

## Riverdale Rd

2 Chainz

Yeah, turn that maafaka up Nolan  
Woah, know what I'm saying, I wanna feel like I was in some muthafakin' dang  
er  
I got my mothafuckin' pistol in my pocket, ya dig?  
Yeah, in the booth, on some 5540 old national shit, you know what it is, nig  
ga  
We in the back, nigga, way in the back, nigga, serving sacks, nigga and serv  
ing Act  
Mane, c'mon with the Kap, bruh...

Riverdale, he was there, she was there, you wasn't there  
I was the same ol' nigga  
Yeah that trap had raised a nigga  
How could you blame a nigga?  
Gold everywhere, gold over there, Trinidad James you niggas  
Came on the set with hundreds to bet  
But I still changed you niggas, yeah

My first foreign car, it was a Bimmer  
My second foreign car, it was a Bimmer  
My third foreign car, it was a Porsche  
My fourth foreign car you can't afford  
My pocket pregnant, don't want no abortion  
My draws got them horses, my car got them horses  
Rocking some Pradas like they was Air Forces  
We had no choices

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You wasn't there when mama was struggling  
You wasn't there when mama was fussing  
Told 'em ketchup, you too far in the mustard  
I had a Chevelle and wanted a Cutlass  
I went to work and I made an abundance  
Gucci flip flops with the corns and bunions  
Counting blue hundreds and smoking an onion  
And she got an onion and I wanna rub it  
We hanging off the Nat, see that's where my office at  
We dressed all in black  
We got 'em calling back, just went to the mall and back  
When you was the quarterback, I had the quarter sacks

Riverdale, Riverdale, Riverdale, Riverdale, Riverdale  
Riverdale Rd., nigga  
He was there, he was there, you weren't there  
He was there, she was there  
Riverdale Rd., nigga  
Abracadabra, I turned myself into a millionaire  
I wore some Gucci to your mama house just to leave it there

Riverdale, he was there, she was there, you wasn't there

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How could you blame a nigga?  
Gold everywhere, gold over there, Trinidad James you niggas  
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I know something you don't know  
I'm gonna get some bands, yeah  
I know something you don't know, yeah  
I'm gonna get some bands

Okay, from grams to Grammys  
Okay, from fans to family  
I went from trips we tryna plan  
To cribs in South Miami  
They got my vision fancy  
She in my crib, no panties  
I told the bitch she got to sit down  
Just to understand me  
They asking, "What's the plan, B?"  
I don't have a Plan B  
I told 'em this shit got to work  
It's just like candy to me  
I mean it's hard but it's sweet  
I'm Drench God in the streets  
I break the law in the sheets  
I make her cum on repeat

I know something you don't know  
I'm gonna get some bands, oh yeah  
I know something you don't know, yeah  
I'm gonna get some bands  
Riverdale, Riverdale!