

Riverdale Rd

2 Chainz

Yeah, turn that maafaka up Nolan
Woah, know what I'm saying, I wanna feel like I was in some muthafakin' dang
er
I got my mothafuckin' pistol in my pocket, ya dig?
Yeah, in the booth, on some 5540 old national shit, you know what it is, nig
ga
We in the back, nigga, way in the back, nigga, serving sacks, nigga and serv
ing Act
Mane, c'mon with the Kap, bruh...

Riverdale, he was there, she was there, you wasn't there
I was the same ol' nigga
Yeah that trap had raised a nigga
How could you blame a nigga?
Gold everywhere, gold over there, Trinidad James you niggas
Came on the set with hundreds to bet
But I still changed you niggas, yeah

My first foreign car, it was a Bimmer
My second foreign car, it was a Bimmer
My third foreign car, it was a Porsche
My fourth foreign car you can't afford
My pocket pregnant, don't want no abortion
My draws got them horses, my car got them horses
Rocking some Pradas like they was Air Forces
We had no choices

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You wasn't there when mama was struggling
You wasn't there when mama was fussing
Told 'em ketchup, you too far in the mustard
I had a Chevelle and wanted a Cutlass
I went to work and I made an abundance
Gucci flip flops with the corns and bunions
Counting blue hundreds and smoking an onion
And she got an onion and I wanna rub it
We hanging off the Nat, see that's where my office at
We dressed all in black
We got 'em calling back, just went to the mall and back
When you was the quarterback, I had the quarter sacks

Riverdale, Riverdale, Riverdale, Riverdale, Riverdale
Riverdale Rd., nigga
He was there, he was there, you weren't there
He was there, she was there
Riverdale Rd., nigga
Abracadabra, I turned myself into a millionaire
I wore some Gucci to your mama house just to leave it there

Riverdale, he was there, she was there, you wasn't there

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I know something you don't know
I'm gonna get some bands, yeah
I know something you don't know, yeah
I'm gonna get some bands

Okay, from grams to Grammys
Okay, from fans to family
I went from trips we tryna plan
To cribs in South Miami
They got my vision fancy
She in my crib, no panties
I told the bitch she got to sit down
Just to understand me
They asking, "What's the plan, B?"
I don't have a Plan B
I told 'em this shit got to work
It's just like candy to me
I mean it's hard but it's sweet
I'm Drench God in the streets
I break the law in the sheets
I make her cum on repeat

I know something you don't know
I'm gonna get some bands, oh yeah
I know something you don't know, yeah
I'm gonna get some bands
Riverdale, Riverdale!