

I'm Fo Real

Young Thug

All my bitches say I act so numb
Cause I got four birds on Christmas
I got so many birds stuffed in a rental
I might get one of them fucked off in a bando
Hey bro, we got a lot of work to do bay
I not gonna let her get in my head like crochets
I got a habit of buying my kids all the new J's
I'm just boolin' in that Phantom drinkin' on bool-aid
Ok Boo, okay motherfuckin' Boo
Lets break the rules, if I don't know you niggas, you food
Ayy, grab that tool, that LMS card, that wooly, wooly, wooly
Been through hell, but I'm God's gift like Kooly, Kooly
Shout out to Skooly, Skooly
My life the truestest, truestest, woah
I'm just bicken it with my bloods and we boolin', boolin'
A motion picture, picture my life is a movie, movie, movie
Like Shaq feet, y'all been gay
But I hope my career will take me a long way
A long way, a long way

She went and tell her friend about the way I'm hitting it
She tell her friend she rock nothin' but them Jimmys
She tell her friend she was never in them Remy's
She like how the hell you put 50,000 in these skinnies?
Now I'm forreal, I'm forreal, I'm forreal, I'm forreal, I'm for
real

Now I'm a boss you gotta keep me out your business
And when I hit it, I'mma get inside her kidney
I drink that lean all day, I don't have no limit
And just like Master P, change the Alley boy image
These niggas singing on they partner without a Grammy award
I'm in that 2015 fish with the sign like a fork
Yeah, and then that Masi
I rap for myself, I don't really rap for anybody
My real name Jeffrey and I ran around the lobby
I got 100,000 packs who wanna buy it?
I get a geek, she be sneakin' on that molly
And I'm swagged the fuck out, I don't need a stylist

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