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 Möet 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