

Paint Tha Town

Rich Gang

[Hook: The Game]

Red everything, Red (Red)Bentley
Chop a n*gga down and tell his momma red send me
Rack(Rack)in my pocket, What colour is that motherf*cker
Same colour as your insides motherf*cker
You know we bang money, bang bang bang money
Holla at you Soo Woo, that's the new slang dummy
And when we hit the club we come in with them trash bags
For the money motherf*cker, Wall street cash

[Verse 1: Birdman]

Red jet, Hoppin' with my red flag
Pretty red bitch, with my teeth tatt
Holla respect the stuntin' in my digery-dash
Stay fly out the paw Young Money cash
We bang money, bang bang bang money
Cash Money Young Money bitch we flip cash
Blood line on my bloods see we see and smash
Tony guns ak's n*gga spit and dash
High Life, Carbine with a extra mag
Hit the curve, bad bitch n*gga dig and dash
My life has never been the same since the cash
My life ain't been the same since I bust this ass
Teardrop gangster, High life gangster
Cash Money Young Money bitch we the gangsters
You find me on the choppa with my choppa 9's choppers you can roof bitch
ready chop em
We laugh into the bank bitch
High life more money in the bank bitch
You know we do it 24, shit
More ho's out the paw when we blow bitch

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[Verse 2: The Game]

Run up on this Bentley wish a motherf*cker would
I leave your ass in Louisiana off in the woods
Choppa sinister city, bad boy since the Diddy
And my Phantom like a stripclub, ass and titties
I fuck rats, top models and regular ho's
Take a ball player picture Nas in my regular clothes
And you could have her back, I don't swear ho's
I put that on my hood like the crown on the cadillac
Teardrop gangster, only got one
But if I counted all the bodies they drip to my louis vuitton

All red Yeezy's, yeah the flame edition
The say I'm out of my mind like I got a cocaine addiction
Cuz when I was young I had Young Money
N*ggas try to stress me out so I tatted it on my tummy
Never been a Skylar, Far from a dummy
But you disrespect my clip I let the chopper red rumming
Yeah, And we bang money, bang bang bang money
50 round drum a nigga try to take this chain from me
You was go and kill me I'd already be dead
Don't make me come to your hood and paint that motherfucker red

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[Verse 3: Lil Wayne]

Sinister reds hat, Tilt that bitch to the right
You know how them bullets travel, Motherfucker book a flight.
Choppa made them niggas dance, motherfucking boogie nights
All of you suckas pussy, None of you pussy's tight
I rep that red flag, That's right that red flag
I still got blood money, I'm counting red cash
I'm in my skinny jeans, with my red Vans
I'm with a bad bitch, with a red ass
Talk crazy nigga, highway to heaven
Automatic start, Automatic weapon
Momma need a dress, You gon' need reference
I let Marley shoot 'em, Cuz I'm an convicted fellow
Sharp Shooter nigga, yeah shots perfect
You have a gog of blood, Bubble up and burp it
I'm in that new coupe, Ball head nigga
I'm Piru, All red nigga

[Outro: The Game/Birdman]

Yeaaah black wall Cash Money paint the town red,
Yeah, We paint the town red.
I tell em motherfucking, Eeeey
Black wall Cash Money paint the town red,
Yeah, We paint the town red
Tell em holla at me
Hit your town in these whips
Sun shining (Bleehh)
Yeah, Like new money, One Hunna