

2014 Xxl Freshman Freestyle

Rich Homie Quan

My flow hard to bite for all you stale eaters
And I'm still smart as hell like a Yale teacher
Pneumonia, I'm hot-headed, rare fever
Foul call, no foul ball, play fair, people
I tell Bone that I'm a young nigga, worth some car lots
Two cellphones and a pistol, I call shots
I'm tripping, money shoestrings stacking tall knots
I'm living, doing new things I never thought about
No sick days on my job description, no calling off
My ho gone, I'm home alone, Macaulay Culkin
How could I know, she ready to go?
House full of hoes, reality show
She sat in the ghost, no Casper, it'll go faster than it appear
And that's a Phantom, not a real ghost so don't fear
And them double letters on the Rolls Royce
And I'm Ronald Reagan in that building, bitch
Real recognize real, well I know Richie Rich
I got Dutch Masters for the kush smokers
Hold the reggie for the bush toters
"Fuck blacks," what Bush told us, fuck that, we took over
I bust back like a foot soldier, give you good gas like a shook
soda
Bulldozer, he cook cola, no haircut, give you the part
Asshole, but I'll do the Bart, Margie's not cool with her
Lisa mad I'm on Simpson, for real, and Homer say he through with her
Molly make your heart beat fast, I bought me a house across from Mia's house
And Maggie in the backseat laughing, calling me Daddy
I ain't your Papi, I'm pimpin' out of three cars
Speaking of the Simpsons, I ain't even mention free bars