

Cyhi Da Prynce

"Real Talk"

Visit "[Real Talk](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Verse 1 - Cyhi)

one hand wash the other
Both hands, wash the face
That was food for thought, nigga go wash your plate
My kingdom is the firm, and pimp I'm Dr.Dre
Good music is the team and Shawty I'm Dr.J
cuz real niggaz do real things
We don't talk,we don't spill beans
Start selling mid when I'ma 15
Hid in hills off fillgreen
Got a stupid chain got an ill ring
Jacob nigga that's real bling
Ima drum major I keep a band
And a bunch of hoes on my drill team
Young prince I know real kings
I don't sleep but I still dream
Born and raised in the dirty south
But when you see me I'm still clean
Shawty I'm a legend in the A Dominique Wilkins
I got a question to ask you all
Any real players in the building

(Hook)

I'm in the club, throwed like lacrosse
Chilling in my section
Smoking that exhaust
Your bitch was on my dick
But shawty that ain't my fault
So before you start some shit
I suggest you walk ,real talk
Real talk,real talk
Real talk,real talk
Real talk,real talk
Real talk,real talk
Jealousy that's against the law
Real talk,real talk
Real talk,real talk

(Verse 2 - Cyhi)

I said man sharpin man
Like steel sharpin steel

I'm the streets Dr Phil
I make music y'all could feel
u ain't talking 'bout no money
If you ain't talking mills
Took my fives to the bank
In exchange for larger bills
Boy I keep alot of hoes
You can ask my partner Pill
If Tamika ain't gon' fuck
Then I know that Tasha will
You went and bought the bitch a truck
From me she barely got a meal
You look like one of them rap niggaz
Who never got a deal
But I'm a B O S S
Jumping out of that SS
Highschool ,suburban tale
She most attractive i'm best dressed
I'm so happy to be alive
But everyday I'm dead fresh
She all ready on my dick
And we ain't even had sex yet
I got the discount you paid the retail rate
Don't be jealous motherfucker that's the females trait
She let the whole gang bang we call her East LA
'Cause I'm a V12 and nigga you just a CLK hey

(Hook)

I'm in the club, throwed like lacrosse
Chilling in my section
Smoking that exhaust
Your bitch was on my dick
But shawty that ain't my fault
So before you start some shit
I suggest you walk ,real talk
Real talk,real talk
Real talk,real talk
Real talk,real talk
Real talk,real talk
Jealousy that's against the law
Real talk,real talk
Real talk,real talk

(Verse 3 - Dose)

Made Benz play , banged us an eagle
Got double storm swingin from my charm
Ben Franklin tated in my arm
My nigga eating know Im a don
Big dough no papa johns
All that damn versace on
Medusa head tryin' to duck the feds

I pop the meds, I pour da meds
I stay low I keep da mid
Going for the high im bussin heads
We in the building we do it big
I'm in the buildin wit yo bitch
And you know this, 100 bottles help you notice
Deez diamonds flawless ferocious,so sick
Bi-bitch I'm in my zone,bitch I'm on it
Knock it out the park bases loaded
My main hoe wait nigga watch me tote it
Nigga's looking like they be wantin' it
But that fuck shit to stay on it
I'm in the Penthouse I'm a 2000
My bitch bad her ass fat
I get racks she can have that
Fif plaza we smash that
New coup paper tag that
All the money where your swag at
You see me I burn the track
To a 3rd degree and you can have that boy

(Hook)

I'm in the club, throwed like lacrosse
Chilling in my section
Smoking that exhaust
Your bitch was on my dick
But shawty that ain't my fault
So before you start some shit
I suggest you walk ,real talk
Real talk,real talk
Real talk,real talk
Real talk,real talk
Real talk,real talk
Jealousy that's against the law
Real talk,real talk
Real talk,real talk

Visit [Cyhi Da Prynce](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.