

Real Type

Rylo Rodriguez

Al Geno on the track

You the type of nigga who go outside, sit down on hormone
I'm the type, gon' make her suck it until she hurt her jawbone
You gon' drop that shit to make 'em go shoot out that car, huh?
And I'ma drop that shit and make a nigga go and walk down
I'm the type of nigga to drop a three inside a styrofoam
You the type of niggas that be tryna go through that ho iPhone
You the type of niggas ain't free your bros, ain't even buy a phone
I'ma throw some shit, make sure the one who turn that live on
You the type, yeah, you the type, yeah, you the type (Yeah, yeah)
I'm the type, yeah, I'm the type, yeah, I'm the type (Yeah, yeah)
She the type, yeah, she the type that, she the type that
If it's smoke, nigga'll die about it, but he the type that be the type

You the type of nigga say, "Free the bros," won't even buy a lawyer
You the type of nigga that see your opps and wanna start a car
You the type of nigga who'll get to us when he ain't hit the target
I'm the type who can't get the gun in, then I ain't goin' in the party
You the type of nigga who gon' blow her phone up, you know, she with me
I'm the type, gon' make her pray to moon, go on DND
I'm the type, take a slut to the room, no Airbnb
You the type meet a slut and you a groom, and you on one knee
I know that young nigga had muscle if they 'round me
Fuck the system, hope they free all the bros in the county
That pistol in my pants, I'm the type to treat it like glizzy
You the type of nigga that be tryna fall out 'bout these bitches (Yeah, yeah)
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Yeah, I'm the type to make sure all the bros got lawyers if they ain't told
I'm the type, well, if the rappin' ain't work, I'd still be sellin' lows
I'm the type, got foreigns in the garage that still ain't touch the road
I'm the type of rapper you don't wanna troll, you the type to get exposed
I'm the type to touch a thousand bricks, never play with my nose
I'm the type to fuck her and her friend and never tell a soul
I'm so the type to pick her up in Rolls and send a Uber home
Eat, sleep, or creep, don't miss a beat, that's what the shooters on
I'm the type to act like it's alright then get him wiped
You the type to act like you a opp, knowin' you ain't like that
Penny pinchin' peons, hope you niggas paid your taxes
You the type to never have it with you, really catfish

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