

B.G.**"Dee Money- If It Ain't Real It Ain't Me Freestyle"**Visit "[Dee Money- If It Ain't Real It Ain't Me Freestyle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Dee Money]

I Run up on ya block quick when i'm burning rubber,
A real nigga like a soulja, heat up in my knuckles
The same type a nigga that keep a pistol on my side,
A 44 on my waist and a chopper when I ride, stay
posted
On the block like a light pole just standing there,
Waiting for a nigga to run up, and think he hard,
But first I shut him down like a grocery store gone
Outta business, and when the police come nigga that's
When i'm finished, disobeying all laws, disrespecting
No broad, A street type a nigga, A 13 year old boy,
Straight sprayin at u quick
Leave ya braind in the sewer, either come at me
Strapped, And if u don't nigga u
Done, ya whole family gonna see me and ya
Block gon burn, and if ya friend want some

She gotta wait her turn, I ain't scared of nobody,
Nigga I fear no one but jesus, I gotta keep
It real nigga, and I ain't got no reason, kinda
Like a star, when u see me fear me, rup up on
U niggas bust shots you can't feel me, listen
Up and listen careful, if u open and if ya
Click want some nigga i'ma bust open,
If u leave 'em unattended, I'll mess over
'em playin wit me nigga you'll get
Ya dome checked throughroly, I'll put
Ypu in a sleep like, no disrespectin
My section, and anything in my way
Best believe i'm wrecking, and if any
Nigga hatin on me, then there's
Beef it will be, nigga I already told
Ya IF IT AIN'T REAL IT AIN'T ME NIGGA!

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