

Real One

Trina

All she ever wanted was a real one
But that's so hard to find
A big future, she just want to build one
But all she gets is wasted time
Cause she keep falling' for them flaw ass niggas
Cause she keep falling' for them flaw ass niggas
All she ever wanted was a REAL ONE
But that's so hard to find
Even though she's so fine

I keep yelling 'Fuck boy this' and 'Fuck boy that'
Should've never let the fuckboy tap
Gotta blame myself
I should've been gone
You's a new ass nigga
I been on, I been on, I been on
Should've never let you out the friends zone
Niggas like you make me so sick
I guess you got the lame nigga syndrome
Back to the money doe
I'm still talking big money ho!
I ain't about that flex, I'm about that check
That's for any nigga who wanna know
I throw the deuce up and cop Medusas
I pull the trucks out, I put the coupes up
I don't take no losses, I'm no loser
Big business, is what I'm used to

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I shop myself, I cop myself
For myself, by myself
Got my health, got my wealth
Got my own, don't need no help
Know how to play with the cards I'm dealt
But it would be nice to have a REAL ONE
Picket fences and a lil one
Fly nigga with a bankroll
Educated, but still to know how to kill some
Is that too much to ask?
Do I want too much, too fast?
Do I drive these niggas mad
Soon as they touch the ass?
Can't teach these boys to be men though
Should've learned that from they kinfolk
And I should've known what I was in for
Soon as I gave the fuck nigga my info

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Oh, I hope that situation don't drive you out your mind
And I won't talk about no nigga
I'll only tell you what it would be like if I was, if I was your nigga
Let's let the old shit remain the old shit
Leave it in the past, and we'll remain focus
Say you got an ex, but I ain't even noticed
I ain't trippin' 'bout that nigga or my old bitch
I just know what I be on, got a California King to put your body on
Make a nigga mad when we put on that ass
But the Og got the shady form
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