

# Real Thing (feat. Future)

Tory Lanez

Told her pop that ass for me on a jet ski (On a jet ski)  
She said, "I might even lick it if you let me" (If you let me)  
You knew I would kill the pussy when you met me  
And that's why none of mine can regret me  
Oh, yeah oh, yeah  
Throw the cash up high, it's all there, yeah  
Pop that ass for me on the jet ski  
She wanna fuck because the chain, Wayne Gretzky  
I would hit it out in public if she let me  
I'm tryna fuck her twin sister she gon' let me  
I can make the pussy squirt, you wanna bet me  
Say I hit that the shit so good she can't forget me  
I can't have no bird bitches disrespect me  
When you know I curve bitches just for sweating me  
I be smoking Presidential, gone elect me  
All the white girls wanna give me Becky  
All the time a nigga fuck her in a fresh tee  
A nigga mad that I'm sav, tryna threaten me  
I be balling, need a espy  
That's your girlfriend, she my bestie  
If you sayin', let's be honest, girl, then let's be  
I'm tryna see you and little mama on a jet ski  
Yeah, the real thing  
I don't wanna do it if it's not the real thing  
She don't wanna do it if you ain't got the bill paid  
All my boss bitches know I got the bill  
Hey, hey  
Bad bitches and they want the real thing  
I don't wanna do it if it's not the real thing  
She don't wanna do it if you ain't got the bill paid  
All my boss bitches know I got the bill, hey Fuck her twin sister, now she hate me (Hate hate)  
Brrt, brrtt  
Please, order up the jet key (Key)  
I just changed my number, you can't call or sext me  
Have your location on when you address me  
Knock it out the park, Ken Griffey  
Ooh, ooh, ooh  
All these missed calls was never missed, ohh ohh  
And a lot of bad bitches with no IG  
She don't post, so I know she won't expose me  
I'm gone stamp every country on your ID  
They can't smoke me, you know they tryna find me

When I give that paper to you and it's crispy  
And these Benji Franklin's stacked up in your birkey  
Fell in love with a nigga drinking codeine  
How you gone fall for a nigga drinking creatine  
Fell in love with a nigga drinking codeine  
How you gone fall for a nigga drinking creatine  
Yeah, the real thing  
I don't wanna do it if it's not the real thing  
She don't wanna do it if you ain't got the bill paid  
All my boss bitches know I got the bill  
Hey, hey  
Bad bitches and they want the real thing  
I don't wanna do it if it's not the real thing  
She don't wanna do it if you ain't got the bill paid  
All my boss bitches know I got the bill, hey I got a thick, thick, thick, white bitch  
My shit lit than a bitch and I'm rich  
Keep a .40 with extendo on the grip  
And know I gotta have it on me because my niggas out here lit  
I ain't even know she was your bitch, dawg  
She been throwing that shit at me, Micheal Vick, dawg  
Steady quarterbacking at the kick off  
No pun intended, I just her with the pick  
Step up in the mix, shit is lit  
I might even stop and pose for a pic  
Looking at my ex bitch and she sick, yeah  
She don't like that I just pulled up with you  
Fuck it, tell a bitch to bust it  
I ain't come to t-t-talk, I came to t-t-touch it  
She came to s-s-suck me off, then, baby, s-s-suck it  
She tryna s-s-send a Snap, but, baby, time to bust it Yeah, the real thing  
I don't wanna do it if it's not the real thing  
She don't wanna do it if you ain't got the bill paid  
All my boss bitches know I got the bill  
Hey, hey  
Bad bitches and they want the real thing  
I don't wanna do it if it's not the real thing  
She don't wanna do it if you ain't got the bill paid  
All my boss bitches know I got the bill, hey

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>