

Real Deal

Rich The Kid

You know niggas talking about this man
I'm bout to fuck 100,000 right now
Aye, dang, woah

Fuck on your bitch and I leave
Can't cuff her, I'ma mistreat her
Trap phone got a beeper
They was talkin' to the people
Momma I'm movin' to Hollywood
Pick a model in the hills
Wrist froze, neck chill
I got the hundreds, a real deal

Pick the model in the hills
Percocet, pop a pill
I got the hundreds, real deal
The Rollie, the boogers is real chill
Bitches bustin' out the gate
You would take her on a date
Cum on her face, make a mess
More bullets for the tec
Melrose with the O's
Take a picture for some hoes
Take a picture for some hoes
I'm dabbin' around with a bankroll
She'll fuck for Chanel
You was talkin' to the 12
I was playin' with a scale
Baby ship it through the mail

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I was playin' with a scale
Fuck nigga gon' tell
Dab sharp like nails
Two guns, sonic tails
Free block gang kill
Baby powder in the mail
Finesse a nigga, I'm a player
Then I move to the Himalayas
Shell catches no shells
Cookie gas in the L
Fuckin' hoes on film
In case the bitch wanna tell
Try and lie and say I ate the bitch
We done run her through the whole clique
I don't really fuck with atheists
Crosses on my neck, I'm bankin' it
Beast mode, can't tame it
Skipa got the chopper, aimin' it

And we ain't shootin' at your legs
And we ain't shootin' at the pancreas
QC, the label dangerous
I got a bitch, finna wrang a bitch
Hold the squad down, anchor it
And my money counter accurate

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All my diamonds on chill
Real gold, ice grill
I'm sipping lean, crack the seal
Momma I'm movin' to Hollywood
I was broke, now I'm good
Three grams in my wood
Yeah I got it out the mud
I'm ridin' round in this foreign
All these bitches yeah they goin'
All this money man comin'
All these fuckin' blue hundreds
And no I don't wear the Margielas
And Yeezy's on, check the weather
Two bitches flappin' like they feathers
I'm ballin' hard like Mayweather, yeah

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I won't take a bitch up on a date
Suckin' dick and then we fornicate
Like a dirty pistol, she a throw away
I'm goin' through it so I pour away
My wrist is cold like a blizzard
I think that bitch is a ho but I miss her
Got it out the mud to a Fisker
Young nigga been grindin' hard for a minute
I'm a savage and a menace
I be thuggin', fuck an image
I got action for you actin' niggas
Man the trenches, diamond dancin' nigga
You a lil bitch, lil nigga
I'm a big young rich nigga
I sip out the seal my nigga
One Actavis bottle your bills my nigga
I'm whippin' still, I cook up gefilte fish
Don't trust no ho cause a bitch gon' be a bitch
Don't trust no nigga cause it's cool to be a snitch
That nigga was talkin too much so it's cool to hit him with clips

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