

No new niggas, only real ones
Been a real one and I'm still one
No thousands, I'm talkin bout millions
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10 K for the show boy
Lot of broke rappers unemployed
Made a lot of money on my last tour
Bet you I could get it if I aks for it
Lot of fake niggas, they be runnin they mouth
My youngin sittin next to me, I just run in yo house
I play this shit and pray to relax
'Cause it's crazy everyday, don't go where we at
Forgive me for my last song
And every track I showed my ass on
I'm just speakin from a real place
Finna turn a dollar into Bill Gates
Yea, a lot of niggas still fake
A lot of broke niggas still hate
Yea, but I still show the world love
Shop til I got kicks like the world cup

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Soulja 6 be back in the fact
Comin back just to smack em in the back of they neck
People be actin funny, I be laughin at that
Smoking kush and I damn near have a asthma attack
Never pass up the fact, these rappers barely could rap
Rappers circus, matter of fact as an act is the act
Nigga flip like a acrobat
The flow killin like Kim, she dip it low to the max
Accurate faxes, they be needin more practice
Kickin that whack shit, I kick it out like proactive
It's Heartbreak Gang, partake bang
With this I be short bank name, short weak playin on that flatscreen
Black hoodie, white ones, black jeans
Homie that's me
When they see me they understand that it's great
Couldn't touch 100 since I turned 15
You know what I'm talkin bout?

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