

The Realist Livin'

Ace Hood

OK now hood off in this mother fucker
Got the niggas all rolling hollering
Beast back in this mother fucker
And I'm into this bitch don't make me click off in this
Motherfucker
Better ask them bitches, I'll be swimming on they distance lover
Want to have my baby, trick you crazy
I keeps a rubber.
Never ever play me for no sucker
And I ain't stutter
I ain't into that bull I sip Muscatto and I'm lay back
That brand new Maserati inside of a suede black
And the chick I'm with hella thick just know that I fillet that.
I swear that pussy good she good she looky love the nookie
I'm just a nigga who addicted to this money flow
Ain't nobody on his level run and tell him fo
That's real shit, I swear my swagger keep an attitude
Pistol on me homie, he won't show no gratitude!
Don't want no problems, let this bust off in your blatter too
Standing ovation for the realest nigga in the room.

From the day that I was born, up out the womb
Pledge allegiance to keep to real and pay my dues
Honor the mother and the father, death for dishonor
I am my brothers keeper and that's before the mighty dollar
Standing ovation!

For the realest nigga living
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Mirror mirror on the wall who the realest
They say that God don't fear nobody I'm his spitting image
Look in my eyes and see the beast
My kind is rare invented
Choppa on the seat will have you call on your religion?
Father God come and bless me, I'm a sinner mane
You know these niggas talking tough gone need a dinner plan
Don't make me send those niggas, off into that mini van
I ain't no pillar, put a thousand on your brother head
Real shit, you're looking at the realest living tho
Only niggas speaking real, I never sugarcoat
Way to many niggas banging and they're selling dough
I don't know a thing about it, I just get my hustle on!
To legit the quit, I really got my heater chrome
Call that style my BFF and I don't leave you home!
And that's word to my momma, don't want no drama
Loyal to the bone, and that's before I see the commas

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Smoking like Harry Potter
My flow keep getting hotter
She dances to my singles
Bet she just want a dollar
Uh, but I got her, I know she a dog
She know that I'm balling, she know who the boss
Got the 2 door the 4 door I even get the trucks
Getting loo like ma ludo Mommy, I got the bucks
Call it killers, they're lurking I see 'em in the gust
Remember as soon as I point a finger, you're getting touched
Play with fire, I could get you sent to hell
Angel of death, I could hit her on the cell
Speed dial, double MG God forgives and I don't you niggas will see

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