## **Rich Homie Quan**

I told my girl and my mom that
Money won't let that pain get to me
Can't sell my soul, I try not to overdose
From that pain medicine
Try not to be vulnerable when I won't let my guard down
And I can't let 'em in
Never sell your soul, Quan, everybody want the old Quan
But I'm tryna be a better me

Tryna keep my mind on that money, tryna keep my head straight up Mama told me don't leave that house, without that bed made up Gotta keep my lawyer on retainer, in case them feds take us We just gotta make that money, can't make that bread make us Do this shit for gang, gang Put a bullet in a nigga chest, same spot the chain hang I'ma boss, I can make time for what I want, I can arrange things So I climbed the sky, and then I looked up that when the rain came Then I, told 'em it can't be raised, yeah Forty foot in the plane, shit Y'all nigga blow your brain quick Daddy had a shop by Family Dollar We used to pull up on bank, kid The middle in my chest, where the pain at I told myself, keep it above I need to talk to somebody that I can trust

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Slowin' down, a roadblock, harder than a soul suck
Never been a Ford nigga, ain't been no opp
Haters talkin', it's over, dust off my shoulders
Let the jury stow the solitaries in my ear, they're like boulders
I was tryna go up, pocket rocket, load up
She was tryna suck it soon as I met her, I don't even know her
Twelve try to row her, child, don't stay down for a your nigga
I was locked up at nineteen
But shawty's lookin' around for a young nigga
They sleep at home but they snorin'
If I don't fuck, would've I done drugs? The shit be boring
I bust a quickie on her last night, I tell her, "Good morning"
I can't leave that out, 'cause they gon' add more to my story
And it hurt my heart when I hit that Forbes list

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But I'm tryna be a better me Yeah, yeah, yeah

Everybody want the old Quan, everybody want the old Quan But I'm tryna be a better me Yeah, yeah, yeah
Everybody want the old Quan, everybody want the old Quan But I'm tryna be a better me Yeah, yeah, yeah