

## 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