I'm like a quarterback, hand it off
Drop the work in the pot, watch it cannonball
I done seen 'em ball, I done seen 'em fall
Rest in peace to my nigga, you da realest, dawg
You da realest, dawg, you da realest, dawg (4x)
(2x)

You the realest, ain't no gimmicks, I got illness
If this rap game is my building, I got tenants, I got tenants
I got "gettin' it" in my spirit
I'm winning to the end, and I just made me some millions
And this only the beginning
Rest in peace to all my niggas, they died while they was servin'
Rest in peace to all the soldiers that died in the service
I died in her cervix
Chicken's, no churches
Never seen a man cry 'til you seen a man die: closed curtain
Closed casket, blasted, breathe again, Braxton
Heart filled with passion, neck filled with mansions
Nonchalant and sarcastic, my bank roll gigantic
School of hard knocks
I am the man on this campus

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I can't explain it, how I'm getting to the payments
Rest in peace to my nigga, God bless all his babies
And he gettin' so much money, I know this shit sound crazy
But he coulda retired and he was born in the 80's
And my hair look I'm from Haiti
Haters say I act funny
I'm on my baby, I'm about my cash money
I'm tryna get meals like I'm past hungry
Got two or three "Rest In Peace" tats on me
What's really real? Just left the dealership
Pull your girl off my car, that's that whip appeal
I'm 'bout to milk the game if a mil
Hit the girl with my two's, Benedryl

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