

# Ran Off

Rich Homie Quan

Ran off that money, yeah yeah  
Ran off that diamonds, yeah yeah  
Fuckin' hoes on a Monday, yeah yeah  
Thursday, Friday and Sunday, yeah yeah  
I'm gon' keep getting money on this niggas just like yeah yeah  
I'm gon' keep fucking these nigga bitches just like yeah yea  
Gotta know the opposite of no always gon' be yeah yeah  
And I'm gon' never stop getting to the money boy, you know I swear swear

I just bought me a brand new rollie, I ball, I swear  
I ain't even walked in the club yet, and I already sold it out the bar  
I used to smoke nothing but swisher, now I roll my weed in a role  
Ass so fat ian have no condom boy had to hit that raw  
But you gotta know a nigga like me pull it out and I went straight for the mouth  
I just want her If I leave that pussy red like a little tomato  
Hide right under the bed, cause her daddy crazy  
I rap the 5 like a motherfuckin' nickle baby  
Ay look, extra money is just grip statement  
Tomorrow not promise I gotta die anyway  
I done made a whole lotta money  
I done seen a whole lotta people  
I had to stack a onion  
My foreign cars are real  
Pull up in that 458 Spider  
That every nigga gon' hate  
Because he know he wanna be us (For real)  
I want to touch  
She want to left  
I want to fuck  
She just neglect  
I want to love her  
I want to wife her  
I want to walk her down that aisle  
Your daddy gave me permission  
Your momma wouldn't wanna listen  
Your brother can't stand my guts  
Your sister she love my people  
She don't know that her friends so freaky  
She don't know that they really love her  
She might as well fuck with me, instead of a chicken nugget  
I got chicken tender for you  
Ay, where that ratchet babes  
We could fuck up the mall  
Girl let's ball like a cancer patient  
Hate when a nigga be lying, boy you talking and they acuvate me  
Her best friend play baseball in the outfit they way she catch it  
They treat me like I be meditating  
Ice Box put me on and told me a lot of these jewels are faking  
I know that your rollie fake  
Look at your wrist that shit outdated  
Once watch busters catch it  
You can't hide us that no secret  
Might as well give that shit away ain't no point in tryna keep it  
I love my nigga bleeding  
That dog food I feed it  
To my soldier, to my young nigga

I told you, get to clapping shit I don't know ya  
Ian dapping ya if ion know ya