

Real Shit (feat. Young Chris)

Freeway

How can you niggas even question this, huh, huh?
I'm a mother fucking perfectionist
Huh, huh, weak raps, we kill'em nine lines
Fuck these cats, we kill'em nine times
The dogs is on alert, so be aware
If you niggas plan on making it to the top,
I see you there!
And since the industry ain't being fair
You gotta be yo own machine, up incomers be prepared
Fuck these niggas, I'll take them alive
I'll raise hell, get 'em a casket and take 'em to God
These for my nigga shackled up that's taking a ride
Shooting back at the LAW taking a trial
We got the white weed and water, we're taking immortals
Gotta be consistent, try to balance while I'm raising my daughter
Drinking liquor with my niggas in the hood up to no good
Sipping Barney, shooting dice fuck your bitches, burn the woods
Rob the banks and run that dirty money, nigga!
Just like an eagle getting birdie money, huh
AKOP I'm blow a couple of banks
I just wanna fuck one time, you go right back and love yo man
And these young niggas know they can't fuck around when I get on my shit
A long way from my shit, drop it then hop on my dick
They say who better, say who better, yeah you're fucking crazy
Grown man up in this booth, you're just a fucking baby
Uh, How can fucking niggas question me
I'm the chef, I cook it up, I got the recipe
Locksmith after the flip, I got an extra key
Blow sick and fuck around and be the death for me!
These haters wanna rifle me
These feds wanna indite me
Nor the niggas wanna like me
Like I'm reaper, but I got my deserts egal, come and get me
Don't let me! Get the dropout ill empty
The whole clip on niggas, super soak them like a jet ski
We are definitely on that job 24/7
Like a factory, your mouth runs 24/7 like a track meet
I got more money, more weapons
And it sound like heaven whenever me and the track meet

Flow strong athlete, go long, go strong
Go hard pro active just like I had acne
Instead of trying to clique with me,
these niggas try to clap me.
Instead of trying to sit with me, these niggas try to splat me
They're trying to get at me, never let 'em over lap me
They can't out rap me, can't out class me
Getting money off music bastard, we are...
With this chick name Cassie, fuck a doggie like lassie
Leave our ass ashy, leave Her calf muscle strampy
Cause she ride me like a banshee, but she still look fancy
But we're still crooks, we see dough we get and she fuck
I sound like those fuck niggas that try to jam me but
back to business, back to rapping for the family
We are like Tim Allen, keep tools handy
Don't stay polished so we visit islands
I'm critically a claimed dominator for a Grammy, lets go!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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