

## DND (Realest)

ONEFOUR

(You really wanna, you really wanna)  
(I don't wanna love you, wanna love you)  
Gang

Treat it like a food shop, we be letting corn fly  
Street cred certified, got me copping more time  
Moving like the Soviets, blaming us for war crime  
Wartime, time to ride, fuck it, they can all die  
Fuck 'em, they can all die, if they want me brown bread  
Blood on the floor, gone stale when I'm down dead  
Make a stick, drum a beat, get it padded 'round there  
Saying we ain't real, you just really sound deaf

Ay, the fuck, man, grew up with drug dealers and drillers  
How you saying we ain't the realest to fuck?  
Shit's weird bro, truth in our city, and they know how we're coming  
Bro, I could trip and we up  
Never had a silver spoon, I was in the field with goods  
Clotting the lead, I ain't never

Started as a soldier, now go ask around  
I'll tell you who's the boss of the strip  
This personality, you cannot fabricate  
I take a photo of you in my camera, I'm so rattlesnake  
When I appear, I make them boys so agitate  
My drill is slapping, clapping, running up, screaming up (ay, gang)

She knows I'm a heartbreak kid, but she still want the DX  
They ain't want swipe like a Gillet  
You don't wanna hit to the chest like a bomb (blaow)  
Maybe even King Kong not VX  
Then we don't play Nintendo DS  
But I'm married to the game like the road to my GS

Where I'm from, it's Air-Max and TNs  
With my drill is inside that frame  
Up in the trap, it's a festive season  
Just got pounds off that Christmas tree  
But we also have all the fees that ain't go white like I just went skiing  
If it's all the opps, then you wouldn't wanna be 'em  
'Cause last I was meant to go smart like DM

All of these punks act tough online  
But the opps are gone when I UFC 'em  
Ah, c'mon (yeah)

Grew up with drug dealers and drillers  
How you saying we ain't the realest? The fuck  
(Ay, bro, why not come with us?)  
Tripping our city and they know how we're coming  
Bro, I could trip and we up  
Never had a silver spoon  
I was in the field with goods, caught in a lick (no way)  
Started as a soldier, now go ask around  
They'll tell you who's the boss of the strip

How you saying we ain't the realest?

When I come from a jungle full of lions and gorillas  
Survival of the fittest, you won't last if you're timid  
Where I'm from, I'm a boss, but to society, I'm a menace  
Came from sliding in that Civic, turning blocks into a clinic

You suppress the monolithic and go blind for that kizzy  
It's easy getting dizzy if I'm trying to be specific  
I ain't talking about feelings when I see something's getting changed  
Pushing the line for these millies  
Outside the violent disease, one floor bed, I'm a slide for them DJs

Now I'm a public figure, it ain't science  
But I'm riding for these with me  
And for that shit, I'ma probably end up dying in my city

Grew up with drug dealers and dealers  
How you saying we ain't the realest? The fuck  
Tripping our city and they know how we coming  
Bro, I could trip and we up  
Never had a silver spoon  
I was in the field with goods, caught in a lick  
Started as a soldier  
Now go ask around  
They'll tell you who's the boss of the strip