

Real Thing

Tory Lanez

Told her pop that ass for me on a jet ski (On a jet ski)
She said, "I might even lick it if you let me" (If you let me)
You knew I would kill the pussy when you met me
And that's why none of mine can regret me
Oh, yeah oh, yeah
Throw the cash up high, it's all there, yeah
Pop that ass for me on the jet ski
She wanna fuck because the chain, Wayne Gretzky
I would hit it out in public if she let me
I'm tryna fuck her twin sister she gon' let me
I can make the pussy squirt, you wanna bet me
Say I hit that the shit so good she can't forget me
I can't have no bird bitches disrespect me
When you know I curve bitches just for sweating me
I be smoking Presidential, gone elect me
All the white girls wanna give me Becky
All the time a nigga fuck her in a fresh tee
A nigga mad that I'm sav, tryna threaten me
I be balling, need a espy
That's your girlfriend, she my bestie
If you sayin', let's be honest, girl, then let's be
I'm tryna see you and little mama on a jet ski

Yeah, the real thing
I don't wanna do it if it's not the real thing
She don't wanna do it if you ain't got the bill paid
All my boss bitches know I got the bill
Hey, hey
Bad bitches and they want the real thing
I don't wanna do it if it's not the real thing
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All my boss bitches know I got the bill, hey

Fuck her twin sister, now she hate me (Hate hate)
Brrt, brrtt
Please, order up the jet key (Key)
I just changed my number, you can't call or sext me
Have your location on when you address me
Knock it out the park, Ken Griffey
Ooh, ooh, ooh
All these missed calls was never missed, ohh ohh
And a lot of bad bitches with no IG
She don't post, so I know she won't expose me
I'm gone stamp every country on your ID
They can't smoke me, you know they tryna find me
When I give that paper to you and it's crispy
And these Benji Franklin's stacked up in your birkey
Fell in love with a nigga drinking codeine
How you gone fall for a nigga drinking creatine
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I got a thick, thick, thick, white bitch
My shit lit than a bitch and I'm rich
Keep a .40 with extendo on the grip
And know I gotta have it on me because my niggas out here lit
I ain't even know she was your bitch, dawg
She been throwing that shit at me, Micheal Vick, dawg
Steady quarterbacking at the kick off
No pun intended, I just her with the pick
Step up in the mix, shit is lit
I might even stop and pose for a pic
Looking at my ex bitch and she sick, yeah
She don't like that I just pulled up with you
Fuck it, tell a bitch to bust it
I ain't come to t-t-talk, I came to t-t-touch it
She came to s-s-suck me off, then, baby, s-s-suck it
She tryna s-s-send a Snap, but, baby, time to bust it

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