

# I Go In On Every Song

Rich Homie Quan

Smoking like a chimney  
All I know is fire

Whip it like a chemist  
I'm higher than Mariah  
Rest in peace to micheal  
Jackson I'm in the ashton  
And they let me out for a minute

I'm going back in like I left something  
One of the best of em and I swear I ain't like the rest of em  
And I check some If you flexin  
V12 my lexus  
They suggest us to go broke  
Cause we finesse them with that dope  
And they respect the game cause they know  
That's just the way that it go  
Like a dealer in Vegas I pull cards  
East Atlanta made a hood starve, Rich Homies who I do it for  
I was in Bedford pine on boulevard  
Getting off that work and I'm a spend it till it's gone  
Put a door on the beat I go in on every song

I go I I go I go in on every song, go in on every song, go in on every so-  
ong  
I go I I go I go in on every song I I I I go in on every so-ong

Teasey here so we back at it  
I'm short stackin, back handin  
First class that pack landin  
Hitting home runs in battin practice  
That wood back got cork in it  
Baking soda got a fork with it  
She seen how long my check was and she tried to make me her boyfriend  
Stay out all night but I'm a go in  
No choice with, I'm endorsed with  
Gucci, louis my sports gear I stay up like a fork lift  
For da nigga hatin I got stupid surveillance  
I put cameras in the porsche rear  
Shit go more real with only one bullet I was forced to kill  
The beat, the instrumental, whatever you call it  
I said it to my realm, I gotta give him credit for it  
D.I. I see you bruh, I go in on every song  
A feature, what I need it for

I go I I go I go in on every song, go in on every song, go in on every so-  
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I go I I go I go in on every song I I I I go in on every so-ong

Go in on every song  
Spit flame in every line  
Tell my story cross my t's and dot my I's  
Shit a'int sweet, we got killers that sleep in every spot  
Shit get deep with no shovel niggas die every night  
Rest in peace to d-rock, free my nigga chicken  
You gotta dance for me and the niggas with me  
I got a smothered onion Off that Cajun chicken

And if your pockets broke let this paper fix it  
You can take a picture only with the flash off  
No lights on when my ice on  
That'll make me pass out  
You assed out like an exposed whore  
I go in like a closed door every song

I go I I go I go in on every song, go in on every song, go in on every so-  
ong  
I go I I go I go in on every song I I I I go in on every so-ong