Trust Fund

Lil' Wayne

Could have bought a house, but I bought a Jesus piece
Could have thought they were the feds how they stalkin' me
Could have put her in Chanel, she from overseas
Could have bought a Plain Jane, but her wrist freeze
Pocket full of Maserati, full of swiss cheese
Could have pulled up on a Jet, but did the Jet Skis
X pills triple stacked like Wendy's
Walkin' round with the 9 like I'm Drew Brees

Shootin' those boys, takin' Mickey D's
Tunechi in the lamb truck, I'm in the Bentley B
You was tryna' get a deal, I told him "Sign to me"
All my niggas Rich Forever, how it gotta be
Wait, all you niggas bitch forever, you can't lie to me
Better go and get your Reverend, let the choir sing
Goin' hard like a wedding on a Diamond ring
AR keep spinnin' like a slot machine

Now a nigga Rich Forever, they gon' call me
Coach, put me in the game, I've been balling
I was countin' up the hundreds till the morning
We was getting to them racks while they snoring
Tryna make a mill', that's easy
Bought a brand new Patek, all water, that's Fiji
The niggas who hatin', they really wan' be me
You see that I'm Rich, back then didn't believe me

Bitch stop, it's lonely at the top
I just heard my ears pop
A fiend for the guap, like Pookie Chris Rock
Fuck her for some Gucci socks
She gon' have to run the top, for the flip flops
Yeah, boy stop
Run up on the opp, I just saw his heart drop
My bitches on the base, I feel like a shortstop
And I just caught a case, I'ma still ball out
Till I ain't got no more fouls

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I get the bag and go straight to the plug
And I buy his ass out
And now it's a drought
Fuck on my hoe tilI I tire her ass out
My watch face drippin'
I had to ask it "What you cryin' about?"
Flyin' her out
She get back home she be runnin' her mouth
Pick a Bugatti up, put the Cullinan down
Tell your friends I'll fly every one of them down

Put 'em on a jet, tell 'em meet me in the islands
Said she wanna fuck me and all of my diamonds
My shooter from the trenches, got a chain, yeah, he shinin'
Let Gram drive the Bentley and he crashed on the mileage
I'm Rich like fuck it
If I gotta bring your friend, then she fuckin'
I was broke that hoe left somethin'
Haters talkin' 'bout a whole lot of nothin'

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I just felt my ears pop
A friend for the guap, like Pookie Chris Rock
Fuck her for some Gucci socks
She gon' have to run the top, for the flip flops
Yeah, boy stop
Pull up on the jet, jet skis, or yacht
Broke bitches that's a pet peeve, call blocked
Pockets like they got hickeys, all knots
We just go to war, no keys, warlock
Ran up on the opp, saw that boy heart drop
Bitches on the base, I feel like a shortstop
I just caught a case, but I still ball out
Till I ain't got no more fouls

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