

Really Be (Smokin N Drinkin)

YG

I woke up this morning, I had a boner
I went to sleep last night with no bitch, nigga, I was a loner
I be going through shit, losin' bitches and homies
If I don't make it with this rap shit, nigga, I might be homeless
My moms don't got a job, my pop's checks ain't enough
If ain't bringin' home that money, my whole family is fucked
I swear I move like the mob, I'm watchin' movies too much
If niggas wanted you dead, what would you suggest?
They wonder why I do drugs and hang with thugs
Since I made it the city hated, wait, where is the love?
I ride around with my gun, this is not for fun
I stay protected cause my homie just took one to the lung
Had him on life support, where's the family support?
He knew who shot him, but he ain't even show up in court
Yeah, that's a real G, nigga, he on a kill spree, nigga
The homie popped him so I hope he don't kill me, nigga
That's why I really be smokin' and I really be drinkin'
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That's why I really be smokin' and I really be drinkin'
I be going through some things, you don't know what I've been thinkin'
That's why I really be smokin' and I really be drinkin'
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I be going through some things, you don't know what I've been thinkin'
Now I'm ridin' through traffic with
2Pac blastin'
With a bitch that's irritatin' from all these questions she askin'
Like what bitches I fucked, when, how and where
You ain't my main bitch so why the fuck do you care
That's why bitches get fucked, then turn around and get left
Somebody need to teach them less talk, more sex
I'm pressed when I'm stressed, my granny tell me I'm blessed
Well, why the fuck do Jesus Christ got me goin' through this shit?
Everybody need favors, what happens if I go broke?
Or say I ain't got it, then buy my lolo some new spokes
Right up in your fake setup, fuck you up like some mace
So fuck your handout, give a young nigga some space
Give a nigga some Ace, give me a blunt that's laced
Sprinkle some molly in it, watch me take this shit to my face
The snitch is the shooter, they took time away from his case
Holy shit, oh lawd, where is the world today?
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 I swear this industry shit, to me is one
 big ass lick
 I walk inside of a buildin', tell the A&R nigga strip
 Tell 'em I need all of my chips, my life been known Section 8
 I've been a welfare case, AFDC pump fake
 Meanwhile I'm grindin' cause drug money ain't like rap money
 Four white kilo snow bunny, equal one whole show, dummy
 I'm on this tour bus and I'm fucked up, I got a bad call, they killed Braze
 They killed Chad my big homie Pup
 Puppy eyes in my face, bruh, and I've really been drinkin'
 Why the fuck I've really been smokin'?
 What the fuck, I'm the sober one
 When I'm so stressed out I can't focus
 Hideout when I ride out, ski mask with the eyes out
 Speed past in the Cutlass-me and little Ocho
 And we young nigga hop out
 2 tears in a bucket, I feel like fuck it
 That's the price of fame, recognize my pain, that's all I know
 All alone, but I'm out here though
 Call my troops like vamonos
 I'm on this tour bus and I'm fucked up
 I got a bad call, and it's all bad
 Off OG with my OG and some OE, by the tall glass
 That's why I really be smokin' and I really be drinkin'
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