Real Hitta (feat. Kodak Black)

Plies

Yea
Baby I'm a certified smacker
Plies, Kodak
I'm a real deal sniper, ya knaaa mean?
Yea, yea
I know yeen never been with no real hitta
No real nigga
I'm talm bout like, a nigga dat really got a sack though
I'm talm bout like being cuffed by the boss and not the runner
Yea, dat way
Have you ever made love to a real hitta?
Yea, a nigga that's always in the field
Probably finessin', probably out here drug dealin'
(I wanna know)
Ima love you like I might die tomorrow, aye
Ima love you like I might die tomorrow, aye
I'm probably gettin' money if I ain't call ya, baby
I'm probably gettin' money if I ain't call ya, babyI done came back from pissin' inside the Trump Hotel
'Fore I take it in, I got to catch me one more sell
Name saved up under Febreze cause she ain't got no smell
I can hit it from the back, ain't got to hold my breath
All these hundreds on me got me startin' to look like a scammer
All that ass she got back there startin' to look like a pamper
Pull up on ya ass with a bag just like I'm Santa
Plug name Julio but he don't play for Atlanta
The only millionare you know that wear Dope Boy Ree's
You ain't never fucked a nigga that had this much cheese
I'm just tryna run you crazy like they tried Kanye
Treat you like the mailman, make you come once a day
Have you ever made love to a real hitta?
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Probably finessin', probably out here drug dealin'
(I wanna know)
I'ma love you like I might die tomorrow, aye
I'ma love you like I might die tomorrow, aye
I'm probably gettin' money if I ain't call ya, baby
I'm probably gettin' money if I ain't call ya, babyBaby you know I'm out here in these streets, I gotta get it
If I ain't on the corner, I'm in the 'yo, bae I be busy
But you gotta pray for me cause these niggas be hatin' in my city
And you gotta thank God everyday he be lettin' you be with me

I'ma get in that lil pussy like I'm just gettin' outta prison
And word around town, he bagged a nigga but he didn't
I'm Sniper Gang baby, I got more stripes than the Navy
And ain't nothin' changed because I motherfuckin' made it
I'm a real hitta, I'm a real nigga, ima treat you like a lady
I'm a real hitta, so every pistol I got it ain't on safety
And if I ain't call ya back then bae I'm gettin' to that money
But ima come through, and ima fuck ya like the police lookin' for meHave you ever made love to a real hitta?
Yea, a nigga that's always in the field
Probably finessin', probably out here drug dealin'
(I wanna know)
I'ma love you like I might die tomorrow, aye
I'ma love you like I might die tomorrow, aye
I'm probably gettin' money if I ain't call ya, baby
I'm probably gettin' money if I ain't call ya, babyI get ya hair done so much they start to think you a beautician
These lil' niggas tryna come up, only reason they diss me
Ya last man bought you Bebe but I'll buy you Givenchy
Biggest thing he ever did for you was take you to Chili's
Keep a bank in my pocket, call me Plies Fargo
Sex game undefeated, think I'm 100-0
I don't go nowhere for free, if you got a check I'll go
Ya last man he was petty, tell him I said so
I be hustlin' so hard I lose track of the days
That lil pussy was so sorry, I call it minimum wage
'Fore you leave this earth baby you better getchu a hitta
Talkin' one that got a bag and drop that rod like a killa
Yea, I just wanna know...Have you ever made love to a real hitta
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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