

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