

Soulja Boy

"Let's Be Real"

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[Verse 1]

Jumping off the roof
God damn, where's my parachute?
Pretty boy goons
All we know is money and the loot
40 on my troop
80 drop top, I'm on the loose
Fuck the F.B.I. and fuck all the Army troops
Fighting for what, bitch? Be your own man
I be flying through the clouds
With green like I'm Peter Pan
I be so damn high
Man, you don't understand
I just talked to God today
I said "Give me another chance!"
So I'm back in the hood
And I'm trying to flip the bands
I done put the double cup
And pulled up the kickstand
Now the hoes on my dick
Cause the tats on my hands
And my hand gripping wheel
Behind the 2012 van
Mane, I pull up in the truck
And my goons duffed up
Got the bricks and the kush
In the loud pat whaat
Mane, you know what's going down
When I pull up in the drop and
Everybody on me
Cause the album just dropped
Mane, the Juice mixtape
Got the hood on fire
I'mma keep hitting licks
Til my young ass retire
And I'm posted in the back of the coupe
I'm on fire
If a nigga think he got me
He's a goddamn liar!
And I'm posted on the wall
Like a god damn fly

I'm a young pretty goon
You can see it in my eye
I done hit 20 licks
And I can't tell you why
And I can't tell you where
Got goons in Delaware
Knock your heads off your shoulder
If you try to think I'm scared
Mane, I'm Soulja Boy Tell Em
Bitch I tote the infrared
Got the tats on my neck
Got the tats on my chest
Got the Super Saiyan Swag
Yes, my goons off of this
Mane you hoes talking down
But you really don't know
Got a couple bills that'll
Get your ass knocked off the globe

[Verse 2]

Gucci better, Louis Kicks
I can't even talk no shit
Young Soulja Boy, I'm on the block
I'm looking like 50 bricks
Walking like a walking lick
Talking like a chicken coupe
Running round the city and my goons
Are on the fuckin loose
2012: yes, salute!
Money sitting in the booth
Drop-top Phantom
Converted to a Benteley Coupe
Switched the Lambo truck
For the brand new Audi though
100 million dollars got me walking like Shawty Lo
Walk inside the studio
I promise I'mma get it in
50 kick shawty
Soulja Boy, I'm bout to bring em in!
Drop top Lexus I done flipped into a Benz doe
S.L. 56 siggin on 4th of July doors
I think I don't know Young Lil Dre
I dunn swagged for the summer
Got the presidential Lambo like I'm
B. Obama
I'm Soulja Boy Tell Em
I'mma swag til I'm dead
If you didn't know, I'll put some money on your head
Got tats on my chest
But I won't tat my legs
Got money on the purp, yeah you heard what I said

If your boy is talking down
I might pour the infra-red
Got my young boys with me and
He doing like Simon Said
If I tell him 2 words
The he gonna make a move
Tell me what's a goon
Too pretty, what it do?
And I post on the block, and all my goons shoot
Young Soulja Boy Tell Em
Shout out to my troops
Yeah they riding for the boy
And we swag to the city
Got 400 rappers and the city fuckin with me
Got my young boys trappin
On the Westside of Atlanta
Got so many cars
I think I'm Tony Montana
I'm connected to Australia
All the way to Alabama
Got the goons holding on me
Gucci bandana, I be walking in Miami
With the Louis on my sandals
Niggas hating on young God
Cause he hot like a candle
AK-47 shooting, hit, ay, hold your man too
Hit your mama and your daddy
They crying at your funeral
Mane, we shooting up the funeral
Ain't nobody even scared
Got the young boys with me and
They shooting for your head
Young Soulja Boy Tell Em
I dunn tat my whole arm
Got 40 on my wrist and I just rang the alarm
God damn I'm on fire, pull up in the Benz
And I shitted on the world in the year 2010 woo!
The most songs in the rap game nigga!

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