

Sneakbo "Real Talk"

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

I remember being little Sneaks
A little young G from the Brickie streets
These 5 years got me running from the Police
A young G I got respect from my OG's
I from a cold place I never ever knew good
I'm with my whole crew fucking up the
neighbourhood
And everyday we hustle tryna get this money right
Everyday I'm living happy I don't wanna die
So I'm living right getting money spending mine
when I know she's mine I'm gonna get her what
she really likes
Couple bags on a ring just to show its real
Babygirl u keep blushing tell me how you feel?
Iv come a long way from the old days
Everybody saying that they miss my old ways
Fam they wanna see me banging for the south I'm
tryna get my fucking money and help niggas to move
out
And that's real shit from a real dude
I don't wanna hurt their feelings if this sounds rude
I weren't a rapper how the hell did I get bare views
11 million in a year up on my Youtube
Killer Hip Hop UK
F all the rest I'm rapping for bread
I never knew it gets hard I aint even slept
I'm doing shows every night I'm meeting new
skets
Fam its only cos I'm Bo that they're giving me
head
Independant no label I'm getting my cheques
Play hard and Jetskis the team I rep
My dreamcatchers be grinding and changing their
creps
I'm gass gang windy Brickie till I fucking dead
I need to run away from this fucked life
Now I'm a star so many wanna be a dons wife
Got they're bloody friends spying on my timeline
And when she not around her friens even wna gimme
shine
I've come a long way from plugging a buj
When real G,s like maggie was up in the hood

I never saw u fucking hoes so who you tryna boops?
I'm only fucking with them niggas like izzo and
gooch
A couple friends are hating me too
I see you fake n***** I aint really happy with you
While I was shooting vids you was on fucking ya chick
Now I'm living leg you talking bout we was crud on
the strip
Bad boys rudeboys tell me how ya living
Say your banging out and I don't hear about your
killing
Looking at the stats and I can tell you that I'm
winning
So now I'm just chilling weed champagne spilling
Moneys stacking up I'm tryna get it to the ceiling
No drug money but I'm gonna see a million
Tapping different women I don't wanna have
feelings
I will always give u cake if you was there when I was
bleeding
They say I changed
I say I'm doing great
Ever since I put my touch a button lyrics on the wave
So now I'm hitting dance cos its bringing in the
papse
So please just rate cos there's no need to hate
I'm in the charts I coulda been trapping in the trap
With one young buck moving scatty with the cats
But shits changed now I'm stacking off of rap
And I'm ripping up shows getting a whole load of
cash
I'm back I'm never going back to the can
Cos I'd rather be low key stacking up my grands
From 14 I never really had a plan
But I had some real bruddas we was more than a gang
I call my friends my bro or I call my friends my fam
I got some real youngens doing life in the can
For putting brothers down and all I gotta say is damn
But I'm out here living till my brothers come back
Its mad
I'm always gonna go and see mags
Mad HJJ and my brudda clicka dan
Some innocent brothers doing birds its a shame
And life goes on man I feel my brothers pain
And this is just the start
Been quiet been writing new bars
Fuck what they say I'm doing songs for the charts
Don't compare me to these scallys cos I'm in a
next class

