

Like a V Neck (feat. Bun B)

ItsTheReal

Chorus:

Never turn down, we accept rejects
Whole team shooting fouls, got three techs
Everybody with us at the bank, cashing G-checks
Crew so deep, looking like a V Neck
Where'd I get all these bros? Not my dad
But we're looking for new talent, check the wanted ad
So many friends on the side, the boat's tipping over
Get into an accident, I got some organ donors
Every time we hit the block, bring the floats
We're a tumor; a growth hard to diagnose
And O-line, a D-line, my team fills up the Bee Line
Head to the back, and put the bus on recline
Dudeliest Catch, Judd Apatow's attached
We hang out in the streets, and then the streets collapse
Faces next to faces, I don't know half the names
Someone pay attention, make sure everybody came
Swarming like locusts, we're so hard no to notice
Bring the noise, bring the funk, like Mr. Holland's Opus
The riot cops come out when we're playing Solitaire
Put your friends against mine, we're not playing fair

ChorusEric:

Surrounded by my dogs because I'm man's best friend
King of the block, I got a good rate at the Mandarin
Matching shirts and Nikes, looking like a cult
Whole gang nuts, word to Charles Schultz
Credit, we don't sweat it, when I win, we win
Ruff riding at Soul Cycle, when I spin we spin
Dozens of best friends forever, it's like we copied 'em
Corporate retreat, trust falls, we bodied 'em
Women loving the crew, like your outfit tight
Saying goodnight to everybody takes an extra night
When anyone of us succeeds, we all suffer
My crew the sickest, allergic to peanut butter
My homies ride, we caravan like Kendrick cover
Emergency bontacts, ball them my Blood brothers
Living a movie in which everybody stunts
We all eating, Marky Mark and the Funky Brunch

ChorusBun B:

I'm moving through the city, I'm rolling with my crew
When we pull up the party, man, they don't know what to do
I came with more people than the club can even hold

And more cars than they can park, this shit's outta control
We walk inside the building, knocking people out the pathway
Taking over sections, didn't even meet 'em halfway
They ask us what we drinking; we ask you what you got
Then we buy up all your liquor till the last fucking shot
I'm rolling with a lot of G's, man, ain't no pretending
It's gon' be shoulder to shoulder if Bun is in attendance
We fall up in the function and then it's getting fucking hot
I can say the reason why; ItsTheReal better fucking not
I put a call up to the homies and they all came
Deeper than a crowd at a Super Bowl ballgame
It ain't no shame to my game so don't you try me
And shout out to the Million Man March walking behind meChorus

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>