

R.G.

Rich Gang

[Intro: Birdman]

Sitting on top of this motherfucking hill
Rich Gang
Fully loaded
Looking at life from a good year blimp, boy
Size me up, guarantee you gonna lose
From hundred to hundreds bills
Project like the high life
Straight from the ' of a murder, we call it jungle, nigga
Pain came with this game
Young, rich, and wild
Famous and dangerous
And money was the motivation
We took the trips then came back and did the flips (*bird call*)
Feeling love with it
A bunch of niggas getting it
Yeah, Rich Gang (stay popping)
We eat when we sleep, boy
Flashy lifestyle, boy, paradise on earth
Smoke all day, nigga
Rich Gang, 100

[Verse 1: Mystikal]

Bitch, I slapped the fucker, crowded out the pistols
Shake the dog sitter, I ain't playing with you
I'm a constant rocker to that pussy popping
Seen that girl from Cancun, now the motherfuckers, they feel high
I got big ass houses, ' I'm a gorilla with [...] y'all niggas get '
I leave them broken homes, affected them collar bones
And a friend like Donkey Kong, you the global home system
Most niggas got chrome, too
Don't fuck with the Don, cursing in church, telling me wrong, mister
Pull it out then get out in public, breathe to your face, nigga, do it till
you love me
If you can't open your pants, get up my nigga, you showing that
Pull a confession, whole gang, stressing about that shit
Bring it on, get it over, I throw your ass all over
With and AT4 on my shoulder, that'll hold
Cop at ready, high five, nigga
[...]
I spit fire every time I talk, fuck around, spit this shit off the wall
And knock all your eyebrows off
I'm fucking retarded, ain't no helping me
You ' either you leave, I'mma stay, you gonna be bleeding again
I'm holding your hand, this buzzer is friend, a nigga keep taking them plans

[Outro: Mystikal]

This what the fuck I'm talking about right there, kid
You fucking killed them, immortalize them
Think they can open your casket up, nigga, you sure was ugly
Did good, boss is gonna be happy
Everything is in your future, kid