Real Thing

LunchMoney Lewis

When she walked out the door and you don't see her no more
You know she found the real thing
When she go like the wind and never call you again
You know she found the real thing

I'ma laugh with her, I'ma cry with her
Grow old with her, prolly die with her
Getting dressed up, getting fly with her
Take her back home, lay by the fire with her
I'll be touching, I'll be hugging, I'll be kissing out in public
Have amazing conversations and I let her pick the subject
'Cause she know I got bills, so we born on the budget
Homie I'm in love with her

Uh aha, I'm turning your girl to mine
I'm turning, I'm turning, I'm turning
I'm turning, I'm turning your girl to mine
Uh aha, I'm feeling on her behind
I'm feeling, I'm feeling, I'm feeling,
I'm feeling on her behind

When she walked out the door and you don't see her no more
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When she go like the wind and never call you again
You know she found the real thing

She need somebody who gonn' treat her right
Give her good loving in the middle of the night
You had your chance, but you just ain't her type
You know why? She want the real thing

You got dreadlocks, I got a fake man
I'm getting laid man, you getting played fam
You got John Lennon, you got Raybans
I'm a superstar, you a superfan
I got satellite, you got basic cable
When your girl in the car she get [?]
She keep your head in them high notes
That might sound hard to my record label

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Real thing, real thing
Real thing, real thing
She want the real thing, real thing
She want the real thing, real thing

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