Real niggas don't argue
Rich niggas don't bargain
Choppers answer to the problems
Choppers answer to the problems
Haters gone and the plug came
I guess god answered my prayers
Stayed down 'til the money came
I guess god answered my prayers

Got my shirt off with my chains on I'm street as hell, can't you tell? Sent your money off, go and came back And god answered your prayers We in [?], me and CEO On a private jet, 'bout to take off I ain't really with the back and forth talk 50 in the Glock, Zach Randolph Got up off my ass Had to make sacrifices just to see my people rich Lil nigga got some killers with me I'm G'd up, I'm on my own dick Nigga rich, that's a cold kit She fucked your dog, that's a cold bitch In the game like EA Diamonds lemonade, no Minute Maid Don't want to hear that you fuck with me now Cause you ain't fuck with me when I was fucked up Fucked around and ran my bucks up Yeah my baby mama 'nem lucked up God bless 'em nigga, amen I got white neighbors where I stay man I can see the money clear now Spent a couple thou on some Ray Bans

Real niggas don't argue Rich niggas don't bargain Choppers answer to the problems Choppers answer to the problems Haters gone and the plug came I guess god answered my prayers Stayed down 'til the money came I guess god answered my prayers Beefin' with me and you still living God answered your prayers You my baby mama and I'm a rich nigga Guess god answered your prayers You fucked up and hit a lick nigga God answered your prayers You in this rap shit and you a street nigga God answered your prayers

Stayed down 'til I came up
Watched a fuck nigga change up
We all thuggin', can't blame us
Don't need pussy niggas, they shame us
Guess [?] got all gangster
Once a nigga got famous

Don't get the shit twisted 20 million later, still gon' shoot that banger Poppin' pills, going to sleep Waking up, tryna deal with my anger Fallin' out with my homeboys Feel more comfortable 'round strangers Pull the Lamb up to the clipboard Got the jet waiting in the hanger With a whole bunch of hood niggas with me Ready to kill, how could you blame 'em? Playin' with me and you still breathing Well god answered your prayers Know the game got layers Fuck your bitch, that's a layup Never catch a nigga later Nigga better get his weight up Play with me ain't safe bruh Get your grandmammy's shit sprayed up

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