

Realm Reality

"The Grey"

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[Hook]

Goonies outside chasin you
Work kinda new work
That money stack like bloombergs
Smooth face, you first
Who's burst before the shots, you heard
Was popping out my bloomberg
Was popping out my bloomberg
Talking out your mouth then let the tools burst
Cause where I'm from, at certain times the wolves
lurk
Catch you by yourself
Was popping out my bloomberg

Hunger flow, born out of vietnam
A killer with a progress come for the town
Out comes the box, cut a quicker pace
Then you feel the warmth come across your face
Buck 50, buck 50, please don't let em fuck with me
My anger built inside like abused kids
You best tuck in your chain when you roll through
Even the homies will act like they don't know you
Road kill, hold still, hammer fights through out the
night
Set you up to take your chain
Be smart, don't put up a fight
Young and showin og's they could take a life
According to my man who's saying pedro's
breathing through a pipe
All the white people call them hooligans
But the hood gave a better name and called them
wolves
It's hunger outside like the great plague
Be careful what you say, face someone's weakness
the plague Â...

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Now look who's standing there, my stup work
What's the matter dog, cat got your tongue
Heard you been flappin your gums
Bout how you clap gaspard's son
I got the drop
Man I don't know what you and your rap packers from
But this my block, now what if I pop it to you snapback
is done, huh?
Oh you sorry now, well sorry ain't gonna cut it
It's time that you get whacked, you speaking at act
Your watch get flooded, run it
I dug in his pocket, stashed a couple hunned
2 dubs of kush and that's when the uzzi stunted
I guess tonight he won't be ...fuck it, fuck it
I'm not a product of my environment
I'm adrug dealer with a motherfucking glock and I will
fire it
That make you rough, then I'm a rough guy
Some tough guy holding his eye ready to cry
I'm that nigga he got snuffed by, ha
Just me and my 40, no bodyguard
You shooting in the sky, now who the fuck is you tryina
... god?
Whack circus, trap these fagots that act nervous
I give you that whack dap on purpose, sucker!

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Oh, pop on still till the cops gonn bail
We can get it poppin till the block gone still

So the chill to the back of your spine from the back of
the 9
Now you havin stand in the back of the line
Practice and grind, the switcher beside me
To get it poppin, to stay in lights like a lobby
Where IÂ'm prolly, meet events with a hooby
For when I hop in, suck me off cause IÂ'm cocky
Watch me, the cipher and the wolves despite the rifle
Deciding they enticed by the woods
The trifle live in hood, cause I fight when I should
To take his money and closin the light is good
Invite only means to fill the void in the jeans
With your pockets on green, I was prolly on the screen
Should never give me a mapÂ...on the knees
Goonie status, super poppin, louie rappin
Booby trappin, wear my booby lapin like a lightbulb
Lights go, with the right blow
May rest in peace, with a rhythm on a block
With the venom pops swear to killing cops
Â...cause he ainÂ't gonna leave
All the white people call them hooligans
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