

# 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 linx 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]