

Real Recognize Real

Waka Flocka Flame

Aye, I be turnt up
Aye, I be turnt up
I hit hard like Sam Gumby
Kick game like I'm brand winning
Too inhibit, psychological termen
Either rap or no Jeffrey Dom
It's over Riverdale, Grove Street
Just a big Z, no I'm on the map
Put my hood, G's up
Bees up and hoes down
M.O.B. money over bitches
Can't get down to these pussy niggas
Don't fuck 2 things, police is snitches
Small glass man, no Willie Lynches
I'm a style but paper got me feelin richer
You know, so my dogs got all locked up
Just last night we were turnt up
Poppin bottles and a nigga like what
14000 in the air, pick it up
Next morning call the plane, now we locked up
Goddamn goddamn I thought that fucked up

See when I tell a nigga man you take gun was alike
Still tryin, don't know what the fuck gon happen man
5 hours later, 3 hours later
You know, 30 minutes later
You know, this shit be crazy nigga
You gotta hold your ass nigga, you know what I mean
Every bitch that look bad
Nigga ain't gonna be good for you nigga
Skip a ho nigga
You know I don't know right rims, or mine factory
Man I wear to a plain jane nigga
Get your motherfuckin head here, planned on me
Uh

I put yo dick in the dirt, make yo mama cry
Put you in that black box, wear the suit and tie
Fuck with Waka Flocka, dough house outside they gon while
3 3 3 350000 when I drove by
Every chance I get, shorty I just turn up
Make the wrong move, Bruster he gon burn ya
Bullets beat your chest
Slap yo face like turnup
They like Waka really not that hard
'Cause all he talkin bout er
I'm like boy I wish you try it
Hollow tip your diet
Turn this fuckin club into a motherfuckin riot
Every time yo baby mama see a nigga she excited
Every she want and need in this world I can buy it