

# Yes, You Did

Real Boston Richey

Gang  
Don't even look over here (Thanks, Yakree)  
Gang  
Shit (Shit)

Yeah, I'm so sick of niggas  
Yeah, pull up, S550, spit in my ho mouth when I kiss her  
Yeah, rich 'round drug dealers, yeah, rich 'round real killers  
Yeah, could've been a victim, I ain't say that, yes, you did (Bah)  
I'm so deep, my duffy and my bag and my Prada  
Yeah, 4K for this coat, I'm a G.O.A.T., reppin' that project rap  
Dripped up to the floor, bitch, I'm soaked, overflowed  
He won't do whatever I do, this nigga my son, that's on folk, nigga

Yeah, niggas wan' see my downfall  
When you get some money, number one rule, put your mans on  
Bubble for eight hundred, I got it for low, feel like I scammed son  
Hundred pounds a day, I got my cake up off of cell phones  
Still hustlin' 'til my day come  
Dog nigga who known for droppin' whores when I need badder bitches  
Starvin' just like Marvin when you niggas was eatin' Sunday dinner  
Love a bitch who treat me like a God, never touch my business  
Send drugs to the house, you tell me stay every time I come and get 'em  
Lord, yeah, paid in full like Ace 'nem, ballin' like I'm Shaq twin  
Yeah, trappin', rappin', same time, packin' in my backend  
Yeah, steppin' on they neck, I just ran up a check  
House arrest, six months, but I bounced back  
Just thank the Lord I rap, nigga

Yeah, I'm so sick of niggas  
Yeah, pull up, S550, spit in my ho mouth when I kiss her  
Yeah, rich 'round drug dealers, yeah, rich 'round real killers  
Yeah, could've been a victim, I ain't say that, yes, you did (Bah)  
I'm so deep, my duffy and my bag and my Prada  
Yeah, 4K for this coat, I'm a G.O.A.T., reppin' that project rap  
Dripped up to the floor, bitch, I'm soaked, overflowed  
He won't do whatever I do, this nigga my son, that's on folk, nigga

Make sure my bitches and my glizzies get makeovers, new BBL  
They say you catch a body, you in the chances of goin' to Hell  
I'm already flamed up, I don't think I too much care  
Under investigation, they say I'm poppin' fraudulent checks at Wells  
But them crackers trippin', they know I'm out here trappin' and sellin' bale  
s  
Know my phone jumpin', you know I ain't gotta run to every cell  
I got my hood jumpin', you know I ain't do this shit all by myself  
Is she good at fuckin'? You know I'm buyin' bundles of that hair  
I'm blowin' that shit, bitch, I don't care  
I'm not talkin' 'bout buyin' some ass, I'm talkin' 'bout lettin' off them sh  
ells  
I'll fuck, then turn around, then fuck the game, no, it ain't fair  
I don't care nothin' 'bout no rap shit, I'm still out here servin' squares

(Shit) Yeah, I'm so sick of niggas  
Yeah, pull up, S550, spit in my ho mouth when I kiss her  
Yeah, rich 'round drug dealers, yeah, rich 'round real killers  
Yeah, could've been a victim, I ain't say that, yes, you did (Bah)

I'm so deep, my duffy and my bag and my Prada  
Yeah, 4K for this coat, I'm a G.O.A.T., reppin' that project rap  
Dripped up to the floor, bitch, I'm soaked, overflowed  
He won't do whatever I do, this nigga my son, that's on folk, nigga