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 yahA 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 goRocking 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 faceCheck out the way I be glistening yah
Four-door Bugatti, you mention me yah
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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 trendSwerve 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 homesWe 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 PerignonCheck out the way I be glistening yah
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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(Yeah) Young rich nigga
Fucking bad bitches
That's all I know (that's all I know)
It's sad to say that

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