

Definition Of Real

Turk

The definition of a real nigga,
Ask about me, they gonna see I keep it real, nigga.
Young thug, keeping racks from behind the wall,
I ain't even gotta ask, she gonna drop a droll.
I ain't even gotta ask, I make the fucking laws,
Being known from the back, take this fucking low.
Dollar bill and gold packs, never fucking low,
And I watch my trap jump like a fucking frog.

Ready? All this money is my ID,
Gs on the watch, you see it before you see me.
I'm on the L like the TV,
Kush got me high, you fuck niggas can't reach me.
Uh, you fuck niggas can't teach me,
Ask around the hood, young Turk, I'm an OG.
Ride around your hood at anytime at a slow speed,
I'm stacking money and it's higher than a nosebleed.
Yeah, getting high near shawty,
Get without a deal, I'm getting high, lil shawty.
Take a microscope just to see you niggas balling,
All this cash got your main bitch calling.

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If you're looking at me, then, you're looking at the real.
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Turn it on, what it do, what the deal real?
I'm a show you niggas what the fuck the real is,
All my nigga Turk for nessin, why you stressin?
Will come till that chess, instead they're counting all my blessings.
Bunk home nesting, they're warming with a woman,
I want my lucie g fat and you won't say nothing to 'em.
But now is what you call at the swear tone,
Get the cable on, I'm a let that bad tone.
Put that one hundred Gs in, I'm a buy a Gs in,
And yet the shit hard, I just make it look easy.
Fifty thousand for the Rolly, watch it front the digit,
Said it, I ain't with your bitch, I might grab a digit.

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I had a chat with the mirror on the wall
And she said that I am the realest of them all.
My cash right, my stash righ, look at that bitch ball,
I balls right like car right, with Lil Joe and hustle.

You ain't never been no snitch,
I ain't never been no will,
Make my own money, my own laws, ain't never get no pill.
Fuck with me, I might trip, lose my mind, just might flip,
Convicted fellow with no mel, but my real niggas got clips.
I'm so sorry to find, so genuine, for the money I'm so anxious
Got thing for the link and despite of that, you're brainless.
And I don't talk to strangers, oh, no, you ain't post soon,
Main women go way back, still sucking with my all crew.

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