

Blah Blah Blah

Rich Homie Quan

It was hard to hear at first
I couldn't understand what you sayin'
And these bitches bound to get hurt
'Cause a lot of these niggas be playin'
And I fuck with shorty on the low
And I know she know I'm the man
So that extra shit gotta go
She probably don't know that I fucked her friend
If she ask about it
I'm a be like, "Blah blah blah blah"
When she try to argue with me
I be like, "Blah blah blah blah"
Trying to get back with me
I be like, "Hell nah nah nah"
And we ain't talking about no money
I'm like, "Blah blah blah blah"

I said, nigga be talkin' that blah
'Til you walk up with that blah, we ain't playin'
Heard he got hit in his eye
Heard he got bust in his mouth, see I'm sayin'?
Shorty gon' get on that D
First she gon' get on her knees, she ain't prayin'
Told her I'm a run it right back
Dog it ain't even like that, she ain't stayin'
I ain't got no fuckin' time, 'less it's fuckin' time
You ain't with it, go, please don't waste my fuckin' time
Got places to go, got people to see
Got this kilo on my neck, I'm just keepin' it G
Niggas dissin' for a listen, waitin' for a mention
Niggas lose all respect tryna gain attention
All this extra shit, man I need choppers with extensions
And all this work out here, you'd think we're waitin' on a pension, nigga

Every time I talk to my baby mama
She like "Blah, blah, blah, blah"
Every time I fuck on my Spanish bitch
She call me papa
Every time I hit the club
I came with all of my niggas
Them niggas over there, they broke
I take all of their bitches
I spend all of this money
Then get it right back in the morning
Got that Sprite in my cup
With some of that you ain't even know it
Wash that zanny down with that Mōet
I be fucked up but I never show it
Bought 10 bottles, I ain't even pour up
I just came to make the shit go up
Yeah, ball out on these hoes
Bars out on these hoes, I'll leave without these hoes
That's on my mama, that's on the game
It's so loud, I can't hear what you're sayin'

I done made a hundred K this week
Lord, why they wanna hate on me?

All white, not a stain on me
Diamonds dance like K.O.D
Pimp shit, should have a cane on me
I'm in Saks, no c'est la vie
I don't Tampa, that's 813
Them niggas know I'm from the 313
This bitch think she fuckin' with me
Tell her body bag herself
And I did this on my own
I ain't ever ask for help
Fuck you mean? That's that cash you smelled
Talk crazy, no pastors here
Make a pussy do a backwards flip
Hallelujah yeah the pastor's here
Choppers spit, ch-choppers out
Chopper style, hundred rounds
Get on the ground, don't make a sound, yeah, yeah
Keep runnin' your mouth, have them boys run in your house
Silencer don't make a sound
Blah, blah, blah, blah
These pussies off their mark