

## Role Models

David Banner

Parents should go out and play with their kids  
'Cause we ain't no damn role models, real G's

Right there in between Florida and Mississippi  
Mobile Alabama this is Rich Boy city  
And the bricks get flipped 'cause we close to the water  
If ya ain't gettin' ya dope from me, nigga, ya oughta

I fucked the mayor's daughter, he hate it when I call her  
But I'm still ridin' 'round in that Beamer that he bought her  
There she go now but I'm busy  
Gettin' money on the other side of town

So I ain't a fuckin' clan I'll split yo' wig  
And I ain't got shit to do wit' yo' kids  
Look, Rich Boy quit doin' hardcore shit  
Lil' nigga, fuck school, cop five mo' bricks

I see you ballin', yeah, what's up?  
This is a motherfuckin' stick up  
We'll take yo' shit and think nothin' about it  
We'll take yo' shit and think nothin' about it

I'll fall off at the club, like the thang on my waist, yeah  
Then lay down the whole place  
We'll take yo' shit and think nothin' about it  
We'll take yo' shit and think nothin' about it

Let me welcome you to my world, Chevy's and dirt roads  
Cheap liquor, pimp niggas that work hoes  
Big trucks, niggas gettin' they swerve on  
Country niggas ain't slow, fuck what you heard, homes

Get a Swisher, lit it, switchin' on some killa shit  
Poke out your chest, ball up ya fist, buddy, ya still a bitch  
My niggas ignorant, foolish bunch of belligerents  
We hit the VIP, pullin' bitches and spillin' shit

So if it seem like I'm buzzin', I'm sholliz  
Fuckin' wit' my country cousin and them, from Mobile  
'Bama bred backwood, niggas, we so trill  
Well, let the foot watch me and lil' Rich gettin' in hoes' ears

What it is? Damn right, we ain't a role model  
Half pints to half a gallon, we drank the whole bottle  
That's why them hoes holla, they know them 'bout a dollar  
And they might get to ride Impala, if them bitches swa

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I see the kids wanna rap like me  
'Cause ya see me wit' the bitches livin' life on TV  
Around in my hood, boys fillin' graves up  
Niggas talkin' that shit, see the Techs raise up

Hangin' wit' the convicts and my boy attitude  
I was fuckin' them the bitches in the back of the school  
Can't you tell, motherfucker, I was raised by the streets?  
Fuck you studio gangstas, niggas reppin' on beats

My uncle doin' fed down in Talladega, bitch  
It ain't shit you can tell me about Lil' Rich  
You better take ya lil' kids to the pastor  
'Cause Rich Boy ain't a role model for them bastards

We ain't role models  
(We be smokin')  
We ain't role models  
(We be drankin')

We ain't role models  
(We be fuckin' these hoes)  
We ain't role models

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