

Street Punk

HoodRich Pablo Juan

Whole Hoodrich they family
OG Parker

We havin' bitches on bitches, money on money
Exclusive bitches, I got 'em from London
Thirty round, fifty round, shoot out a hundred
Count up them fifties, count up them hundreds
Fine bitch, she got an ass on her
But I'm so rich I might pass on her
Foreign, I do the whole dash on it
I'm riding 'round, I got too much cash on it
Rich nigga do what I want
I pull up in the Ghost like I haunt
Kickin' this shit like a punt
I don't lay up with that ho, I just dunk

Nigga you just a lil street punk
Nigga you just a lil street punk
Nigga you just a lil street punk
Shawty you just a lil street punk

Nigga you just a lil pussy
But I tear a bitch for that cookie
All of my diamonds they VVS
All of your diamonds they look a lil dusty (bling)
Whole HoodRich they family
Fuckin' my bitch from Chamblee
Make that lil nigga regret it
Grew up, I can rent an Andretti
Doo doo doo, pop his ass if he set it
She wanna hop in the Bentley coupe
Keep talkin' down, I'ma send for you
I bought me a truck, took it to the shop
Told them to lift it an inch or two
Two hundred thou my right wrist
I'ma keep flexing like this
And my new main bitch an actress
Finna cop a crib next to Saks Fifth

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You know I'm too rich for that bullshit
These niggas beef on the internet
Talkin' 'bout racks, we be spending that
Juuged for it, need to go get your money back
Lil Boat ballin' like the running back
Riding 'round with like a hundred racks
I need some more money, I can't relax
Just add water to the dope like it's flapjacks
I'm fresh to death, I got more bodies than Mad Max

When I dress they don't know what I wear
When I put on my jewelry they stare
Stack the money up, it look like a chair
Rockin' Christian Louboutin, doin' prayers
Too many lil babies, got a daycare
Thirty, fifty, hundred round, we don't play fair
Me and Lil Boat got the money like Mayweather
Cut off my old bitch, I know I could do better

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