

# You Not

Rich Homie Quan

You not, you not, you not  
I said you not that nigga I thought you was  
I said you not, you not, you not, you not, you not

I said you not that nigga I thought you was  
You the type of nigga who be flexing for the hoes  
I thought you had it, you not that nigga I thought you was  
You not, you not, you not, you not, you not  
That nigga I thought you was, I thought you was the plug  
But you not that nigga I thought you was  
I said you not, you not, you not, you not, you not  
That nigga I thought you was  
I said you tryna flex for these hoes, but you not that nigga I thought you was  
I said you not, you not, you not

You not that nigga who got it  
You not that nigga who riding  
You the type of nigga who be with that soft shit  
You not that nigga who silent  
All my niggas we violent, and all my niggas they riding  
And what they better do in that interrogation room is be quiet  
I thought you were the man round here  
I got a Glock cocked, got you moving like hopscotch  
It's like I'm making a nigga dance round here  
Young nigga faking with the MCM bags round here  
I bet it do the same motherfucking bull, bags ain't got no bands in them  
Maybe put my mans on him  
That nigga got fucked up and I ain't even have to lay a hand on him  
A real killer never tell, so I don't even know what they saying over there  
You not that nigga I thought you was  
I seen you and your partner caught, I thought you was  
Who you fooling homie  
Tool on me, fuck you homie  
ABC channel 2 homie  
I done fucked around and made the news on you  
Had to change shoes, waste food on em  
This flashy shit ain't nothing new homie  
I been me, you ain't you homie  
And you ain't no thug, plus you ain't that nigga I thought you was

You ain't never been around no dope  
I'm in the hood every day, you can have my cousin loot  
I got my homie Bone, still in paradise, he tryna get it gone  
Shawty Gretchen at the home, you know I got it on me  
Talking bout the 40 nigga, and I bust that motherfucker at your ass  
Cause I don't know you nigga, and I ain't trying to  
These hoes you be lying to  
And you can first class me everywhere I'm flying to  
My feet up, telling Evan cut the beat up  
Spent 30 thousand on sneakers, who's style I took nigga, speak up!