

## Intro

Rich Homie Quan

Yeah, you know, if you thought I was going to stop goin' in  
You can ask double R, nigga  
That's Royal Rich

Could've been a doctor  
But I chose streets  
I could've been a lawyer  
But I chose streets  
Could've been anything I wanted to be  
But I chose streets  
(Nah, but be honest) Hm, the streets own me

Hey  
Started with it, I ain't start with paper, started with nothin', uh  
Droppin' out the hot bars that'll let me hit the ground runnin', uh  
House [?], thirteen when a young nigga just don't know how to put it, yo  
I was drivin' at fifteen got tired of the bus, ha  
For the yellow cheese, I was gettin' cheese for the guy that wasn't, and  
Nigga wouldn't try me in high school cause I had alot of buzzin' Fuck that,  
I'm a take shit like bloods and  
Talk like Thug when you see me in public  
You the predicate, nigga, I am the subject  
And I'm still goin' in but

Hey  
Some type of way, we ain't go, yeah I'm got 'em for a plat Then, my hair the  
whip [?], platinum, marijuana, got me ciroc  
Got a black card, Visa cards, I don't like to walk around with cash  
I might kiss in the front, just know I don't kiss no ass

I ain't drop no mixtape in two years, but I been still on that roll  
I been here for 25 years, thank God I'm still here  
But I know I gotta go, know I gotta go  
You ain't gotta go

Get money, don't play my nigga, I ain't never change, still goin' in  
Who the fuck said I wasn't gon' drop no mixtape?  
Who the fuck y'all think I'm is?  
Got alot of money, got alot of bitches, got alot of places that I still ain'  
t been  
But I got more problems than all of that  
Doughboy, I'm still goin' in

Still goin' in, still goin' in  
I said I'm still goin' in, I'm still goin' in  
I'm still goin' in, when I start?  
Hey Doughboy, when I start?  
Royal Rich

I done made so much money, I got like four bank accounts  
I put this pistol to your head, give you somethin' to think about  
I ain't on vacation, I was chilling, they thought I was in a drought  
Fuck around for real, how I make this transaction?, if it's for the right am  
ount  
I got my hands honestly know that I flew Had more drug dealers, had nothin'  
but two  
My money got stacked from the floor to the ceiling

Yeah, yeah, yeah, the ceiling  
I ain't have no more room in the attic, we filled it  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Wanted for murder, but school done meant to be  
All I done did was kill, I'm a rapper now but

Still goin' in x7, aye  
I told y'all niggas man  
R.F style for life