

# Realer

## Megan Thee Stallion

Check, check, check  
LilJuMadeDisBeatAy, say, nigga, I don't wanna talk  
Meet me at the bank, show me what you really 'bout  
Niggas ain't real when the shit really count  
That's why I keep my lil' cat in they mouth  
Say, bitch, I don't gotta cap  
Everything I talk, yeah, I really did that  
If you want beef, then my bitch gon' scratch  
I'ma get the money, so I let her handle that (Woo)  
Free JT (Ayy)  
Real bitches fuck wit' me (Ayy)  
I don't do shit for the free, man  
Y'all niggas gotta pay me (Ayy)  
Put some respect on my team (Huh)  
I'm the 1501 queen (Ayy)  
Bitch, you better learn who run it  
'Cause all this money gotta come through me (Ayy)  
I keep it realer than real  
Fuck all the critics and fuck how they feel  
I'm getting money, it is what it is  
They wanna know how I did what I did  
Don't worry 'bout why I do what I do (Bitch)  
'Cause I ain't worried bout you (Bitch)  
Nah, I don't wanna be cool (Bitch)  
Still hanging with the same crew (Ayy) Cut a nigga off and my checks got bigger  
Rich bitch shit, got a broke ho bitter  
Hotter any bitch, I'm the hardest in the litter  
If you think she bad, put her in, let me get her  
Y'all praisin' bitches that's doin' the minimum  
They put that check in my hand, now I'm killin' 'em  
Don't wanna link with these bitches, ain't feelin' 'em  
I'll knock the shit out that bitch like a enema, ahh  
Yeah (Hmm)  
I know these bitches want the recipe for this hot shit  
I told them bitches I ain't gon' let one hater stop shit  
(I ain't gon' let no hater stop shit)  
Gucci down, these niggas love the way I rock shit  
I'm a real rap bitch, this ain't no pop shit Ayy, ayy, ayy, yeah  
These hoes know who to play with  
On the internet, all with the gang shit (Ayy)  
They love to talk hot shit with a lame bitch  
But when they come around me they don't say shit (Okay)

Ayy, yo' shit ain't pop 'cause it ain't hot  
Keep talkin' trash, I'ma come take you out  
Straight to the top, you cannot reach me  
Ain't fuckin' these niggas, I'm makin' 'em eat me  
Got that big budget with no major deal  
Don't wanna fly out to go eat a meal  
I am not signing for less than a mil'  
If you don't like it, then fuck how you feel  
Dreams, fuck with Kel  
J-bone, what's the deal?  
In the section with the bands  
Bring them girls over here I keep it realer than real  
Fuck all them critics and fuck how they feel  
I'm getting money, it is what it is  
They wanna know how I did what I did  
Don't worry 'bout why I do what I do (Bitch)  
'Cause I ain't worried bout you (Bitch)  
Nah, I don't wanna be cool (Bitch)  
Still hanging' with the same crew (Ayy)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>