

Shout Out to the Real

DJ Khaled

Free Boosie, real nigga
In the jail standing tall like Shaquille nigga
I used to say, "I know how you feel, nigga"
It's like a full time job not to kill niggas
Had my hood hating now they came up
I don't know if it's the money or the fake stuff
Got me walking through the jungle with my flame tucked
Got around my juries since they want to see me chained up
Friends turn to foes when you're in a row
Model bitches turn to hoes cause a nigga froze
Got them people taking pictures, let a nigga pose
Cause I get paper reading scripts, you ain't getting shows
Poppin' bottles it sound like a mac-10
Better be soaked in it when I'm back in
I dropped a quarter milli on an Aston
And I ain't got an album, man, I got these niggas falling off
I'm gone

Shout out to the real niggas (Salam)
And shout out to the real bitches (Say what)
I'm popping bottles with my real niggas
It's like a full time job not to kill niggas

Yeah, bought a chopper for my problems, that banana type
Seen a millie, now it's hard for me to sleep at night
I'm the type to flood the rollie like it's New Orleans
Bet that all my niggas ball like I'm Mr. Clean
From the bottom to the top, I made it out the gutter
I'm 17 on every scene I need my bread and butter
Used to run the streets, but now I'm running every summer
Right back on my bullshit like a Chicago lover
Feel like I'm jumping up out that phantom on my cocky ass
Know they hating, I just tell 'em kiss the paper tags
Still be with them pretty bitches, save for Stacy Dash
Plus my rollie cost me 80, that's gon' make 'em mad
Free my niggas locked, free my nigga caged
Fuck the system yeah you know we on the same page
Niggas love it when you're drowning in that water, dawg
Hate to see a nigga shining like some marmaro
Loyalty over royalty that's my common law
We The Best: the logo, and I'm with my fucking boss
He just tell me murder niggas would think of Holocaust
Kill the hottest young'n in and what you niggas thought

They took a half of M nigga out the bank nigga
If you want to whip 'em pussy nigga, blank nigga
And I put that red dot right where you think nigga
Hood nigga still wearing cuban link nigga
I'm on the ave. nigga riding in a cutlass
You that talking nigga, you know you a pussy
A real nigga, real life, no rap shit
And I can promise you this ain't what you want, bitch
Dialed me and still ain't a real nigga
'Cause I was too busy to gutter with the real niggas
When you see me in the field tell me how you feel nigga
And we some kids to tell you that we the real nigga
And they ain't telling none of my young nigga to chill, nigga

We all shooters, nigga, and all us on the pills nigga
Ain't got a yacht, but nigga the size of Shaquille, nigga
And before you try anything you better write your will, nigga

[Hook x2]