

Real Talk

Young Scooter

[Future:]
BMFBG nigga
ATL Jacob
Yeah
Skrrt, skrrt

[Young Scooter:]
ATL Jacob, ATL Jacob
Shout out to the opps, As-Salaam-Alaikum
Motherfuck the cops, run up all the paper
Wintertime, drop the top, flex on all the haters
I'm in love with diamond chains, fuck a wedding ring
Love to spoil myself, I by myself everything
Rolex, Audemar, fuck a Breitling
I damn near lost it all in the dice game
I kept my mouth closed when the folks came
My name on fire in the streets, I'm talkin' propane
Section 8 ENT, that's gang gang
I bet a nigga never snatch my chain
That tripple crossin', watch out for them chain snatchers
All this money I got, I send them kidnappers
I'm all about a sack, I'm talkin' Urlacher
Pack touch down, Green Bay Packers
Bitch I'm 'bout to blow, like a dynamite
I'm doin' a hundred smashin', don't stop at that red light
Black Amigo Scooter, yeah I'm Zone 6 flexin'
I'm rich as hell, now mama ain't no more stressin'
Me and VL Deck juggin', ride in the old Lexus
OG Cali kush, all I smoke is pressure
They call me Jugg King 'cause I'm a plug catcher
You broke boy, you ain't movin' but an ounce or better
Thirty-five hundred on a Louis sweater
Don't hit the door if it ain't five bricks or better
Twenty pounds or better, I'm a big bettor
Real dope boy, I can wrap the bales in the leather
No nothin' beat a double but a triple cross
I take a nigga off, I take another loss
Walk into my house, I got a pack vault
I'm a real hustler, yeah I made myself a boss

[Young Scooter (Future):]
No nothin' beat a double but a triple cross
Double cross me, you get knocked off (whoa whoa)
We put them dirty birds with the clean chickens (whoa whoa)
We put 'em all together, call it remixing (whoa whoa)
It's Magic City Monday, 'bout to fly in town (yeah)
Your plug price too high, I'll shut him down
I get a hundred mil, I'm moving underground

[Future:]
Pink diamonds in my teeth, pink codeine in my cup
Pink molly in my system, I got pink pills, what's up?
Section 8, VL, that's my partner 'dem
Pull up in a V12, you can't interfere
Space coupes, oops, I just made the world disappear
If you sellin' bales in the field show your skills
Half a ticket for club face Richard Mille

Already had sauce and drip, now I got spill
Lil Haiti goons right with me 'til infity
When we roll up on the opps don't show no sympathy
I just fucked a check up at the store, brrt, brrt
I just blowed a check on your ho, brrt, brrt
Chinchilla draggin' on the floor, brrt, brrt
And we gettin' that bread by the load, brrrt
More Pucci for this raw sushi
Evel Knievel when she up the speed
She just landed in from overseas (word)
Once I expand her it's double C's (Chanel-y her)
Shop sprees, spent a hundred G's (oh God)
I got rich kids, my neck on freeze (brrt brrt)
It's murder squad, they'll leave you in a freezer (brrt)
(I don't remember nothin', I got amnesia)
I go so hard, gotta let it take a breather (hold up)
I'm strappin' birdies to my mommy seaters
Yeah, gang (brrt brrt)

[Young Scooter (Future):]

No nothin' beat a double but a triple cross
Double cross me, you get knocked off (whoa whoa)
We put them dirty birds with the clean chickens (whoa whoa)
We put 'em all together, call it remixing (whoa whoa)
It's Magic City Monday, 'bout to fly in town (yeah)
I'll probably spend a fifty soon as I touch down
Your plug price too high, I'll shut him down
I get a hundred mil, I'm moving underground