

Mo Reala (feat. Future)

Zaytoven

Check out the way I be glistening yah
Four-door Bugatti, you mention me yah
Diamonds they drapped in my portfoli-yah
Fill up a safe, I'm more realer than yah
Fuck my new case, I'm more realer than yah
Ace by the case, I'm more realer than yah
Sleep with the K, I'm more realer than yah
A regular day, I'm more chiller than yah
Diamonds on freeze, ain't gon never thaw out
Niggas talk shit, ain't gon never be found
Counting it up and I'm losing the count
Fuck all this 'Tussin, this Act I'ma down
Strappin it up with a whole hundred rounds
Sackin it up, ain't no fucking around
We get that guap, ain't no fucking around
Ice on below, this ain't regular ice
Hop on a private, ain't regular flights
Smash on your hoe, this is everyday life
I filled the safe up from cooking the white
Fall out the pyrex, the cake and the bowl
You shoot at fame, ya'll ain't taking my soul
Came in the game, I was hot as a stove
Pour out some lean, I'm trynna let it go
Rocking Celine from her to her toe
Fur on her back, in the summer she cold
VVs gon' light up and glisten, they glow
Blinding your eyesight, you never gon' see
Came out the 6, damn my diamonds on fleek
I made a mill in the middle of the week
I sell a chicken in the middle of the street
When I drop Patek the murder rate increase
Fuck all that poppin,' I stay with some bands
Shawty so yellow, she stay with a tan
Diamonds on me, got some rocks on my hand
Fuck the police, gotta stay with the can
I drop the top off a regular Wraith
Shawty on Perc, this a drug at a day
I got the torch, I can't give it away
Ain't no remorse, you get hit in the face
Check out the way I be glistening yah
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 Four-door Bugatti, you mention a G
 Brand new Millennium, might hit the streets
 I stacked it up, get to having a feast
 I ran it up like Serena with me
 Like it's Venus with me
 Got the Nina with me
 We screaming 'Freebandz,' this money ain't free
 I cook it up, I'ma cook up a key
 When I cook up a key I'ma charge you a fee
 I did it first, it ain't none but a trend
 Swerve on a curb, it ain't none but a Benz
 I was on 2 two then I took it to 10
 Keep in one thou, rep the gang in the pen'
 Shoot at the police, ain't coming back home
 Down for my crew if they right or they're wrong
 Get to that money, that's all I condone
 Shoot at your top, you ain't fucking with homes
 We hit the block, had a bag full of stones
 Jugged off a bale before I made a song
 They ain't gon' tell you how I got it on
 I'm not a failure, I'm deep in my zone
 Paraphernalia, I serve you a chrome
 Super exclusive when I put it on
 We getting zooted where I'm coming from
 Toasting that lean like it's Dom Perignon
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 We get that guap, ain't no fucking around
 (Yeah) Young rich nigga
 Fucking bad bitches
 That's all I know (that's all I know)
 It's sad to say that

