

FrFr

Trae

For real, for real
For real, for real

Countin' money, count the hard
Got me feelin' like a star
Niggas wanna see me scored
So I got something in the car
Way too many niggas fraud
Hatin' me like it's a joke
I'll be damned if I get rolled
Cuz I'm a send they ass to God

For real (for real)
For real, for real, for real

Niggas hate I got it locked
In these streets they say I'm hot
Bein' real a' get you got
Probably something that you're not
I just got another Glock
Tell the plug I need another block
And I don't fuck with niggas
Niggas get you popped
That's why I'm on the block wit hundreds and a stock
Who they tryna block? I tell them I ain't fo' it
Play it like I'm Curry, how could you ignore it
Hatin' got you booked, if Stephen King had wrote it
Me I'm doin' me, it's something that's important
I rep for Houston like Whitney nigga
Boy N Da Hood, ain't no Ricky nigga
Try to picture what Audemar fit me nigga
Might just buy the whole spot cuz I'm picky nigga
Me and
He make a call I'm jumpin' out my body
Somebody get hit we like Illuminati
We push it and kick it like we do karate
Now who they gon' try
Tell them to fly and I can get'em the crash
better get your cash
Fuck nigga cut it, I ain't talkin grass
I'm from a place where shit get hard
Everybody out wanna be stars
One on my waist, and got one in the car
Ain't no fear, tryin' not to get scored
Want some millions, turn out some hard
Fuck niggas it's a full time job
Slip up, might turn up robbed
Pissed off now I'm talking to God

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Realist nigga nothin' less
I'm the streets and you a guest
All that hatin' got you stressed
Bitch hate on me and get ya pressed
I just got my sack up on everybody
Might pull up trippin with everybody
Clear the block and my clip out on everybody
Not a Migo but Takeoff on everybody
Ain't no time to try to talk and finesse
Disrespect and I'll be at yo' address
If I go to work, I'll bring it right to yo desk
Ain't no H and O I take it right to you chest
Let you make it nigga, how?
You only trap what I allow
King wit it nigga, bow
Fuck next I was now
Fuck with the Truth and shit get out of hand
If we don't lock up I take it to your man
Do what I want all day I have a plan
I'm from the west I get you where you stand
Sick of niggas playin foul
Teach a nigga like a lecture
Run a chopper 'til it catch ya
Might just end up on a stretcher

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