

## Real Members

Shy Glizzy

(It's Nell on the beat, nigga)

Boss

Young Jefe, holmes

Let's go

I just bought another vehicle, with the frog eyes  
I don't really fuck with niggas, they ain't from our side  
You know I'm a real member, bitch I got mob ties  
Leader of them fuckin' Glizzys, could you hog tied  
Ooh lil' momma so fine, she hang with no time  
Told her, it's time to hang it up, yeah, like a clothes line  
Fuck her, she tell me "Don't stop," I guess it's go time  
I'm gon and run it down on your with the .45

Ballin' 'til like twenty-three  
Say she wanna stunt with me  
Give a lil' sample, I can't get this bitch from under me  
Don't let nobody tell you, you can't be whatever you wanna be  
I wanna be a nine figure nigga, and I'm gonna be  
Scream that girl , promise you they gon' remember me  
I know some bum ass, down in Tennessee  
Bitch I'm really him, I was all my enemies  
She blew with the wink, done kill my energy  
Say what's poppin' dawg?  
Better watch how you poppin' off  
I'm with the gang, we got the switches on them Glocks and stuff  
I love the gang because they always get the cops involved  
Now I'm in Malibu, with baddies playin' volley ball

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I'm gon' die a real nigga (You know that)  
I don't tell no lies (No)  
And I still tote .45's, fuck the opps from both sides  
Thinking 'bout my shooter now  
Know if I hit your line, talkin' war, you gon' slide (Come on)  
Fuck it, lead that dope life (Skrr)  
Feds all on my bro line, sayin' he got a coke line  
But I'm doin' shows now, made a M like four times  
Fuck around bein' in that Lamb, in that Rolls now  
White, yellow, gold, and rose now  
You should be like Herbo, he stay ten toes down  
We cut no slack, so pussies' gettin' exposed now (Fuck nigga)  
I'm gettin' proposition, the labels gave me control now  
And now we are dope, so ain't no explanation if you told  
I can't fuck with you 'cause you fold  
The shit and I'm a soldier  
I thought I told you, nigga

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