

# Real Recognize Real

Waka Flocka Flame

Aye, I be turnt up  
Aye, I be turnt up  
I hit hard like Sam Gumby  
Kick game like I'm brand winning  
Too inhibit, psychological termen  
Either rap or no Jeffrey Dom  
It's over Riverdale, Grove Street  
Just a big Z, no I'm on the map  
Put my hood, G's up  
Bees up and hoes down  
M.O.B. money over bitches  
Can't get down to these pussy niggas  
Don't fuck 2 things, police is snitches  
Small glass man, no Willie Lynches  
I'm a style but paper got me feelin richer  
You know, so my dogs got all locked up  
Just last night we were turnt up  
Poppin bottles and a nigga like what  
14000 in the air, pick it up  
Next morning call the plane, now we locked up  
Goddamn goddamn I thought that fucked up

See when I tell a nigga man you take gun was alike  
Still tryin, don't know what the fuck gon happen man  
5 hours later, 3 hours later  
You know, 30 minutes later  
You know, this shit be crazy nigga  
You gotta hold your ass nigga, you know what I mean  
Every bitch that look bad  
Nigga ain't gonna be good for you nigga  
Skip a ho nigga  
You know I don't know right rims, or mine factory  
Man I wear to a plain jane nigga  
Get your motherfuckin head here, planned on me  
Uh

I put yo dick in the dirt, make yo mama cry  
Put you in that black box, wear the suit and tie  
Fuck with Waka Flocka, dough house outside they gon while  
3 3 3 350000 when I drove by  
Every chance I get, shorty I just turn up  
Make the wrong move, Bruster he gon burn ya  
Bullets beat your chest  
Slap yo face like turnup  
They like Waka really not that hard  
'Cause all he talkin bout er  
I'm like boy I wish you try it  
Hollow tip your diet  
Turn this fuckin club into a motherfuckin riot  
Every time yo baby mama see a nigga she excited  
Every she want and need in this world I can buy it