

Man Of The Year

Rich Homie Quan

Rich Homie?
That's You?

See, I walked in with two cups
Feeling like the man of the year
And a broke nigga can't understand hundred grand
In these pants over here
Picture that I'm a hit her from the back
With my hands on her hip
And I'm smokin' out the bag but I see your man with a zip
Everybody attention on me, cause everything I say so real
And that little thirty piece spent on the AP, got a nigga so chill!
And I got a 100, 000 times 5 that's 500, I ain't got a deal
And all I drink is lean I ain't being funny when I say I don't drink beer

Got a fam that love me I'll die about them and I'll kill
I told my niggas the only rule we got is thou shall never steal
If they don't like me, nigga, I really don't give a fuck how you feel
I'm a tell you how it is, they don't let a bitch feel
Do you know I keep my jeans filled with money?
You ain't never met a nigga like me before!
That pistol on me, I keep it exposed
I done made a million dollars and I didn't sell my soul
Tell them folks that I got it
And I didn't even go to college, brand new car and it's robotic
I can touch one button make the top go back like (Aye!)
I can say two words, make her panties just drop like (Hey!)
The young niggas trigga happy with 'em guns, they gon', spray!
And they'll do whatever I say
Cause I got a brand new car the other day
She all on my dick, now it's all on her face
See a nigga getting rich now she calling off sick
I done got a bitch pregnant with a babe on the way
Say it's time to eat so I'm saying my grace
More money, more problems I was playing that Ma\$e
We're getting money this way
You broke, I'll say it to your face!
Security ain't talking bout shit

I done walked in with two cups
Feeling like the man of the year!
I done walked in with two cups
Feeling like the man of the year!
They done let me in with two cups
Feeling like the man of the year!
You know I'm the man over here, Get a fan over here, hundred grand over here

Oh nigga, and I still spend money that I made like last month, nigga
With all this money I can do what I want, nigga!
With all this weed I prefer that my blunts are swishers
Ballin too hard on these niggas
Referee blow the whistle
Shoot out with your niggas
You're the type to throw the pistol!
If it's for shoot out with my niggas
I'm first to blow the pistol!
And I know you kissed her, right after I dismissed her

You know I had to keep it in the family
Now I'm fuckin her sister
(Oh shit!)
Now her big brother mad because
He knows he got smashed by the homie
And I don't need no need no deposit
Cause you know a nigga walking with it on me
And I'm a hit that pussy when it's fresh
Early in the morning
Cause it need the kissing
It's been four days, I'm a fuck you like I miss you!
Smoking all this weed, cause you know a nigga got issues
I've been locked up twice already fucked up my name in the system
RIP Teshia bought my first chain, hell, I remember
If it wasn't for you probably wouldn't be where I'm at so how can I forget y
ou?
Nigga, I'm still in the hood
I'm still in the trap, I'm still the same nigga!
My momma still live by Greenbrier
Ain't nothing changed but the figures
Ain't nothing lame about me, nigga
I want it, I'm a buy it, don't check the tag
Security ain't check my bag, nigga!