

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'ma 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 it 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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