

It's Been Real

Remble

It's Remble

Loving me, that might be something you don't know how to do
Respecting me, but that was just something y'all was gon' have to do
I dropped Ruth's Chris Freestyle, she dropped her attitude
If these ten shots missed cuh, bitch, that's impossible
I don't miss, Baby smoke really itchin' to smoke shit
I know this, cause when I see brodie he really shows me
Niggas pop up callin' it, I'm tryna expose me
Don't worry cause I heard niggas get popped with .40's
You know it, you don't want the reaper to get it going
You know him, Mr. walk in the the room with a .45th
No tint, slidin' on ops, a real bold crip
Cold shit, he'll go alone, Macaulay Culkin
Billy seen my talent, he was tryna bring it out of me
Tony looked out for me, he was really throwing pounds to me
Walked inside my house, my mama tellin' me she proud of me
Middle fingers up to all them niggas that was doubting me
[?], I wasn't tripping but I was on shit
Walked up, I seen a fair and a man exposed
Not hoeing me, you can't get a fight if I brought the pole with me
If you snort coke on the missions, you cannot go with me
If you hit new porch jimmy, you cannot smoke with me
When I make it out of the hood, are you gon' go with me?
When Cowboy make it out of the hood, are you gon' go with him?
When B.A. make it out of the hood, are you gon' go with him?
Yeah, hop out, yell, "It's Remble," so they know it's me
I know it's real, cause I get the memories when I hold the heat
Yeah, me and Zion politicking faithfully
Like, if I make it to the top, this who I'm gonna take with me
Yeah, remember bitches wouldn't go on dates with me
Now when I pull my dick out, they just always end up tasting it
Yeah, when you walk inside them doors, there ain't no faking it
I rolled some zions, smoke it up with a Jamaican bitch

Spitty loc, I told you, you gon' make it, I can't fake this shit
Deals was on your records on your phone and now you takin' it
Told you, stop the reckless spinnin', now you savin' it
More in the stu, less in the streets, and now you makin' it
Always had your best interest in a star
Soon as the beat played, I always knew you were a star
Remember when you used to stuff bands in a fanny pack
Now you need to double size cause they tryna double that
Six figs, struggling kid, now you gon' make it big
Mom proud, she give a hug soon as you walk in
Man now, what they gon say? Cause you the man now
You went from a fan to sitting straight on a man's couch
It's Remble, what they gon' say now you done made it out?
It's Remble, you used to watch, now you play
It's Remble, dreams are reality, you can't fake it now
It's Remble