

# Real One

Tyga

Yeah  
Give a fuck about ya nigga, baby  
That nigga weak

Aye baby, you baby  
That's some good pussy we can make a new baby  
Fuck you in the Maybach, fuck a room baby  
I use my tongue, use your mouth, watch your tooth baby  
Dick ain't proper got a lot of bodies  
And the house game Hilton, got a lot of lobbies  
Bitches overnight it, what you know 'bout it?  
T-Raww whip out, tap out

I got 'em all hooked like drugs  
And all them tryin' to fuck with a young nigga  
Pulled up to the club like what  
Straight to V.I.P  
Double cuppin' I stay too turned up  
Cause we poppin' bottles in here  
Baby I'm just tryin' to party, yeah  
Cause I'm the man of the year

I'm tryin' to get a little buzz  
Party poppin' and a nigga spendin' money  
Hope I get fucked up  
I see your girl lookin' over, at me  
She wanna turn up  
I can tell by the look in her face  
That she ain't happy with you, nigga  
And I can bet that I'm gon' get her  
And I don't, I don't really care if, if you gotta man  
You over there starin', at me, at me, yeah  
Guess your nigga too lame, huh?  
Girl I bet you want a real one, yeah  
You want a real one, yeah  
You want a real one

Girl I know you wanna jump up on it right there, right there  
Cause everybody in the club gettin' faded  
A hundred thousand dollar tab, I'mma pay it  
Girl the party's jumpin', DJ's bumpin' my shit, oh yeah  
Got everybody in the club lookin' at us  
I'm at the top I just climbed up the ladder, real shit  
Girl you givin' me the screw face  
I know them bitches hatin' you, yeah they two-faced  
I know he told you not to drink but what do you say?  
I know he tryin' to lock you down like me and Boosie  
Fuck that nigga, my middle finger up  
Fuck a rap nigga, you just want a singer, huh?  
I'm with this shit and you love it  
Go on and twerk some for me

Turn, turn, turn, turn up  
Stop stuntin' that nigga  
We straight I got more money than that nigga  
She ain't loyal cause he ain't me

Go to jail she gon' need me like [?]  
She want a real one, oh she want some  
Look at all this money over here, she want some  
She ain't thirsty  
But when you that bad every chick need bags and purses  
Scorpio says girl my tongue on her  
[?] me all day we just press record  
Ten million in two months, God bless me girl  
You over there starin', next me girl  
Them hotties is flockin' it's three in the mornin'  
Them bodies is poppin' she's feelin' the moment  
She gotta man, I ain't worried about that  
Got a lotta, got a lotta, got a lotta respect

And I don't, I don't really care if, if you gotta man  
You over there starin', at me, at me, yeah  
Guess your nigga too lame, huh?  
Girl I bet you want a real one, yeah  
You want a real one, yeah  
You want a real one