

# 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 down 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 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 chill My 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 real 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 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 chill They 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  
 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 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"  
 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 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 chill

Songwriters

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