

Dope Boy Dreams

Quando Rondo

Pourinfig up for them real niggas
We gon' roll one up for the real hittas
(I'm working on dying)Quando Rondo, niggaAll the real niggas in Heaven
Man, I need someone to call on
Nowadays these phones tapped
I don't even wanna talk on 'em
Down a very long road
These niggas ain't never walked on it
My back against the rope
she cut her ties so I could fall on it
You wasn't built to hold shit down,
That's why you turned your back on me
You couldn't hold me down,
even if you had on some gravity
I built my own empire
They tryna take down my masterpiece
I think they mad I turned my dreams into reality
See, I was grinding out my trunk, I feel like Master P
Pouring up for them real niggas
Roll one up for them real niggas
Dope boy dreams, sip out the cup for them real niggas
Post in the cut with them real killas
Loyalty run deep
But it seem like my friends ain't friends no more
Blood in the streets plus in my veins don't make us kin no more
15K, that's for a verse
Remember getting 10 a show
Going before my time
I'm like a binder, I won't bend or fold
I put my dick inside your ear
Fuck what you heard, but they stay talkin'
Feelin' just like Future off this herb
and plus them Perkys calling
I could hear Miss Murdy calling
Pick up the phone
She telling me I ain't got no worries, darlin'
Like Hakuna Matata
It ain't no more room on my roster
I flip around the city with top shottas
Timmy told me go get 'em, and I got 'em
All 'em broken promises, I never bought 'em
All the real niggas in Heaven

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Post in the cut with them real killasAll banded up, so I'm by myself
No, I don't really be on no party shit
I'm tryna feed the streets, I feel like Roddy Ricch
How you 'posed to be my dawg
You wanna murk me, though?
Signed to the streets three times, I feel like Durkio
Countin' a Patek while on a jet, I ain't talkin' Tokyo
You told them lies to me, no Pinocchio
And then you got the nerve to ask me how I feel, nigga
Pour one up for them real niggas
I wanna tell the world about you
Just so they could get jealous
And if you see her 'fore I do, tell her I wish that I met her
If I catch the opposition, guarantee I'ma scratch 'em
So we bet' not let me catch 'emAll the real niggas in Heaven
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>