

Young Rich and Famous

Nipsey Hussle

Yuh
Yuh
Why the fuck not, nigga?
I'm in this shit, why not go hard?
It don't make sense not to

Look, I be hoppin' on stages
Drinkin' champagne with a flock of bad bitches and some niggas I was raised
with
every step, the top of they conversation
Buncha ass broke niggas, jealous 'cause we made it
Young, rich, and famous plus I'm handsome and I'm faded
I'm just climbin' up this ladder that my swagger has created it
My intelligence has got them so intimidated
Really thought I would listen to that bullshit you was sayin'?
Ride solo in my two-door with my top off with the tag
A marathon, I crash your crew, nigga, it's a knock-off
When we started, he pinned us
No label ain't gon' stop us, I'm in Rothen off of Slauson
I made all my partners profit, look
I'm tatted from my face to my foot
So my body read like a good book
And, honestly, that fire weed keep my mind cooked
Takin' trips type of shit, usually keep a dime hooked
Pussy super good, go that sleepin' side grip
Ass pokin' out them pockets with that she is fly stitch
I'd rather be your nigga, she'd rather be my bitch
But no emotions 'cause we both is busy focused on the grip
Real shit, look
Niggas better understand this
I ain't doin' no favors, I ain't givin' out shit
I'm out here on my ten toes, nigga, no split
And if you don't like it, you can suck my dick
Nigga

On the road to riches and diamond rings
Young niggas doin' big things
Fuckin' all these bitches ain't the song I sing
Real niggas do real things
On the road to riches and diamond rings
Young nigga doin' big things
Fuckin' all these bitches is the song I sing

Haaah, nigga
T-M-C, uh
Look
Fat Dookie, Cuban Linx
That's Bellvue and cranberry
for the, you know, she know
Doin' it lightweight, I ain't shaved in a couple days
And this motherfucker goin' on
I fuck off racks when I want to
You know
You see it's The Marathon, yeah