

Fly Rich

Rich Gang

[Intro: Stevie J] + (Future)
DJ Stevie J~! (We gon' get to it nigga...)
Real niggas~! (... by any means necessary)
Rich niggas~! (We were born like this)
Fly shit~!

[Hook: Future]
I be on some fly nigga shit when I step out
Fuck what y'all talkin' about
I be on some rich nigga shit when I step out
Fuck what y'all talkin' about, fuck what y'all talkin' about...
Fuck what y'all talkin' about, fuck what y'all talkin' about
I be on some fly, rich nigga shit, steppin' out
I be on that fly, rich nigga shit, steppin' out
Fuck what y'all talkin' about

[Tyga]
Quarter-mill for the car, quarter-mill on the arm
Black Double-R, back the fuck off
Drophead, cut your head off, hard top, no soft
Wet pussy turn me on when it keep me hard
King shit, Versace tiles, I ain't dryin' off
Marble floors, you dusty niggas couldn't walk on
Jesus walked on water, so I'mma walk on charters
Private jets, baguettes, only fuck with ballers
All this, half a mill, first week of August
I ain't even doin' shows, I'm just workin' on the album
Forty for the feesha, I just payed my mama's Visa
You in the club breathin', that Ten X, you niggas Beavis
She give me +butt, head+ - get brain like a genius
I got that dope shit, the 80s chrome Alpinas
(White Beamer) - my son gon' inherit this flow
You niggas gumball drops on the bottom of my sole
HA~!

[Hook]

[Meek Mill]
Young nigga, we Rich Gang, came up from that rich game
Picture me rollin' down Biscayne, black Double-R with your bitch, mane
With that top off and that drop head, pull up on 'em, they drop dead
Niggas talkin' that bird shit, when them birds came, they was not dead
And I was out there with that work from the 15th to the 1st
My clique mean and they merk, we'll let them clips squeeze like dirt
When it come to them dollars, nigga, why bother? These niggas don't want no
problems
'Cause I'll kill all y'all dead, put a price on your head, get your brain, I
doubt it (WHOOO~!)
I be on that fly shit - M-O-B that mob shit
Boy, I'm talkin' G5 shit, 50 racks for that ride, shit
That ain't yours, that's my bitch, you clocked out and I signed in
We young niggas, we grindin', we shinin' like diamonds (WHOA~!)

[Hook]

[Mystikal]
Make them pop ten bottles like, "give me ten more"

I'm in the club passin' weed to the bitches, like "hit this shit"
Your stupid ass outside talkin' 'bout "get me in! " Should've known I was a
fool, when I moved
When I pulled up in that Bentley - told y'all I was gangster, still somethin'
' like a pimp
Don't say I didn't - million-
dollar flow, got a lot of dough, brand new clothes
VIP for niggas like me, wish a motherfucker would touch that rope
(Rappers, hustlers, dealers, killers, thugs, goons, beasts, guerillas)
(Money, cars, jewels, chinchillas, jets, cribs, condos, villas)
Say that, then... (hold up), goddamn right, bitch I've been fly since way back
when
That's right, I am YMCM, Grave Street, play that, there
Burnin' up the track like a motherfuckin' matchstick, you know that's him
Tryna shine when you come around stars like us, they do look dim
Ain't got your game tight, ain't got your swag up, shame on them
Your legs too little and your T-Shirt big; nigga, go to the gym
For the love of my clique, we up in this bitch
So sorry that your girl's suckin' my dick, throwin' money in the air like I'
m sick of this shit

[Hook]

[Stevie J - over Hook]
We be on our fly shit~!
You see us right~! Fly shit~!
Swag or die... and we high
Haha... Rich Gang
DJ Stevie J~!
Stunna, salute~! {*echoes*}