

This Ain't That

Trippie Redd

Uh, better listen closely, ayy
Shoot a pussy nigga acting nosy, yeah
It's just Big 14 and Lil Mosey, yeah
Fuck that ho, you treat her like a trophy, huh
(DJ on the beat, so it's a banger)

Niggas be talkin' shit, but they ain't with that shit for real
Fuck nigga talkin' shit, then he gon' get his ass killed
Fuck nigga talkin' shit, then he gon' get his ass spilled
You ain't really real, you ain't with that shit, for real
Nigga, this ain't that, for real, this ain't that, for real
You's a bitch, you's a lick, nigga, this ain't that, for real
You's a bitch, you should quit, nigga, this ain't that, for real
This ain't that for real, this ain't that, for real

No legit, you's a bitch, nigga, this ain't that, for real
Odell with the pick, nigga, this ain't that, for real
I'm a fucking walking lick, but nigga, this ain't that for real
Yeah, yeah
Shoot him with this chopper, make his body dance, uh
Chopper get to bustin', do the runnin' man, uh
Would've threw a party, I ain't got no friends, uh
All my niggas brothers and that's to the end, uh
Would've used a Glock but I used the FN
Shooting .223's, you a dead man, uh
Typical to shoot at your head, man
Where the fuck you 'posed to keep a headband?
Like you hoop, big bro, we balling, the way that we shooting (Way we shootin g)
I got rings, I got rings, bitch, not Melo, uh
Bitch, I'm with the slimes, Donatello, uh
Let me eat that kitty, baby, Hello, uh (Huh)

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I'm with 14, we gon' float through smokin' OG
This bitch loud, it's some gas, got me choking
Walking through my city, shaking bullets off me
Know my riches 'cause these bitch look how it's flexin'
You ain't with the shits, I can tell, bullets, they hot as hell (Boom)
Thinking 'bout buying a well and a new crib for my mama, uh
Always pull up with some drums, but nigga, I'm riding with gunners, uh
I'm just wondering what Kari would do
Beatin' his case, so I got him a jewel
Take it with slatt them, we ain't doing no acting
Slide down, let you have it, we still causing havoc (Uh-huh)
Big rock, I get it again, no, I don't wanna be friends
I turn a five to a ten, money, I'm throwing a band
Backwood, I'm smoking on gas, I'm finna fuck her then pass
Skrtrt 'til I hop in a Wraith, and I'm running from 12 and I'm doing the dash

(12)

Ooh, dripping like water
And she wanna fuck 'cause money up on her

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