

# "Real Boyz" (feat. Cap1 Oj da Juiceman)

## Riff Raff

Fuckin' with them real boys, real boys Now you fuckin' with them real boys, real boys  
Diamonds Twarkin on my wrist like Miley Cyrus  
Young ass baller smoking weed on your couch I done got so famous I can't even drop my top (Soooo famous)  
I done got so famous I can't even grocery shop (damn)  
I don't trust my butler so I'm installing hidden cameras (Cameras!)  
I need a security guard just to walk to my mail box (damn)  
I need a secretary just to check my e-mail (e-mail)  
Dodging paparazzi I might need a v12 (new car!)  
Getting in shape I might need a V8 (Vroom)  
Aqua berry diamond shining dancing in yo face! (face!)  
I can lemon lime (Lime), can't wait in line (line)  
I just dropped 30 grand and froze the hands of time (Froze!)  
Now I'm Doogie Howser with the polar bear fist (fist)  
Diamonds dancing on my wrist like Taylor Swift (Swift!)  
Young rich baller, got me smoking on the couch  
I might need another ho, I just kicked this other ho out  
I might need another plug, I just told this plug off  
I might need another crib, got too many hoes in my loft  
Told that the bitch if she want finer things in life  
Then she should come fuck with a boss  
Fucked every bitch in Atlanta like these hoes  
Must think that I play for the Hawks  
Front door then back door a nigga [??]  
Then fuck off that money and go off to Vegas  
Make me a stop out in Texas, connect to that lean  
Bout to get me some paper  
Fucking with these real boys got a nigga reckless  
Pull up in that foreign, got your bitch with my necklace  
Step out them Versaces, put my foot in them Giuseppes  
Can't even show my face without these bitches tryna' sex me!  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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