

The Realist

Ace Hood (Ft. Rick Ross)

Ride on these ***
I ride on these ***
I ride on these ***
I ride on these ***, let's get it
Super charger, the same color as PJ
I got a champagne range
Big *** offed, I got a night scope aim
Audio, video, you caught on tape
That's a way to get ya *** sent upstate
In '9-AY, I took them trips down to Lauderdale
Back and forth, like Aliyah
Chances of gettin' rich is like one in a million
Or more like two in a billion
Flashin' lights, my mind's playin' tricks on me
But the Minuteman still do tricks on me
Swear the feds just starin' at a ***
You know you feelin' ya heart fall into ya feet
Summertime *** still ridin' with the heat
Jeezy De Niro, Snowman Pacino
Real *** love me because I talk that lingo
And I'm the muh*** bi-nuss
They lies, they phonies, they fakes
These *** ain't never sold the weight
And I'm the muh*** bi-nuss
They lies, they phonies, they fakes
These *** ain't never sold the weight
And I'm the muh*** bi-nuss
They lies, they phonies, they fakes
These *** ain't never touched the weight
And I'm the muh*** bi-nuss
They lies, they phonies, they fakes
These *** ain't never touched the weight
And I'm the muh*** bi-nuss
Nowadayz the GT's glock black
The shoes on that muh*** 380 chrome
Gotta be careful what you say on the phone
I'm 36 souls away
From givin' the mic up and goin' back to the streez
What's the difference, I still eat the same

A *** paranoid, I still sleep the same
You *** rappin' 'bout blow, like it's a fad

*** this is my life, I ain't tryna set trends
'Cause everybody knows how that brick road ends
Heartless, maybe I need to see the Wizard
Until then, I'mma make it snow blizzards
And I'm the muh*** bi-nuss
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And I'm the muh*** bi-nuss
I stay on the block and risk my life
Day in and day out until a *** sold out
You *** playin', I show you what that street *** 'bout
Hit you right up with them thangs and come back with the chains
Might cook it in the stove, might cook it in the microwave
Either way it's gonna sell, still weigh it on the scale
You rappin' *** *** ain't never sold no yams
I'm talkin' sucka free Sundays and iced out Mondays
Pin up Tuesdays and body tap Wednesdays
You was in the studio, I was on the block
In the kitchen at the spot goin' hard with the blocks
Twenty-five for the four ways, choppaz by the doorways
And I'm the muh*** bi-nuss
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