

# Rich Nigga Still Trappin

Migos

Dj Durel, pow pow pow, give 'em hell  
Yeah  
I'm a rich nigga  
You thought I ain't still in these streets nigga?  
Might catch me out there now

Rich nigga still trapping  
Im rich I still bust it down  
Rich nigga run in your trap  
I'm a rich nigga still lay the fuck nigga down  
Rich nigga, rich nigga, thats three crazy rich niggas  
Rich nigga, rich nigga, thats three crazy rich niggas  
Rich nigga still robbin'  
Rich nigga still mobbin'  
Rich bricks circumcise 'em  
Rich nigga making plays all on the island  
Rich nigga, rich nigga, thats three crazy rich niggas  
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Rich nigga still hittin' licks with that dirty stick  
Rich nigga still hit the highway with bout 50 bricks  
Put 50 thousand in the hood I ain't touching shit  
Told that bitch she better cook it good, she better break her wrists  
Young nigga got my first sack it was a Vick  
Remember running in them houses sometimes I ain't come out with shit  
Put that cocaina on your nose, I'm guarenteed that your nose gonna itch  
When I seen my first hundred dollar bill I ain't look back since  
They say Quavo why you got that pot I heard you rich nigga  
I'm in to deep in the trap game drowning in a marijuana river  
50 bags in the trash can put it on my tab  
Rich nigga, I'm a rich nigga still juggling slabs

Hook - Quavo:]  
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Bitch nigga told on your partner you a snitch nigga  
Trapping capping trying to make a million  
Pulling in a Bentley hurt a nigga feeling  
I got babies in the kitchen not talking children  
30 round extension have you smelling like chitlins  
Dexter lab in the kitchen do forensics  
I'm the breadwinner niggas need me they depending  
Six on my money, got drugs up in Franklin  
I'm havin' dabbin' should've been a damn mannequin  
You can see my diamond comin like I'm the ambulance  
I'm ready for war migo gang like the taliban

I can't trust these bitches had to learn my lesson  
Shittin' on you niggas like a intestine  
Pistol popping, I'm the king like I'm Elvis  
Got the trap game in a chokehold, full nelson  
Rich nigga still trappin  
Choppa clappin I was pappen  
I didn't have it, so I snatched it  
Robbing the hood, I ain't talking bout basket  
It was tragic caught my nigga pistol lackin so I pack it  
In the winter time I still got my ratchet  
I'm ready for war pistol under my jacket

Hook - Quavo:]

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