Gunna, Real

(Jai Beats on the track, boy)
(Young Producers)

I asked my ex why she lied to me
She told me, "Unfoonk, why you play me?"
I told that bitch please stop lyin'
Hey, check the Rollie, bitch, it's my time
It's Slime Mob 'til the death of me
Don't say you love me if you won't kill for me
I see my haters on the sideline
Heavy told me I'm in top five

Mob ties, reached a mil'
I did that shit without a deal
I swear to God I'm in tears
I gotta tell you how it feel
I keep the glizzy on the side of me
I know these niggas plan on robbin' me
And please tell these niggas don't try
Play with me, get put on FOX 5
I got a bad bitch rollin' in a high
Told that bitch is she gon' ride or die?
She looked me in my eyes, said, "Foonk, baby, I'm slidin'"
Then peaced me up and said, "Baby, I'm ridin' with Slime"

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Everything slime, keep it real
My nigga guard me with a shield
I keep this Draco, nigga, pardon how you talk to me
I swear to God, I'm in tears
My ex can only see me virtually
Keep this shit one thousand
Jimmy trousers, Chrome Heart transparent
2010, first murder cost 'bout ten
Racks just to spend, you can tell by the way I grin
And I been Chrome Heartin' it, fuck is a bargain?
Came in this bitch with twins, my nigga, no Mr. Rogers
I ran up me some racks and put my ho in a 'Rari
Got a forty-pointer bracelet on my wrist, I'm sorry
I ain't tryna do you like that (No)
But you took my dawg, and then my dawg get her body right
I can get him killed twenty times 'cause my money righteous
Niggas can't walk a mile in my fuckin' Nikes, yeah

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