

# Rich As Fuck

Lil' Wayne

Never talk to the cops, I don't speak pig latin  
I turn the penny to a motherf\*cking Janet Jackson  
Tell the bitches that be hatin I ain't got no worries  
I just wanna hit and run like I ain't got insurances  
Ho what's yo name what's yo sign, Zodiac Killer  
All rats gotta die, even Master Splinter  
Yeah Murder 187

I be killing them bitches I hope all dogs go to heaven  
And I got xanax, percocet, promethazine with codeine  
Call me Mr Sandman, I'm selling all these hoes dreams  
Got a white girl with big titties, flat ass TV screen  
I keep a bad bitch call me the BB King  
You know I got that mouth out her  
And put that bitch out like a house fire  
I'm killing these hoes like Michael Myers  
I eat that cat just like a lion  
And I can't trust none of these niggas  
Can't trust none of these hoes  
I see your girl when I want, I got that ho TiVo'd  
Got a red ass bitch with a red ass pussy  
Nigga try me, that a dead ass pussy  
Cuz yall motherf\*ckers so blind to the fact  
To tell you the truth, I don't care who's looking  
All I know is I love my bitch  
That pussy feel just like heaven on earth  
Six feet deep, dick shovel in dirt  
R.I.P.-Rest in pussy  
Light that shit then pass that shit  
We gon get so smoked out  
And then I went got locked up  
Every night I dreamt I broke out  
One Time for them pussy niggas  
That's that shit I don't like  
We eating over here nigga  
F\*ck around and have food fight  
And that's 2 Chainz...

Look at you  
Now look at us  
All my niggas look rich as f\*ck  
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AK on my night stand, right next to the bible  
But I swear with these 50 shots, I'll shoot it out with 5-0  
Pockets gettin too fat, no weight watchers no lipo  
Money talks, bullshit walks on a motherf\*cking tight rope  
And I make that pussy tap out, I knock that pussy out cold  
Nigga you get beat the crap out but that's just how the dice roll  
These hoes want that hose pipe, so I give all these hoes pipe  
She get on that dick and stay on, all night like porch lights

Lets do it, f\*ck talking, we out here we ballin  
And I'm spraying that on these rusty niggas like WD40  
We f\*cked up, we Truk'd up, no if ands or but f\*cks  
Bitch niggas go behind yo back like nun-chucks and that's f\*cked up  
But my hoes down, my cups up, my niggas down for whatever  
These bitches think they're too fly well tell em hoes I pluck feathers  
I'm Tunechi, Young Tunechi, I wear Trukfit f\*ck Gucci  
She's blowing kisses at me with her pussy lips, smooches  
And that's 2 Chainz...

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