

## Keep It Real

Waka Flocka Flame

Keep it real and don't lie, smoke blunts till I die  
Boy, the trap on fire, puff the J, gon' get high  
In the trap with the Hit Squad killers  
Signed on the dotted line, the Brick Squad niggas  
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Waka Flocka and Rick Ross, boy, we so trill  
DJ Khaled, motherfucker, I'm so hood  
Me and Ace Hood trapping, selling good  
Robbery thoughts, man, I wish a nigga would  
Me and Trick Daddy riding, swerving in a donk  
Blowing loud, kush stinking like a fucking skunk  
Me and Papa Duck parking lot flexing  
Rolling off them beans, boy, we high like George Jetson  
Need a bad bitch, so I paged Trina  
A hoe with ass like Jacki-O, tell me, have you seen her?  
I got money, I got cash  
Fuck with Plies, nigga, that's your ass  
Brick Squad clique, we about that cash  
Fuck with Gucci Mane, that's your ass

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What's up, Murda Mook? What's up, Uncle Murda?  
What's up, Maino? Ain't no place I can't go  
G-Unit indo, yes, I'm blowing 50 packs  
Lloyd Banks and Yayo, y'all know y'all my kinfolk  
Catch me in BX, fucking with Terror Squad  
Or better yet, in Harlem World fucking with Dipset  
You don't want your clique wet, so please, no disrespect  
All I know is grip the Tec, so please, no disrespect  
Q-U-E-E-N-S, North Jamaica, Queens, back down to Baisley Projects  
Or Westside Merrick, fucking with the Towers  
Red raindrops on you motherfucking cowards  
Family so fucking real, yes, I'm down to fucking kill  
I'm about the dollar bill, trying to see a hundred mill

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