

## Keepin' It Real

SpaceMan Zack

I wanted the belt  
I wanted the payroll, baby  
I love how it feels  
She do what I say so, baby  
I'm keepin' it real  
I work with no days off, baby  
Now I shed a tear  
If I'm in the Saint Laurent, baby  
Now watch your back, watch how I play, money it fill up the bank  
Shawty drop to her knees, she want my kids all in her face, yeah  
Gucci all on my jeans  
Louis all on my belt  
Bag come from the Saint  
God knows I need help

Blow a couple racks for the fit  
Diamonds dancin' throwin' a fit  
Kill myself just so I can make it here and now you mothafuckas  
ain't shit  
Now my money longer than the anaconda  
Bitch I blow it all like I don't really want it  
I've been killin' rappers like I'm Jeffrey Dahmer  
Fuck I'll kill myself like I'm a kamikaze  
I don't give a fuck till I get the money  
I've been runnin' up like this shit isn't funny  
Dropped a couple songs and they all hit a 100  
Drop a couple more and milli's started coming  
Yeah, one milli really wasn't nothin'  
Two milli and I'm up and comin'  
Three milli and they on my dick, now I'm blowin' up think I started somethin'

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