

Rich As Fuck

Lil' Wayne

Never talk to the cops, I don't speak pig latin
I turn the penny to a motherf*cking Janet Jackson
Tell the bitches that be hatin I ain't got no worries
I just wanna hit and run like I ain't got insurances
Ho what's yo name what's yo sign, Zodiac Killer
All rats gotta die, even Master Splinter
Yeah Murder 187
I be killing them bitches I hope all dogs go to heaven
And I got xanax, percocet, promethazine with codeine
Call me Mr Sandman, I'm selling all these hoes dreams
Got a white girl with big titties, flat ass TV screen
I keep a bad bitch call me the BB King
You know I got that mouth out her
And put that bitch out like a house fire
I'm killing these hoes like Michael Myers
I eat that cat just like a lion
And I can't trust none of these niggas
Can't trust none of these hoes
I see your girl when I want, I got that ho TiVo'd
Got a red ass bitch with a red ass pussy
Nigga try me, that a dead ass pussy
Cuz yall motherf*ckers so blind to the fact
To tell you the truth, I don't care who's looking
All I know is I love my bitch
That pussy feel just like heaven on earth
Six feet deep, dick shovel in dirt
R.I.P.-Rest in pussy
Light that shit then pass that shit
We gon get so smoked out
And then I went got locked up
Every night I dreamt I broke out
One Time for them pussy niggas
That's that shit I don't like
We eating over here nigga
F*ck around and have food fight
And that's 2 Chainz...

Look at you
Now look at us
All my niggas look rich as f*ck
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AK on my night stand, right next to the bible
But I swear with these 50 shots, I'll shoot it out with 5-0
Pockets gettin too fat, no weight watchers no lipo
Money talks, bullshit walks on a motherf*cking tight rope
And I make that pussy tap out, I knock that pussy out cold
Nigga you get beat the crap out but that's just how the dice roll
These hoes want that hose pipe, so I give all these hoes pipe
She get on that dick and stay on, all night like porch lights

Lets do it, f*ck talking, we out here we ballin
And I'm spraying that on these rusty niggas like WD40
We f*cked up, we Truk'd up, no if ands or but f*cks
Bitch niggas go behind yo back like nun-chucks and that's f*cked up
But my hoes down, my cups up, my niggas down for whatever
These bitches think they're too fly well tell em hoes I pluck feathers
I'm Tunechi, Young Tunechi, I wear Trukfit f*ck Gucci
She's blowing kisses at me with her pussy lips, smooches
And that's 2 Chainz...

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