

# The Realist Livin'

Ace Hood

OK now hood off in this mother fucker  
Got the niggas all rolling hollering  
Beast back in this mother fucker  
And I'm into this bitch don't make me click off in this  
Motherfucker  
Better ask them bitches, I'll be swimming on they distance lover  
Want to have my baby, trick you crazy  
I keeps a rubber.  
Never ever play me for no sucker  
And I ain't stutter  
I ain't into that bull I sip Muscatto and I'm lay back  
That brand new Maserati inside of a suede black  
And the chick I'm with hella thick just know that I fillet that.  
I swear that pussy good she good she looky love the nookie  
I'm just a nigga who addicted to this money flow  
Ain't nobody on his level run and tell him fo  
That's real shit, I swear my swagger keep an attitude  
Pistol on me homie, he won't show no gratitude!  
Don't want no problems, let this bust off in your blatter too  
Standing ovation for the realest nigga in the room.

From the day that I was born, up out the womb  
Pledge allegiance to keep to real and pay my dues  
Honor the mother and the father, death for dishonor  
I am my brothers keeper and that's before the mighty dollar  
Standing ovation!

For the realest nigga living  
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Mirror mirror on the wall who the realest  
They say that God don't fear nobody I'm his spitting image  
Look in my eyes and see the beast  
My kind is rare invented  
Choppa on the seat will have you call on your religion?  
Father God come and bless me, I'm a sinner mane  
You know these niggas talking tough gone need a dinner plan  
Don't make me send those niggas, off into that mini van  
I ain't no pillar, put a thousand on your brother head  
Real shit, you're looking at the realest living tho  
Only niggas speaking real, I never sugarcoat  
Way to many niggas banging and they're selling dough  
I don't know a thing about it, I just get my hustle on!  
To legit the quit, I really got my heater chrome  
Call that style my BFF and I don't leave you home!  
And that's word to my momma, don't want no drama  
Loyal to the bone, and that's before I see the commas

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Smoking like Harry Potter  
My flow keep getting hotter  
She dances to my singles  
Bet she just want a dollar  
Uh, but I got her, I know she a dog  
She know that I'm balling, she know who the boss  
Got the 2 door the 4 door I even get the trucks  
Getting loo like ma ludo Mommy, I got the bucks  
Call it killers, they're lurking I see 'em in the gust  
Remember as soon as I point a finger, you're getting touched  
Play with fire, I could get you sent to hell  
Angel of death, I could hit her on the cell  
Speed dial, double MG God forgives and I don't you niggas will see

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