

We Gone Be Straight

Rich Homie Quan

Rich homie baby, Yeah, Yeah, yeah...

Grab the ice while it's cold, pop the seal on it, now we pourin'
' eights.

Yeah... yeah...

Doin' shows on the road, no mo local shit, more like tour dates
.

Yeah... yeah...

Tell ya hoe to get a table, and put these hundreds on it, we go
n' eat da plate.

Yeah... yeah...

And when it's all said and done and ya money gone, We Gone Be S
traight.

Ok now, we gone be alright shawty we gone be straight.

My diamonds look like light shawty, that's why I'm always late.

My sideline tryna fight shawty because she want her place,

And I don't wanna play no games with ya, that's what kids for.

My daddy told me 'Never hit her, just fuck her good like you mi
ss her'

Make her stomach hurt no sit ups,

Couldna been me she woulda been fucked... ok

Money and God, I put no one above that.

That thang you do with you tongue you know I luv dat.

I poured a eight out for my partners dead and gone.

I got some partners doing 40 who ain't never coming home.

I know my time coming so I check the mirror.

Meanwhile, grab the ice out the cooler.

Gettin' them scripts by the pint, 4 by the bottom, 8 in the pha
ntom,

Shouts out goes to molly.

Shouts out East Atlanta, shouts out to the projects.

Shouts out to my closet, naw shouts out to my wallet.

And we still young made bosses,

No dinner plans but we flossin'

And I'm in the van with that 40,

Like a business man, no talking.

Ok, that jet I'm in private nigga,

Okay, okay.

Got a potato at the end so when I shoot it, it be silent nigga.

And if you fuck me over, that's on you baby.

OG Bobby Johnson, give yo ass that duece baby.

Them bullets spreadin' like rumors.

That nigga sweatin', get some ice out the cooler.