

Bobby Be Real

Slaine

Tell them motherfuckers to shut the f*ck up in the background
There's a new song and dance going on

Up in the MGM grand with 10g's in his hand
Coked out, drinkin', thinkin' of the reasons he's playin'
For shit to get hot as the summer until it's freezin' again
Bullets pop off, hit you like it's grease from the pan
Man he don't he believe in the law
Is it all regards? demons in laws
Stackin' the paper, schemin' the broads
Whats his name is Steven or George?
Half of the time, that's where the grime is
Kids, he's have been involved
Scared bids he living off
Divas got his evening revolving
And they're not even the problem
The meanest of all but the seamless so-solve
To get his penis and balls in
Lisa and all, who's a piece of shit whore
With some cranks in her jaw
That squeaks like a dolphin
He don't even do drugs, he's getting off em
He crashes into a wall, crawls in the coffin

Bobby Be Real, (Bobby Be Real)
They told him "Bobby Be Real" (Bobby Be Real)
They said life isn't easy
Keep holding on to that wobbly wheel
(Hold on that wobbly wheel ohh)

I told em before you go to pack a Jimmy
With Jammy, cause who you like is pokin' Miny
She's open like Cedars, Mickey D's and Denny's

He never listen, so we don't take any
Hopped on the bitch naked, when she got the clapper
Somebody was at the door, they came to jack her
Broke in the crib, everyone of em got the strappers
But Bobby done brung nothing but his dirty dagger
Psycho shooters came and plotted the ho
Seen a sucka so they shot at the bros
Throwing Bobby, straight demolished, abolished
And then they caught it, Bobby done brought in the floor
The family's all blood
Sick as hell cause something raw called
I was one of the friends at Bobby's funeral like "oh no!"

I got a problem
I think that probably my kemosabe's actually Bobby
5 in the morning, down in the lobby
Drunk but on coke so he's not even wobbling
He got his problems, hope he can solve em
Talking to bitches that look like a Goblin
He's doing coke and he think that she's dope
But her feet are as big as a couple toboggans
Once every month or so, quits and goes joggin'
Knowing there's something that's wrong with his noggin

Spends all his money and drives a jalopy
Actin' is his passion and rap is his hobby
Smashin' and bashin', his fashion is sloppy
Laughin' and lashin' out, actin' up oddly
He's got a crew, and when they all start mobbin'
That's when my brother Slaine turns into Bobby