

None Realer

Priceless

[Intro ? Acie High]

Oh, you?re just gonna ignore it?
You act like you can?t see it
What, because we real?
Because we real?

[Hook ? Acie High][x2]

On god, ain?t nobody realer
On god, ain?t nobody realer
I swear to god ain?t nobody realer
Hate to swear to god but he know ain?t nobody realer

[Verse 1 ? Acie High]

I steps up in that thing like bitch what
Yeah I?m the truth, and you?s a lie
Killing off all fuck boys, I make them hoes commit suicide
You say you be switching it up
But I see the same shit, you need new supplies
You bought a bottle, and a section
But you poor pimping, do or die
Old ugly ass nigga, old bullshit ass nigga
Old coward ass nigga, old sweet and sour ass nigga
And bro I know you be on my gram
Tryna peep my scene, but don?t hide the shit
Cause after your chick jump of a ping
She gon spill her beans on you, riding dick
Boys be saying they straight underground
Then I see em being slick, tryna go mainstream
Hood niggas say they move that dope
But be out selling rocks to the same damn fiends
You niggas ain?t got no hoes
You with the same damn chick on the same damn scene
Running around bragging about clothes
That?s why I walk around in the same damn thing
Fuck with me though, but you can?t fuck with me though
Switch it up, never be stuck with the flow
Save up, in the wind your bucks finna blow
Fly niggas better get your ducks in a row
And, I swear to god

If Drake got rappers singing for wealth
Then Acie High gon have these niggas hanging themselves

[Hook][x2]

[Verse 2 ? Priceless]

I inhale marijuana smoke in my lungs
Blows it out and I speaks my mind
All I see is homo shit, and all I hear is weak ass rhymes
K I get it my nigga, you rich
We all know that you cashing out
All I see is weave head chicks
Thirsting hard with their asses out
A nigga pull up with the lambo doors
She all on me, tryna seek em out
Don?t know if he married with a bunch of kids
And don?t care if his car is leased or not
She bopped out, she thought heels
Call that there hot wheels
He hopped out, she got chills
I show hate, by god kill
New Jesus piece with the crucifix
That?s how we die, just plain sad
It?s like Dame, showing the leader?s remains
After that plane crash
Versace, Versace, Versace
Am I the only one that knows he claims fag?
Niggas don?t box no more
Just get with a clique and wave a bunch of gang flags
Or shoot a nigga cause he lost a fight
He fucked his bitch, yeah he tossed his wife
But why you getting all mad and shit?
Thought you were living a boss?s life
We all bit the apple like Eve
Siri backwards spells iris
It ain?t a coincidence
They chose Atlanta for the Ebola virus

[Hook][x2]

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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