

# Realer N Realer

## Future & Juice WRLD

I like to do what I wanna do  
I like to play with these bands  
I got the money and fame now, my family don't understand  
Wheezy outta here Shit getting realer and realer, uh  
Came up on a couple of million, uh  
I ain't 'bout status and billions  
Look at my money, it tripled  
Shit getting realer and realer, uh  
I lost my bro to the system, uh  
I lost my bro to a pistol, uh  
They tried to take me with him, uh  
I can't go for that, no, no  
I stay with killers every day  
Keep a 40, it's hungry  
I turn yo Glock to a buffet  
Yeah, I spend a lot  
Balenciaga jacket, Dior shades  
I got a lean stain on it, I'ma give it to my maid  
Uh, people love to talk about the money that they make  
Nobody wanna talk about the money that they save  
Who am I to talk about it? I blow money every day  
'Cause I know when you die, you can't take the shit to your grave  
Gucci and Louis shoes everywhere, I don't got no closet space  
Versace drawers, my underwear cost what you make in a week  
Uh, big shit, expensive shit, all that shit  
12 gauge, hit him, he'll do backflips  
40 hit him and he Michael Jackson  
Uh, big s--t, expensive shit, all that shit  
Only wanna fuck one time baby, I'm on the fall back shit  
Matter fact, you wanna fuck her  
But you on the call back list  
But if I hit it already, chances are I ain't gonna call back, bitch  
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I got a lean stain on it, I'ma give it to my maid  
All these tennis chains on, I kinda feel like a slave  
Bitch got a cum stain on my Gucci shirt, I threw it away  
I'm so proud of you, I'm higher than you  
I take that to the grave  
Having a thrill off these pills  
I go OD any day  
Shit getting realer and triller, I came up on a lotta M's  
Gotta pop on the opps, we shooting out soon as we see 'em  
I been on the G6's, gon' very hard to see him  
I turned a stripper to a maid, bringing magic to the crib  
7 carats on ring, 87 carats on my ears  
Chopper going off like, "ring, ring"  
Got P and crack, yeah  
I got Céline and codeine  
I'm going outta here  
Got more hoes than Yeezy clothes, they put up like souvenirs  
Shit getting realer and realer, uh  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>