

# U Da Realest

## 2 Chainz

I'm like a quarterback, hand it off  
Drop the work in the pot, watch it cannonball  
I done seen 'em ball, I done seen 'em fall  
Rest in peace to my nigga, you da realest, dawg  
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You the realest, ain't no gimmicks, I got illness  
If this rap game is my building, I got tenants, I got tenants  
I got "gettin' it" in my spirit  
I'm winning to the end, and I just made me some millions  
And this only the beginning  
Rest in peace to all my niggas, they died while they was servin'  
Rest in peace to all the soldiers that died in the service  
I died in her cervix  
Chicken's, no churches  
Never seen a man cry 'til you seen a man die: closed curtain  
Closed casket, blasted, breathe again, Braxton  
Heart filled with passion, neck filled with mansions  
Nonchalant and sarcastic, my bank roll gigantic  
School of hard knocks  
I am the man on this campus  
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You da realest, dawg, you da realest, dawgI can't explain it, how I'm getting to the payments  
Rest in peace to my nigga, God bless all his babies  
And he gettin' so much money, I know this shit sound crazy  
But he coulda retired and he was born in the 80's  
And my hair look I'm from Haiti

Haters say I act funny  
I'm on my baby, I'm about my cash money  
I'm tryna get meals like I'm past hungry  
Got two or three "Rest In Peace" tats on me  
What's really real? Just left the dealership  
Pull your girl off my car, that's that whip appeal  
I'm 'bout to milk the game if a mil  
Hit the girl with my two's, Benedryl I'm like a quarterback, hand it off  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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