

Really

The Game

Fuck buyin' jewelry, buyin' ammo
Teflon, bulletproof the Lambo
Hate rats, got my niggas in the fed
Got money in the bank and money on my head
Really? Niggas sound silly
Wanna talk money, yeah, count it, ten milli
Free my nigga Meek Milly, bad bitch out of Philly
Sold that white girl so I guess I sold Iggy
Who you think I give a fuck about, an enemy?
Think I give a fuck about the industry?
Pussy ass nigga Better Google me
Boy, I really made a million out the fuckin' streets
Boy, I had a white car back in '04
Back in runnin' wood days and ride low
When bein' a street nigga really meant something
Now niggas sell his soul for a follow
If you wanna talk streets, what it mean to you, nigga?
Take pictures with guns so that make you a killer
Nah, LA Reid gave me that check today
Took that shit to the 'jects empower the hittas
I'm Crenshaw at Fatburger, fuckin' with Nipsey
And I bet you I'm rockin' my chains
Or I'm in the Watts with Jay Rock or slidin' through Compton with Game
Cause real niggas livin' the same

My auntie did 20 years, my pop did like 16
My partner did a decade so what the fuck you really mean?
Really, ho, Billie Jean jackets in my video
Causin' all this racket, no tennis court
Really made a million in a kitchen fork
Skrt, skrt, skrt, skrt, dinner fork
Often offended, I told that bitch to get out when she finished
Need me a bitch that gon' suck me and fuck me
And freak me and pass me to all of her friends
That's what it is, verbal telekinesis
Korrupt mixed with Jeezy, Big Meech mixed with Yeezus
Keep playin' them games and get shot from them bleachers
I still got my stripes when I'm not wearing Adidas
Got a fresh hairline from Peter
Got me a hockey mask, choppers, started talking fast
Give it to 'em direct just like Jeter
Niggas ain't killing shit, niggas they playing
They saying they killing shit
Got me an A and a K and a 220 trey
And the shit here might burn a little bit
I'm like, "Really, little bitch, say really"

Fuck these niggas
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Brand new Benz with the top down
In my old neighborhood, all the cop 'round
Nigga I don't give a fuck, motherfucker, act up
Let him and the police hear how the Glock sound

Comin' with the bullshit, get shot down
Sucker free, no fly zone in my town
And there ain't no discussion
It's simple, you try me we gon' get to bustin'
I promise, my nigga, you want it, my nigga?
My young niggas ready, they goin' on guard
They act like they know ain't no God
We so official, for sure, no facade
Trap nigga shine like I glow in the dark
Still got my .44 in the door
I'm not finna play with you, homie get laid with you
Cement your feet, then it's off in the lake with you
Underestimate you, that mistake I couldn't make with you
I hit you with the K, myself and show you what the paper do
And can't nobody handle you the way I do
Give your boy a K or two, kill you in a day or two
And no disrespect, boy, you violate me, know we gon' handle that
Blow your ass off the map
And you still reachin' your hand out for no dap
My demonstration in exchange for your hatin'
I put this flame all in your face, boy you fakin'
We come through in Mercedes and shoot you
You'd think Call of Duty would make it
Bacon, a nigga got my moolah off top
He don't give me my moolah, off top
Give a damn what the naysayers say
And we waitin' a day in the A with the K and I'm gone

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Niggas ain't gon' kill shit
I'm ridin' 'round, 7 pounds, nigga, Will Smith
It's a whole heck of y'all and a whole deck of cards
This shit right here you can't deal with
Two ice cubes and some cognac
Spent some time in twin towers, I ain't goin' back
Spent my commissary on some M&M's thinkin' I was Eminem
Runnin' Aftermath in all black
I'll slaughter your house with 5'9's
Leave all you niggas with crooked eyes
Got the Louisville Slugger, Big Papi Ortiz
Knockin' every button off your buttoned up sleeves
Please that's Jeezy the Snowman
Comin' straight through your window like Bruh Man
Said I ain't killin' your dog but stealin' my hog and fuck my conscience
Puttin' bullets in your doberman, don't fuck with Compton
Don't fuck with Kendrick, don't fuck with Problem
Don't fuck with YG, I'm Mr. Miyagi, Daniel San, I handle them
My handle's dumb, I had no gun
Fuck around, stomp you out in these Durant's or somethin'
I bear arms like Durantula
This rocket launcher'll blow your whole fuckin' mansion up
And everybody gotta die, put them candles up
How you get caught up in the web with tarantulas?
And for you fuck dumb niggas, let me slow it down
I can screw you like Pimp and Big Moe around
And when a nigga say "Timber", you don't need Ricky Rubio
To let a nigga know it's goin' down
Fuck you clowns, yeah I put the word on you niggas

Go A\$AP Ferg on you niggas
Been all through New York with Diddy
My verse'll Schmurda you niggas
And that's not a shot at T.I.P. or a shot at Gotti
Take shots of Ciroc in a black Bugatti
Got a shotty in a backpack, napsack
Shawty got a black MAC 11, I will catch that body
Like Nasir and Hov when I'm 40 years old
I will still be the pilot that light up the stove
And be cookin' that crack 'til the Doctor come back
And tell niggas that Detox come out this October
Like Ol' Dirty Bastard, I'm finally sober
And verses like this'll get me a new Rover
Get you a new home and a casket you bastard
Your funeral boring, I'm glad that it's over
Soulja!

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