother fuck the money and the fame, I'm still gon' praise god
And all these idols with these titles, I would never praise y'all
Not tryna be the best, I'm just tryna share my story
Getting consolation prizes seven rings, no Robert Horry
Moe Shalizi like my Shaq, I pass the ball, he score it for me
Got like forty-five hits and there's more in the inventory

I put twenty on the wrist just to feel alive
I got sticks inside the car, too many niggas dying
All these niggas like cassettes 'cause they be flipping sides
Real ones dead and gone, that shit hard to find
You ain't even got a car, but say that you would ride
You won't even ride for you, so I know that you lying
I can tell you gon' switch, I see it in your eyes
Real ones getting rare, that shit hard to find