

# If

Richie Rich

(Verse 1: Richie Rich)

I learned first  
A bitch gon' move like she want to  
Through the grass, to camaflauge the ass  
Her main goal, the cats at the top of the pole  
She's 17  
Already on the 18th hole  
that's how it goes  
Niggas better check these hoes  
Bust moves to improve  
Try to stay on ya toes  
'cause this bitch, she guppyin' up with every balla,  
Don't hate me 'cause the bitch ate me  
I seen it happen  
what's poppin, is hoopin' and rappin'  
She call me papi,  
Never bought this bitch versace  
Dawn and Karen, that thing's in the black LeBaron,  
Got her transportin'  
Now she feel important  
Little girl gone bad, she dancin' at the club  
Mad den a mothafucka lookin' for love  
She fuckin' everything  
And a nigga can't control her  
Hoopas, rappas, thugs, and high rollas

(Chorus)

If I fucked yo' bitch  
Would a nigga trip?  
Knowin' that she go around blowin' niggas' dicks  
If I fucked yo' bitch  
Would a nigga trip?  
Knowin' that she go around blowin' niggas' dicks  
X2

(Verse 2: Richie Rich)

You know, like I know  
Paid niggas live  
The M ticket, make the hoes want to kick it  
All groupies  
Big, tall, and small groupies  
Niggas get paid  
Believe they all groupies  
She got a nigga  
And she love him  
Ain't gon' leave him  
But quick to cross, with any nigga that floss  
Boy I'm tellin' ya  
Its your job to test your bitch  
If her legs open  
Believe I can arrest your bitch  
She fine than a mothafucka bout to get fucked  
And no loss bein' broke  
'cause nigga we ain't folks  
Playa policy, you should have more than one hoe  
'cause when she drop down below  
Damn, there she blow  
Its on now  
But before she hit the house

The scope fo sho  
I let her wash out her mouth  
Now she kissin' you  
Screamin' how she missin' you  
In love with one bitch  
He bit the tougne kiss  
(Chorus)  
(Verse 3: Richie Rich)  
If I fucked her  
As if he fucked her  
Would it break ya heart  
If I told ya, we fucked her  
Be up together  
Shit I broke, they slept together  
I'm the balla  
At ya house the crank caller  
Let me be the reason you get caller I.D.  
Ya can't check her  
These clients at the business respect her  
She love this  
Nigga no lie, I fucked your bitch  
I know it hurts  
But if ya scared go to church  
Respect a thug  
I kept ya bitch out the mud  
Gave a game of trey  
Showed her how to get paid  
Don't mug me  
Nigga you should take me to lunch  
I got a hunch  
That we gonna see each other a bunch  
Like that GS 3  
Boy that's PS me  
Its all pimpin  
Trick you should pay more attention  
Can't hate it  
When practically we related  
She your wife, my hoe  
Its your bitch, with my dough  
(Chorus)

(Verse 4: Richie Rich)  
Ya bitch hit the studio  
Tryin' to see  
Just how much dick she gotta suck to fuck with me  
Said you was proper  
But shit you wasn't a thug  
She had a phat ass on her  
I couldn't pass on her  
Its too cats in a bitch life  
Two mackin' a trick  
They keep her even  
Some how this trick keep believin'  
That he's the playa  
Nothin' to lose its all game  
Like bein a trick for this bitch is a small thang  
I knew though  
When I'm doin' my thang real quick with a bitch  
Be slick with a bitch  
She slip  
Nigga don't stick with a bitch  
Get ghost on a bitch  
Stay close, pop like toast on a bitch

Play Benz on a bitch  
T.V.'s 20 inch rims on a bitch  
Break wind on a bitch  
Go deep  
Then take 10 on a bitch  
Drop south on a bitch  
Put dick all on the mouth with a bitch  
I'ma out on a bitch  
that's really all I'm bout on a bitch  
Its me, Jazzy-Fay, and Dent tryin' to pay the rent  
(Chorus to end)