

Poor Or Rich

Doe Boy

Doe Beezy (Gang)
Top shotta, don dada
Man, you know what the fuck goin' on, man
Sledgren
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah (Doe Beezy)

I don't talk to opps or no motherfuckin' cops
I just fucked a nigga that then she told me 'bout his spot
We gon' run in with the chops
Play, get wet up with this mop
Then we run off with his guap
Try to run up, he get shot, yeah
Racks on me, buying out the store, bitch
New designer drip, yeah, these kicks by Dior, bitch
Riding with the chopstick, who you gon' extort, bitch?
I'ma still be hittin' licks rich or poor, bitch (Oh, really?)

All this drip on me, damn, I feel important (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Used to slide in minivans, now it's Porsches (Zoom)
Hollows in the Glock hot, left 'em scorchin'
Kick his door, he got them babies, we abort shit (Oh, really?)
Don't come walking through my hood tryna tour, bitch
Police came in asking questions, got ignored, bitch
Keep that 40 on me if I'm poor or rich
Took so long to shoot this clip, I got bored, bitch (Oh, really?)
It's dirty in my double cup
You funny, you can't fuck with us
Lil' boy, go toughen up
Pussy need to muscle up
I pull up, get to cuttin' up
This Draco make him double dutch
This goofy fronted us
Now he pissed he can't get in touch with us
Pull up, he get out of line
You ain't gang, you not with mine
Glad I never had no nine to five, I work with my nines
All my niggas shoot and rob, bitch, that's on my mom
He not Taylor Gang but he get tied for them dollar signs (Oh, really?)
Middle finger to my enemies, they not shit to me
Bitch, I hang 'round hundred millionaires, you not rich to me
This AR sing a fuckin' melody, hit a symphony
Just a corny nigga with designer on, that's not drip to me (Pussy)
Bitch, I'm big Doe Beezy, I'm one hundred, you not half of me
I be talkin' shit but I'm too lit, can't see when they taggin' me
I can't let 'em kick it, I don't know if he gon' blast for me (Pussy)
Really you a rat to me, fuck nigga actually
Pull up to the club, thirty shooters, thirty baddies
I pray he don't go against the gang, it's a tragedy
Told my youngin I got a murder for him, he get happy
AK dance like Diddy but this FN sing like Cassie (Oh, really?)
Young nigga geeked off Xannys and Addys
If that pussy nigga want smoke, drop an addy (Doe Beezy)
She wish she could trap me, she mad she can't have me
You treat her like your wife, but I'm her daughter, I'm her zaddy
Mwah, mwah

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