

# Transcript

## Real Boston Richey

(Section 8 just straight cooked this motherfucker up)

Uh

Uh, uh

Uh, uh

Uh, uh, ayy, Louis V to my last trip, bitch, stick to the transcript  
Ho, you wasn't invited, tell me why the fuck your ass here  
You would think I was bangin' OTF, only the fam' here  
Oh, you got that lo' to the last nigga? Okay, go blam him  
Bitch can't come back over to the penthouse, she left her lash here  
Niggas late as fuck, ran up seven M's last year  
Twenty niggas up, fuckin' good, she had a bad year  
Them niggas be cappin', bitch, you know we got a bag here

Throw the strip club up, swing them ones like it's confetti  
Fucked her with a rubber, but the lil' bitch say she pregnant  
Uh, inside all-white, but the outside look spaghetti  
Fucked her all night, slow and fast like DJ Fetti  
A bitch asked me for five hundred, I cut her off 'cause she petty  
Bitch, I give a band and up, I give you five K if you ready  
Pimpin' ain't easy, I'm only goin', bitch, if I let it  
Uh, I'm a real heater, I sling that iron, I sling machetes  
Uh, my bitches all organic, I cut 'em off if they use edit  
Young turnt nigga, I want a bag, I don't want credit  
Uh, that money gon' buy a brick, but you can't but that shit with credit  
I was talkin' cash shit, but if you up, then I'ma bet it  
You fuck all of her broads, shit, you broke, nigga, I said it  
I'm bust up than a bitch, come check my wrist, flaw settin'  
I bought a bitch a ring, but we ain't ready for no weddin'  
I know these niggas snake, I can see these niggas sheddin'

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Uh, uh, bitch, you know we got the bag here  
Uh, uh, bitch, you know we got that cash  
Rip off paper tag, switched again, then smash  
We ain't pickin' faces, whoop a bitch and a nigga ass  
Bruises on my hand 'cause I been trappin' glass bags  
Your door swingin' hard as fuck, I got some gas bags  
You lookin' for me, just post, "Prince of Bubba," with the hashtag  
We don't do no rap beef, drop the lo', we spank his ass

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