

## **Daz f/ Rick Ross**

### **"On Some Real"**

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Daz]

I got trees in a Jar 23's on a car  
You can bleed if I star we on the bulevaard  
Got straps simple as dat hand on the trigger  
need 30 mo' Ohhhhh's to add to these figures  
See my necks so heavy gotta shine up the Chevy  
See ya betta stay wit it or ya gon' get wet  
Stay in the fresh shit new fly kicks  
hundred thousand dolla whip nigga dose dat triiiiip  
Get cha walk on, throw up ya set  
Yea get it how you livin' nigga rep musik  
Diamonds on my neck diamonds on my wrists  
Just a lil somethin playa yeea money ain't shiiiiit  
You know the clubs so packed, girls so stacked  
Me and my niggaz smokin chronic in the back  
Got ass so fat, I like it like that  
When she get up all on it I'll beat it from the back....

[Chorus]

On some reeeeeal shit  
I gotta be the best  
I gotta stay fresh  
I represent the West  
On some reeeeeal shit  
I'm all about the cash  
A bitch wit some ass and some drink in my glass  
On some reeeeeal shit  
We don't play no games  
If you talk slick ya betta be prepared to bang  
On some reeeeeal shit  
I got mo' bounce than an ounce  
I'll do it to you bad for a large amount

[Rick Ross]

It had to be a dope chain  
Started wit the dope game  
All about the cocaine  
Tired of bein poor mayne  
Cracks in a niggaz roof  
Buckets just to catch the rain  
Sellin crack on the roof buckin just to get a name

Now I'm crack in a roof open up the bentley brains  
No flaws in the stones, iced out urrrthang  
Three colors on a wrist, watch cost anotha fifty  
So So Def D-P-G fuckin on some reeeeeall shit  
West coast got the best smoke Miami hoes well known  
for the best throat  
Miami well known for the best dope  
hit the cell phone now for the best quotes (quotes)  
You see the pretty paint, you see I'm sittin high  
I got a boat mo' the fuck doin 55 (on some reeeeeal shit)  
Don't let this 4 puond bang ya  
This Rick Ross and them Dogg Pound Gangstas

[Chorus]

[Daz]

I eat Now & Later, poly seeds, love to smoke a lot of  
weed  
Kahki shorts, white tees, all blue wilda C's  
Gotta be the best in everything that I do  
Imma real mothafucka (JD-How to fuckin stay trueeee)  
I stay away from the suckas mark cowards and bustas  
See I'll put it on yo ass do it like no otha  
On some real shit feel this, Check how I rep dis  
See them niggaz C Walkin or dat A-Town steppin  
I'm so so def so so pathetic  
They see a nigga ballin and they wonder how I get it  
I gotta keep a weapon, for dis typa profession  
Nig incarcerate if you slippin yup anyone can get it  
On the turn fo' payed like the boss that I work for  
Fatty Mazerati and Ferrari and the Lambo, strapped like  
Rambo  
Clip after clip, yea I love the set trip and love the sured  
up shit, but

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

1a8a

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