

## Type Of Way

Rich Homie Quan

My Niggas been hustlin' trying to make him something  
Ain't no telling what he'll do for the paper  
Soufflé, I'm straight, I scrape my plate,  
Sade, I'm a smooth operator

(I Drop The Top Of My Whip Baby!)

That car I'm driving make you feel some type of way  
That Custom Breitling make you feel some type of way  
This bitch I'm with got me feeln' some type a way  
Is it because my homies rich you feel some type of way?  
Some type of way, make you feel some type of way  
Heard she wana fuck me, know you feel some type of way  
Mr. CEO is what my title say  
Me and my homies did your Ho, he feel some type of way

Ok now let's be real I know you feel some type of way  
When I get to biting on her ear she make that Tyson face  
I drop down to my knees thankful for life today  
No naps since long sleep; hibernate  
I can tell if he tell if he 12, right away  
Go through hell cause I care, move you far away  
Drop you off late, know he feel some type of way  
I got hoes like golf trynna make what tiger made  
I got a hide away, and I go there sometimes, to give my mind a  
break  
I find a way, to still get through struggle, what I'm tryna say  
And I ant lying today when i tell you that I love

She got a Georgia peach on her rear end like a license plate  
No rookie, girl scout cookie got me high today  
I probably make, more money in six months,  
Than what's in your papa's safe  
Look like I robbed a bank  
I set it off like Queen Latifah, cause I'm living single  
I'm feeling cautious, I ain't scream when they served a subpoen  
a  
I heard that he the leader, come follow my tribe today  
I fucked her now he heated, he feel some type of way  
Don't know how to say, ain't the hardest man working?  
Attention we pay, there's always a man lurking  
No man perfect, but God  
My head, I nod  
Rich, homie, ugn