

## Sacrifices

Rich Homie Quan

Well...

I'm in L.A. at a Laker game on court side- midfield, nigga  
You still lame, I won't deal wit ya  
Makin' music for the real nigga  
Earned money, me no Hilfiger  
Ask Donald Trump, I want his figures  
He's 28, put a kick in him Rich Homie. No bitch in him  
I've been diagnosed straight spittin' venom  
You need bifocals just to see in it  
Tent doggin' we smoke that I told my girlfriend that I'ma see women  
If he snitchin'  
You'll never see me wit' him  
Cause I trick him  
Like a motherfucking flea flicker  
But I'm frying these niggas- no skillet  
And I'm killing these niggas- no bullet  
But my wrist all frozen like a bald head  
In the winter time with no skully  
I'm handicapped  
I need crutches  
I'm leaning  
Grab a box of them Dutches  
Cause we gon' need them

When I'm on that syrup, they can't understand a thing I say  
I smoke a blunt everyday to take the pain away  
I need to see a doctor fast and I hate to say  
That nobody ain't give me shit, I had to make a way  
For my niggas and my crew  
I don't know about you  
And this shit I went through  
I refuse to go through  
Hey, to get where I'm at, it took sacrifices  
And it ain't worth having if you don't sacrifice it

I'm at the top, they at the bottom where beginners lay  
A sacrifice for my family I take any day  
I go to court on his behalf, just to see her face  
She killed my partner cold blood on that December day  
And this is where I stay  
And it don't need renovation  
I think I'm going crazy  
Like a mental patient  
Give that ho a oscar  
Cause she stay acting crazy  
And I'm feeling myself (ha!)  
Like a straitjacket, baby  
Got these hundreds on me  
I don't know which one to touch  
All these bitches on me  
I don't know which one to fuck  
Before I can't identify my cup  
And I'm authorized to stunt

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