

# 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