

# Real Hitta (feat. Kodak Black)

## Plies

Yea  
Baby I'm a certified smacker  
Plies, Kodak  
I'm a real deal sniper, ya knaaa mean?  
Yea, yea  
I know yeen never been with no real hitta  
No real nigga  
I'm talm bout like, a nigga dat really got a sack though  
I'm talm bout like being cuffed by the boss and not the runner  
Yea, dat way  
Have you ever made love to a real hitta?  
Yea, a nigga that's always in the field  
Probably finessin', probably out here drug dealin'  
(I wanna know)  
Ima love you like I might die tomorrow, aye  
Ima love you like I might die tomorrow, aye  
I'm probably gettin' money if I ain't call ya, baby  
I'm probably gettin' money if I ain't call ya, baby I done came back from pissin' inside the  
Trump Hotel  
'Fore I take it in, I got to catch me one more sell  
Name saved up under Febreze cause she ain't got no smell  
I can hit it from the back, ain't got to hold my breath  
All these hundreds on me got me startin' to look like a scammer  
All that ass she got back there startin' to look like a pampers  
Pull up on ya ass with a bag just like I'm Santa  
Plug name Julio but he don't play for Atlanta  
The only millionaire you know that wear Dope Boy Ree's  
You ain't never fucked a nigga that had this much cheese  
I'm just tryna run you crazy like they tried Kanye  
Treat you like the mailman, make you come once a day  
Have you ever made love to a real hitta?  
Yea, a nigga that's always in the field  
Probably finessin', probably out here drug dealin'  
(I wanna know)  
Ima love you like I might die tomorrow, aye  
Ima love you like I might die tomorrow, aye  
I'm probably gettin' money if I ain't call ya, baby  
I'm probably gettin' money if I ain't call ya, baby Baby you know I'm out here in these streets, I  
gotta get it  
If I ain't on the corner, I'm in the 'yo, bae I be busy  
But you gotta pray for me cause these niggas be hatin' in my city  
And you gotta thank God everyday he be lettin' you be with me

I'ma get in that lil pussy like I'm just gettin' outta prison  
And word around town, he bagged a nigga but he didn't  
I'm Sniper Gang baby, I got more stripes than the Navy  
And ain't nothin' changed because I motherfuckin' made it  
I'm a real hitta, I'm a real nigga, ima treat you like a lady  
I'm a real hitta, so every pistol I got it ain't on safety  
And if I ain't call ya back then bae I'm gettin' to that money  
But ima come through, and ima fuck ya like the police lookin' for me  
Have you ever made love to a real hitta?  
Yea, a nigga that's always in the field  
Probably finessin', probably out here drug dealin'  
(I wanna know)  
I'ma love you like I might die tomorrow, aye  
I'ma love you like I might die tomorrow, aye  
I'm probably gettin' money if I ain't call ya, baby  
I'm probably gettin' money if I ain't call ya, baby  
I get ya hair done so much they start to think  
you a beautician  
These lil' niggas tryna come up, only reason they diss me  
Ya last man bought you Bebe but I'll buy you Givenchy  
Biggest thing he ever did for you was take you to Chili's  
Keep a bank in my pocket, call me Plies Fargo  
Sex game undefeated, think I'm 100-0  
I don't go nowhere for free, if you got a check I'll go  
Ya last man he was petty, tell him I said so  
I be hustlin' so hard I lose track of the days  
That lil pussy was so sorry, I call it minimum wage  
'Fore you leave this earth baby you better getchu a hitta  
Talkin' one that got a bag and drop that rod like a killa  
Yea, I just wanna know...Have you ever made love to a real hitta

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