

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

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