

Atari

Rich Amiri

Pockets fat, they fully loaded, boy, your money little (Little, little)
Met this ho right at the show, she said she want a picture (Picture, picture)
Put that green beam on his nose, that .23 gonna rip him (Rip him, rip him)
Tell them boys I'm layin' low if they ask how I'm livin' (Keep it up, Sharkboy, livin', livin')
Hell yeah, I'm too official (Woo-ooh), 'Rari, boy, this ain't no rental (Woo-ooh)
Pull up and X his Sprinter (Woo-ooh), sorry, boy, you can't get in it (Woo-ooh)
I'm speedin' in that Bentley (Woo-ooh), starry roof, you see this ceiling (Woo-ooh)
Ho want me take her serious, Atari, 'way I play with bitches

(Woah, woah, oh, let's go)
She want some money, no (Way), in the back, I'm smokin' dope (Yeah)
If the lil' boy tryna run down, the boy get burnt like toast (Bow, bow)
And I'm trappin' 'til the sun down, I got fiends on the ropes (Let's go)
And you know when you hear gun sounds (Bow), your lil' boys better get low (Okay, let's go)
And I just got me a bust down, no, I don't fuck with gold (No way)
Your girl act up, get cut now, so I can't fuck with hoes
We dumpin' out a hundred rounds, the new Wock' just got rows (What, what, what?)
Know your gang, know your gang (Know your gang)
I say, "Let it bang, let it bang" (Let it bang), yeah
Keep a K, keep a K (Keep a K)
And that lil' ho eat me up like lo mein, uh, lo mein, uh

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