

Real Deal (feat. Migos)

Rich The Kid

[Intro]

You know niggas talking about this man

I'm bout to fuck 100,000 right now

Aye, dang, woah[Hook: Rich The Kid]

Fuck on your bitch and I leave

Can't cuff her, I'ma mistreat her

Trap phone got a beeper

It was talkin' to the people

Momma I'm movin' to Hollywood

Pick a model in the hills

Wrist, throat, neck, chill

I got the hundreds, a real deal[Verse 1: Rich The Kid]

Pick the model in the hills

Percocet, pop a pill

I got the hundreds, real deal

The (?) is real chill

Bitches bustin' out the gate

You would take her on a date

Cum on her face, make a mess

More bullets for the tec

Melrose with the O's

Take a picture for some hoes

Take a picture for some hoes

I'm dabbin' around with a bankroll

She'll fuck for Chanel

You was talkin' to the 12

I was playin' with a scale

Baby ship it through the mail[Hook: Rich The Kid]

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Wrist, throat, neck, chill

I got the hundreds, a real deal[Verse 2: Quavo]

I was playin' with a scale

Fuck nigga gon' tell

Dab sharp like nails

Two guns, sonic tails
Free block gang (?)
Baby powder in the mail
Finesse a nigga, I'm a player
Then I move to the Himalayas
Shell catches no shells
Cookin' gas in the L
Fuckin' hoes on film
In case the bitch wanna tell
Try and lie and say I ate the bitch
We done run up through the whole clique
I don't really fuck with atheists
Crosses on my neck, I'm bankin' it
Beast mode, can't tame it
Skippa got the chopper, aimin' it
And we ain't shootin' at your legs
And we ain't shootin' at the pancreas
QC, the label dangerous
I got a bitch, finna wrang a bitch
Hold the squad down, anchor it
And my money counter accurate[Hook: Rich The Kid]
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I got the hundreds, a real deal[Verse 3: Famous Dex]
I got the hundreds, a real deal
All my diamonds on chill
Real gold or ice grill
Rozay and lean, crack the seal
Momma I'm movin' to Hollywood
Almost broke, now I'm good
Three grams in my wood
Yeah I got it out the mud
I'm ridin' round in this foreign
All these bitches yeah they goin'
All this money man comin'
All these fuckin' blue hundreds
And no I don't wear the Margielas
And Yeezys on, check the weather
Two bitches flappin' like they feathers
I'm ballin' hard, I'm like (?), yeah[Hook: Rich The Kid]

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I got the hundreds, a real deal[Verse 3: Offset]

I won't take a bitch up on a date
Suckin' dick and then we fornicate
Like a dirty pistol, she a throw away
I'm goin' through it so I pour away
My wrist is cold like a blizzard
I think that bitch is a ho but I miss her
Got it out the mud to a Fisker
Young nigga been grindin' hard for a minute
I'm a savage and a menace
I be thuggin', fuck an image
I got action for you actin' niggas
Man the (?) diamond dancin' nigga
You a lil bitch, lil nigga
I'm a big young rich nigga
I sip out the seal my nigga

One Actavis bottle your bills my nigga
I'm whippin' still, I cook up (?) fish

Don't trust no ho cause a bitch gon' be a bitch
Don't trust no nigga cause it's cool to be a snitch

That nigga was talkin too much so it's cool to hit him with clips[Hook: Rich The Kid]

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Wrist, throat, neck, chill
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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