

Tonight

Birdman

D-Roc

(Rich Gang)

Shit these niggas got all this bullshit to offer
These bad ass conversations, stupid ass excuses
I got good love for you, a whole lot of it
That's what I got to offer, baby
You know what I'm sayin'?
Got a lot of money but that ain't what I'm tryna give you right
now
Not right this motherfuckin' moment, good love, yeah

Drop it like a felon, do it with integrity
Hoes hatin' on you, girl, ignore 'em, that's the jealousy
Say I got a swagger like a nigga from the '70s
I took you out of Conquer Hill and moved you up in Beverlies
I squeeze that ass like a pair of pliers
Then I roll on that ass like a spare tire
You know I'm fire if you woods and I done passed by you
Bitch, I be all up in your head like a hairdryer
You don't let me get them drugs, I don't care about you
'Cause you gon' make me drop you off like a cab driver
'Cause ho, you know you livin' dirty, let me stare at you
Put this dick up in your spine, bitch, I paralyze you

Yeah

You know, some of these hoes be just on the goofy shit
While a nigga tryna come upstairs, you heard me?
Bitch pull up playin', all that cap shit, uh

Fresh iced up gumline
One time, so we did it on the sunshine
Big time, High Life on the flat line
Frontline, so we did it on the sunshine
West Side, hot top
Down bottom where we do it and we don't stop
Gunplay, nigga 'bout it, nigga, one hop
One stop, one pop, nigga, one drop
One pop, one stop, nigga gon' stop
She'll play, she'll lay, but she gon' pop
Real nigga from my hood and we won't stop
Real nigga flood the hood and we go shop
Bloodline, nigga

Rich Gang