

Sky Balla

"Real Talk Feat. Juelz Santana"

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[Sky Balla]

Red set, blue set, mac 10s a few teecs
My killas on the payroll will leave your whole crew wet
You been in the house nigga you ain't paid dues yet
I been in the streets nigga you ain't heard the news yet
Before I hit the grind I make fo sure I got my shit tight
My vest fit right, 4 fifth it'd spit right
Niggaz I'm number one I can't settle for less
Hands down I'm the hottest young thug on the West
Niggaz sayin' I'm the balla back when his name was
scurs
When they used to push caine on the curb, before the
birds
We used to hustle together, this that and the third
But we ain't never broke bread together cause youse a
nerd
I move things cross the border
So playboy hurry up and place your order (nigga)
I teach you how to get rich
Flip bricks and get chips
Holla at the kid nigga if you need a quick fix
I turn a G into a key, man I mean real fast
Before I had a deal I already had a mill stashed
Street life I keep ice on my wrist playa
If you tryna score big well here's an assist playa

[Hook]

We young balla ballas
Young hustla hustlas
We bout them dollas bitch
We don't fuck with bustas, suckers
We got big rings, big thangs, big chains
We hustle hard in the streets and move big caine
Cross game, wrist put your wig man
Cause we ain't afraid to die and do a bid man
Feel more the Harlem we ballin you underdig man
This is real talk and that's what it is man

[Juelz Santana]

I heard niggaz tryna shit on me
And make history, never woulda happen

Forever I'm gat clappin
I grabbed the Beretta or black Magnum
Asked what's the problem and dead 'em in that fashion
Am I waiting? Hell no
Am I playing? Hell no
Does this here look like the David Chappelle show?
My 12 load clip shells gon spit
I take off your head quicker than a velcro strip
Old school, see how my shell toes fit?
Dip places, big faces, sell all hit (call me)
And I'm quick with the led
You think my bullets had crazy glue
The way them shits stick to your head (nigga)
If you ain't getting my bread
If you ain't getting my spread
You'll be dead where the pigeons get fed (punk)

[Hook]

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[Sky Balla]

While you been sleeping on the kid like a craftmatic
I was in the streets not thinkin bout rap, serving them
crack addicts
I got a black gadget, that'll make a nigga disappear
quick
You would think I knew black magic
And when it comes to hoes, I don't have to pay
I'm on my Oakland Raider shit in all black and gray
Yeah I'm bringin back The Bay, but before I do that
I gotta OT and bring back the shay
You couldn't see me playa, on my worst day
And the last time you seen some cake, was on your
birthday
You old niggaz mad cause I'm young and I'm paid
The only smoke of dime a day, I'm blowing tons of that
haze
And I'm doing the same thing, that got Pac and Biggie
rich
I was born ready to die, on that Biggie shit
Trying to keep up with me, you'll be running for days
And the only bird you got, is that one in the cage

Nigga I'll show you how to cook a O
And that main bitch you keep calling wifey, I call her a
hooker ho
I'm like Rick James
Yeah I'm rich bitch, so after I'm done with you
Yeah my whole clique hits
Achoo, I got the flu man I spit sick
And if I didn't, I still know how to flip bricks
I turn a gram into a million
I'm still grinding on my block
Even though this camera's on the building
So bust me how you cent for
I'm in the hood with two big 9s on me like the 99 cent
store, nigga

[Sky Balla talking]

True story, real talk, Sky Balla, Juelz Santana, bitch!

[Hook]

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