

Solange Knowles F/ Murphy Lee

"Real G's Don't Brag"

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It be the Shadow standing right beside you
About to strike you, run but I'ma find you
Ain't no place to hide motherfucker right behind you
Highly elevated off the canibus
Can you handle this attack from this fucking vandalist
Assassination on the nation
Universal warfare, global termination
Destination, to the top without stopping
It's still San Diego, Southern Cali till I'm in a coffin
Amici Park'n to the death, fool remember me
It's Mr. Shadow, Beyond Entertainment family
Gravity always floating, gangster strolling
Pistol holding, dishonest bitches claiming that they
know me
I'm only twenty with plenty to spend, now get the
picture
I got a twenty three glock with hollow shots that'll get ya
A forty caliber causing major disaster
Never bring a snitch to my hood or I'ma blast them
Bring them to the shadows of pain, severe trauma
I'ma, trigger happy motherfucker cuz I wanna
I love drama, so fuck whatever you feel
I roll with twenty motherfuckers that are ready to kill
You guppy

[Chorus x2]

A lot of motherfuckers pretent to be G's
But they're bitches and they got worldwide enemies
Real gangstas don't brag, we stack chips
Make hits and pull licks, smoke sticks and fight pits

I declare war, put your white flags away
Bitch made hoes get abused everyday
380 back up coming at you
Full moon shining, you know I'm gonna blast you
I'm creeping, seeking for a problem to cause
Always higher than the motherfucker breaking the law
Homey fuck what you're going through
I bang with nothing but fools with penitentiary
backgrounds and tattoos
I use higher amounts of marijuana everyday

Give me a bong and bottle, I love that bombay
Crime pays on this motherfucking planet
Scitsofrantic, quick to let you sons of bitches have it
I bring static like an army, you couldn't harm me
You motherfuckers gotta kill me to disarm me
Watch me invade these sons of hoodrats with a snub
nose
Dump on these assholes, violating them punk hoes
Skunk cloats fumigating rookies like roaches
Got Sombra posted up incase a rival approaches
I hold this title till my last day comes
And even after death I'll take a breath through my son
punk

[Chorus x2]

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