My Reality

Mack Maine

[Lil Wayne - Chorus]My reality is bigger than your dreams are
Got ya dream girl ridin' in your dream car
She wants me, she wants me
Plus I got it all,
Bitch tell me what you don't see
My reality is bigger than your dreams are
Got ya dream girl ridin' in your dream car
She wants me, plus I got it all Bitch tell me what you don't see
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah
My reality is bigger than your dreams are
Got ya dream girl ridin' in your dream car
She wants me, she wants me
Plus I got it all,
Bitch tell me what you don't see.
I got 25 lighters on my dresser
Got the girl and the girl to undress her
My guitar strap is leather
My life is better than ever
I got women all up in my condo
And my drug dealer comes pronto
Got a registered pistol in the console
So, so, don't try me now
Don't try me now
[Gudda Gudda]Yeah just ridin' feelin' lovely
You can hate but your girlfriend love me
Yeah I'm too G like a Gucci belt
Hot Gudda baby I can make your coochie melt
I keep your lady wet like she took a dip
And if you looking for her, you can follow the drip
I'm slick like Rick, the ladies pullin my wrist
I just walk in the spot and out with my pick
I'm gone like a trip with a nice thick redbone
On the phone gettin' head call it headphone
Pimpin all over like Ludacris
These hoes love me, I'm wanted like a fugative
[Chorus]My reality is bigger than your dreams are
Got ya dream girl ridin' in your dream car
She wants me, she wants me

Plus I got it all,

Bitch tell me what you don't see, yeah
My reality is bigger than your dreams are
Got ya dream girl ridin' in your dream car
She wants me, plus I got another bitch as long as you don't see
But you do not see, you must be blind, blind
My reality is bigger than your dreams are
Got ya dream girl ridin' in your dream car
She wants me
[Mack Maine]What you need contacts
Tell me what you don't see
What you can't tell, I'm everything that he won't be
Talkin' bout your boyfriend, bitch you need a man friend
Even when you aint sittin down you can't stand him
Dirty dick bandit, luxury car whipper
Crib on Dolphin Island, backyard full of flippers
This is my reality, your man just be dreaming
Wake up in the morning, bedsheets full of semen
I mean he's wet dreaming, while me I really do it
Coulda, shoulda, woulda, babygirl you shoulda knew it
And fuck the paparazzi, I will never Kiss and tell
I'll be the genie out the lamp or your wishing well
I'll be your fishing pale and you can be my yacht buddy
Take you from A-Z, I'll connect the dots hunny
(?) has got money, baby cause I got money
I like the B 50 50 what you got for me
It could be some bread, nah it aint gotta be cash
I'll take a little head or I'll take a lotta ass
I'll take a friend or two, we can have a 3D weedy
I could toss you a Gudda Gudda or a Lil Weezy Weezy
Or my nigga peedy weedy or my nigga Teedy teedy
Fuck you on the hood of red strip and green Lamborghini
Go head and take this x-pill
That there fuck you up, probably have you walking round like
"damn, what the fuck"
Lady in streets but in the sheets you such a slut
Smash you on the top bunk, tiger uppercut
And everyday we do brunch and everyday we do lunch
You do me, I do you
Baby we could us and I ain't gotta say no more
I don't talk too much
Thus far, I feel like I've been trying to sell a car
Is you buying,
Cause I ain't go no time for a test drive

Do you wanna go with me to the final frontier

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/