For Real

Rittz

Hook
So you know I?m bout to K.I.L.L. people say I?m crazy maybe so I need to go and take a P.I.L.L.
They should lock me up and throw away the key and put me in a C.E.L.L.
They say they don't like the way I?m spitting fuck 'em they can go to H.E.L.L.
For R.E.A.L. LET?S GO

[Verse 1]
Don?t play me man it?s kill or be killed
Fuck with me then blood is getting spilled on the field
I'm going crazy no refill on my pills
Ain't no use in anybody trying to tell me to chill, or cool off, cause the screws off
In my head ain?t tight they loose ya?ll better try ta get a move on, get a u-haul, dog, a Ryder truck
Before I slice you up and put your body in the boondocks
I was doing it when Busta was saying Woo Ha!
When Boyz II Men was the shit and was singing Doo-Wop
We was sticking two Phillies together calling 'em ooh-wops what you mad nobody knew who you was
Man, a brew buzz, wasn?t never enough we crushed anything we knew that we could toot up
Our nostril we pop pills and do bumps, falling out the sky like parachuters
Who wants drama wanna come and rumble with the champ, better not be on no weak shit, cause when it comes to rap I got it locked like it?s a prison camp
These little kids can scram or tell 'em bow down kiss the hand
When they get put in their place at first they wouldn?t embrace me now their faced with admitting that I got what it takes
And I?m a stay killing records tell 'em murders the case, until the day they consider me as one of the greats, I?m bout to?

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[Verse 2]
Here I come tell 'em bombs away and when I say that I?m coming that means I?m probably cumming on your baby mamas face, the shit?s easy I put on some Drake we Drank yellow tail Chardonnay and that was all it takes, I?m taking over so wake up and smell the coffee cakes, these other guys are fake they talk a lot but wouldn?t squash a grape
Don?t discombobulate them with me we are not the same, get out my lane, put on your breaks, and taste the marmalade

The fact I?m winning got you jelly, your hype is dying down now your record isn?t selling,
Your pride got you too competitive and scared of failing, you chilling in the club and they like Rittz is in the building and it?s killing you
Any who, I be in a kiddie pool with liquor and some hoes these other rapper?s are miniscule
Anybody that?s coming at me can get it too, take it too far and end up kissing my tennis shoe
Now let me see your titties boo, cause all I see is pics of your kids on the internet no body wanna see them, we can be friends, we can pretend that it?s cheese dip on your face when we know it?s really semen
Let your knees bend and show the homies the bulls eye, Move ya booty like you was trying to hula hoop
My God, now suck it like you was bout to use a hoover vacuum that dude is stupid in the booth I

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[Verse 3]
We drinking like Hank Williams and smoking like Willie Nelson, you betta try to hire Van Helsing
Or a monster killa homie cause no one can help them
Jealous of me cause I make the shit that nobody else can
I?m the long haired red-headed rapper that be showing out
On every single record other rappers bout to blow em out
The water it?s a slaughter why you talking shit you motor mouth
These motherfuckers adding up to no amount they know I?m bout to

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