

# Like a V Neck (feat. Bun B)

## ItsTheReal

Chorus:

Never turn down, we accept rejects  
Whole team shooting fouls, got three techs  
Everybody with us at the bank, cashing G-checks  
Crew so deep, looking like a V Neck  
Jeff: Where'd I get all these bros? Not my dad  
But we're looking for new talent, check the wanted ad  
So many friends on the side, the boat's tipping over  
Get into an accident, I got some organ donors  
Every time we hit the block, bring the floats  
We're a tumor; a growth hard to diagnose  
And O-line, a D-line, my team fills up the Bee Line  
Head to the back, and put the bus on recline  
Dudeliest Catch, Judd Apatow's attached  
We hang out in the streets, and then the streets collapse  
Faces next to faces, I don't know half the names  
Someone pay attention, make sure everybody came  
Swarming like locusts, we're so hard no to notice  
Bring the noise, bring the funk, like Mr. Holland's Opus  
The riot cops come out when we're playing Solitaire  
Put your friends against mine, we're not playing fair

ChorusEric:

Surrounded by my dogs because I'm man's best friend  
King of the block, I got a good rate at the Mandarin  
Matching shirts and Nikes, looking like a cult  
Whole gang nuts, word to Charles Schultz  
Credit, we don't sweat it, when I win, we win  
Ruff riding at Soul Cycle, when I spin we spin  
Dozens of best friends forever, it's like we copied 'em  
Corporate retreat, trust falls, we bodied 'em  
Women loving the crew, like your outfit tight  
Saying goodnight to everybody takes an extra night  
When anyone of us succeeds, we all suffer  
My crew the sickest, allergic to peanut butter  
My homies ride, we caravan like Kendrick cover  
Emergency bontacts, ball them my Blood brothers  
Living a movie in which everybody stunts  
We all eating, Marky Mark and the Funky Brunch

ChorusBun B:

I'm moving through the city, I'm rolling with my crew  
When we pull up the party, man, they don't know what to do  
I came with more people than the club can even hold  
And more cars than they can park, this shit's outta control  
We walk inside the building, knocking people out the pathway  
Taking over sections, didn't even meet 'em halfway  
They ask us what we drinking; we ask you what you got  
Then we buy up all your liquor till the last fucking shot  
I'm rolling with a lot of G's, man, ain't no pretending  
It's gon' be shoulder to shoulder if Bun is in attendance  
We fall up in the function and then it's getting fucking hot  
I can say the reason why; ItsTheReal better fucking not  
I put a call up to the homies and they all came  
Deeper than a crowd at a Super Bowl ballgame  
It ain't no shame to my game so don't you try me  
And shout out to the Million Man March walking behind meChorus

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