

HANDOUTS

Rich Amiri

Yeah, yeah

Real nigga, I ain't worried 'bout nothin', take his ass off, yeah
Two-twenty on the dash, hit the button then I blast off
Nigga ain't never believe in the craft, now they wanna ask for handouts
Wouldn't wanna be in the streets forever, I'm tryna take a better route
New whip, no lease, hit fifth, some keys
Patek Philippe, more money come to me
My list, strategic, she lurk my shit, she creepin'
Ass fat, I don't think 'bout cheatin'
You starve that ho, I'm gon' feed her

Shooters hoppin' out the truck, yeah
Bang bitches like a muk, yeah
Check came in, that's a dub
But a dub not enough
It's a hit every time I speak
Got bitches flockin' like a dove
And a young nigga so stupid up
But I be talkin' like the plug
But I be-
Pour, pour more red, I need it
Switch thots, she too conceited
Hit the stage, rock it out, nigga ain't scared for nothin'
Been gettin' on too many hoes, what can I say?
I love to fuck

I'm on it
Oh, that's yo' ho?
What, you don't share?

No love for a nigga, I ain't givin' handouts
I was just a lil' nigga, bossed up, I'm the man now
I was tryna play it safe, now I got a fan now
I ain't good at keepin' secrets, shawty gettin' aired out
OG told me, "You a player now," I ain't playin' with 'em now
Think she stayin' with me, nah, grab your shit and get it out
Told bae, "I ain't crashin' out," I gotta do it for our kids
Wasn't no food up in the fridge, now I got ice, I'm the fridge

Yeah, go shopping, taking 'em off
Yeah, lil' shawty wetter than dolphin
I might go bag up at Neimans, I'm probably goin' to Dover
I'm ridin' the Rover, buzzin' my trap phone, it's a Motorola
At Crazy Girlz, I'm throwin' bows, taking a stripper bitch home
Yeah, let's go, yeah, let's go
My baby asked me for a baby Birkin, I said no
Yeah, let's go, yeah, let's go
Got red Hi-Tech in my cup, overflow