

30, you a fool for this one

Herschel Walker, used to ride that MARTA, yeah, that thirty-four
Pants saggin', bankroll in my pocket and that thirty close
Church in session, talk shit like the pastor, catch the holy ghost
Trap is bunkin' and we makin' money, see that open door
We been gettin' it, we been goin' hard, boy, I gotta have it
Neighbor trippin', way too many cars, we got too much traffic
Look suspicious, pistol in my drawers and yeah, it's automatic
You work at Lids, puttin' shit on your kids, go'n with all that cappin' (talk your shit, Rich Homie)

Pulled up in that Benz, I hopped out perfect (I hopped out clean)
Tried to rob me, you got killed, now was it worth it? (fa-fa-fa-fa)
Might buy that Maybach, I grew up without no curtains (might buy that six-three, nigga)
And when I get it, I'ma keep my windows rolled up on purpose (ayy, ayy)
You can't tell a nigga like me shit (nah)
I ain't have it all when I was little (nope)
Sixteen years old drinkin' liquor (what?)
I ain't never ever touched a beer (ha)
I ain't never ever touch a mill' (never)
Till I stayed down and start rappin' (I stayed down, nigga)
Then I turned my dreams into reality (that right too), I rode that

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We were growin' up fightin' when we were kids (yeah)
Remember some nights where we ain't eat? (ayy)
I was Holyfield hustlin' in the trap (truth)
They was Mike Tyson bitin' on the kid (ayy, Mike)
I remember tryin' to get rich (hey)
Smokin' two for fives of the mid (woo)
Never had nothing growin' up (nah)
Nigga, don't be surprised when I get it (ayy)
Where were you when I was on my dick? (woo)
I was so broke, I needed fix (yup)
Reminisce 'bout me growin' up
You know I hate to talk about this shit (I do)
Load the ten and walked up out the bitch (ten)
Stripper fame, tryin' to see who gettin' it (ha)
Walkin' around with that thang on me
And you know I got my license for this bitch (Rich Homie, baby)

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