

## Rule #1

DDG

Young nigga rich as fuck  
All these bitches be fiending to get with us  
Ima pull with Yachty to pick em up  
She gon run me some top in this Bentley truck  
Come on baby get dressed Put your titty up  
She wanna ride me all night baby gitty up  
I just bought me a Cuban for 50 bucks  
I was down on my dick, they ain't pick me up  
But as soon as I'm rich they gon hit me up  
If this lil bitch is not thick, she can't get me up  
I do not wanna hit, baby eat me up  
Your new boyfriend a bitch, he can't beat me up (Gang!)

Rule #1 if you live in the hood  
When you get rich gotta move out the hood  
I'm superstitious I'm knockin on wood  
Pray for my niggas, I hope that they good  
I'm in the Yuris, I'm doin the dash  
Discounted features just pay me in cash  
Get to the money, I'm getting it fast  
Money come first and these bitches come Last

I'm in Atlanta, I don't got no mask  
I cannot fuck if she don't got no ass  
Cash in my pocket, its making me sad  
Outta my body, I'm smoking that gas  
Rich like I'm Roddy, I'm geeked off a molly  
I'm speeding down Holly, I'm going to fast  
Fly her to Bali, she hot like tamale  
This bitch getting naughty  
She calling me dad

Stepping on shit, Extra rounds in my mag  
I'm on they neck, like the dead in the rag  
I fucked her head, we ain't givin no pass  
Price of codeine coming in thru the mask  
New desert eagle, the barrel was brass  
Made more than your future made more than your last  
We was the ones breaking rules, showin ass  
Ya'll was the ones going broke, looking sad  
I know what they need  
32 for the grabs  
Thirty give him a cast, hit him right in his ass  
Way too much money, I hope that it lasts  
Getting close, ima blast  
I'm boot, I'm sippin that coop  
We yelling out woot  
Make the woop do a loop  
Hit the boy, hit his hood with a nuke  
New truck son, call it kali uch shh shh

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Niggas want smoke then we beating his ass  
I don't forget about shit in the past  
Lately I feel like I been in my bag  
And now all of my enemies going out sad  
We in they city, we takin they hoes  
Whole lotta niggas be praying I fold  
Just made a song and its already gold  
Mansion is gated up, I cannot make it up  
Soon as I'm waking up, I get the bacon up  
They wanna see how I'm doing and shaping up  
They wanna see the whole plan and then break it up  
I had gave you the sauce then you gave it up  
If I do take a loss, ima make it up  
She had showed me the pussy, I ate it up  
Ima fly her to Cuba and shape her up  
She wanna get a new booty, she fake enough

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