

Real Chill (ft Kodak Black)

Rae Sremmurd

They can't wait until we turn this bitch upside down
They can't wait until we turn this bitch upside downMy homies the real deal, we smokin' that kill, kill
She shake it, it feel real
The paper flowin' still, now that bitch wanna chill
Damn, this shit stay chill
My homies the real deal, we smokin' that kill, kill
She shake it, it feel real
The paper flowin' still, now that bitch wanna chill
Damn, this shit stay chillMy homie the real deal
The big watch on, feel like Ben 10
Hell yeah nigga Slim Jxm
In this motherfucker with a big grip, bitch
Nigga get a grip
I can't get a grip made them benji's flip
Walked in, throwin' the cash like nerfs
Girl you better put that ass to work
Can a nigga hold the cam like Kurt
Big diamonds on my mouth when I burp
Big rims when I skrt-skrt
Woah, leave my prints in the dirt, yeah
Leave them broke niggas hurt, uh
I'm that nigga, fuck you heard
A young nigga sold some bird
A cool Herc on the Earth
Swag, yeah
Frank Lucas with a grill
All these hoes wanna chill
Musta seen a nigga skills
Pockets fat, Uncle Phil
Girls on me like Will
All the ladies love Jxm
Ay-ay-ay, for realMy homies the real deal, we smokin' that kill-kill
She shake it, it feel real
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Damn, this shit stay chill
My homies the real deal, we smokin' that kill-kill
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Damn, this shit stay chillThey tellin' me slow down (slow down)

They gave me a chill pill (chill out)
Because I was spendin' (spendin')
They know I would Kill Bill (hit him)
I walk round with big steel (big steel)
I'm still on them pills still (jigga-jigga)
I spit that real shit (real)
I call it real spill (real spill)
I need like 10 mil
I need to put my momma in a big crib
She be tellin' me "baby boy don't steal"
I ain't listen to her cause I still steal
Went snap in and put some racks in my grill
No weapons allowed, I brought my strap in here still
All I smoke is loud yeah, it's gon' blast in your ear
Man I'm high as the kite I'm on a new atmosphere
Gotta hold my niggas down till they get back here
Don't come over here cause you will get clapped here
My homies the real deal, we smokin' that kill-kill
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She shake it, it feel real
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Damn, this shit stay chill
Spittin' game to that girl and her friend
I got dressed, left the crib, set the trend
If you ask me, it all spends
I'm from the mud and my cup needs a cleanse (let's cleanse)
I can't even cruise because I got a spoiler
Hit the store, buy the store, let's not loiter (loiter)
Hit the club, need a drink, need a skank (I got it)
The club promoter said "Swae Lee you off of the chain"
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Songwriters

AAQUIL IBEN SHAMON BROWN, KHALIF MALIK IBIN SHAMAN BROWN, SAMUEL GLOADE,
MICHAEL LEN WILLIAMS, KODAK BLACK
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