I'm in my 7 deuce kelis with the slappin' bat With the slappin' bat, with the slappin' bat I got that rag top Impala with the French blue back With the French blue pack, with that French blue

I got that rag top Impala with the French blue back Could you loan me a dollar? Bitch, I can't do that Got a flight in an hour, got my bags all packed Bring it in for the huddle a hundred and 50 bags pow Want me to take ya to the club and throw it on the ground? Instead I can't get by, fin this make you double girl I'm back up in this, you pussy niggas in trouble now Shake, what you gon shake the city? Clearly you are from outta town I made my scraper catch your paper on the turf Stackin' yaper like a Laker, hit exactly where it hurts Better put that shit in reverse, you might cross over the ledge The king of the castle swingin' screamin' "off with they heads! " Round up and raggel your ratchets Mad cause they given aside shit Fuck it, we keep it, we mack it Don't 'em nigga, wut's happenin'? What is it? Let's get 'em cracking Millions and millions reactin' Focused, no longer distracted Put it down, let's see you mack shit

I'm a rich ass nigga (you's a bitch ass nigga)
I'm a rich ass nigga (you's a bitch ass nigga)
I'm a rich ass nigga (you's a bitch ass nigga)
I'm a rich ass nigga (you's a bitch ass nigga)

Stacking money to the ceiling, getting paid all day All day all day all day...

If you ain't tryna get it, better get up out the word Out the word out the word out the word out the word...

They gonna walk and they sleep and drash Now the reefer's on fire, let the motherfucker burn The farm once you came here when it was my turn Everybody up in here spazzin' Prouder than a hippie, fuckin' hella pussy Everybody tipsy, feelin' hyper tripy My wrist real brisky icy Bitch man niggas don't like me Cause their wife want me to pichy But only since 19-90 Body body boom boom I'll be racoonin' Me and a few of my goonsie Alcohol consuming When I raisin' the grip, when these fin niggas 'bout to hit you in the head Better pack astroclickers Niggas ain't playin' and it's really with this shit Ballin' like prowlin' I shoot a pimp, say it like stalvin All I hear is money countin' Thousands on thousands

Relentless, put the pousie
Look tall player, no jawsin'
All about my allowance
And the money countin' just countin'
Sheesh but bitch I'm heavy off in these streets
UFC front seats
No salmon man, we feast

I'm a rich ass nigga (you's a bitch ass nigga)
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Let's get whatever you drinkin' and drink it by the case Then let me pound on your pussy and knock it out of place I wanna hook you and book you, hedges sometimes the face While we vacate in the destination for motivation, ace Separate hundreds from 50's Ball it up, bring it all with me Call it an audible hit me I'm open, never forget me Down shit punchin' approachin' - 160 I'm crawling like Pauline LeBailey, bouncing around the city Pity you feelin' shitty It's 25 to life for this pushin' And spike off did anybody hit by a sniper Live the rest of your life in a diper or chill the fuck out Oh you can walk? Better keep walkin' or they could carry you out This is the end of the drought, homies is bouncing around me Too many 0's to count, I let these women surround me Jump off their clothes to give mouth But then they never confine me Holding unholy amounts Already showed you the route

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