

## Probation

Rich Homie Quan

Pray my don't get that call 'cause she gon' smell it on my piss  
And my bitch know I've been f\*cking she can smell it on my dick  
I ain't gotta take no picture with money you can tell a nigga rich  
Pay ten for this jacket in Milan look at the leather on this bitch  
Look at that Plain Jane he got on now look at the bezzle on my shit  
If I can't get her nigga I don't want her but never settle over no bi  
tch  
I ain't never fell in love with no bitch who ain't have my back like  
I had hers  
Shorty show me mad love, step into the bag for her

I've been counting up for so long my finger get cramps  
I got that water tucked under my shirt my shit getting dim  
And I know my bitch ain't pregnant she was having cramps  
I don't know none of these niggas over here but I'm gonna adapt  
trap to a cash room, setting up shop in a bathroom  
Just like a you bad news, everything around me cash rules  
Talk to broke nigga I can pop it I just made a deposit I was with my  
dead dude  
Don't give me no respond if I ain't ask you, naw little nigga I got h  
er back too  
A rich nigga still eating fast food, dish with a little can food  
Too rich to vacay to Cancun, I would've wifed her but she ran through  
Shooters on go when the van moves, I'm a stand up guy need a standing  
ovation  
I smoke too much I don't know why I took a pee for probation

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on my look at all this Louie we just bought  
Lawyer on retainer hope my shooter don't get trialed  
Heard that dope just locked up watch me loose it with a Need me to pu  
ll some strings I get acoustic with that guitar  
Run it up, run it up, run it up Count it up, count it up, count it up  
Forensic can't get no DNA but they outlined him in my clothes that's  
the G code, take a nigga hoe, yeah repo  
The GPS lost with a week long  
A nigga get popped home, cut the light out we gon' creep slow  
And I pray my probation officer don't hear this song

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