

Drop

Rich Boy

My mazeradi and farrari like to chill with my mercades
See my bently what I got when my two phantoms had a baby
I'm not crazy why you lazy I get so politly daisy
Fuck you pussy nigga pay me my lambo do bout 280
I sellin heard you tellin thought you killin while you stealin
Thought you dealin while you chillin you ain't ballin with a mi
llion
God made me super rich the devil made you stupid bitch
You could be just like me if you quit with all that stupid shit
Why you ackin hard now you must wan go see God
Now the same niggas you were beefin with are up in your yard no
w
If you bout to run dogg I guess you better start now
Forgot to bring your gun so you got to use yo heart now
It's hard to get rich but it ain't shit to go to hell
It's hard to sell dope but it ain't shit to go to jail
It's hard to keep it real but it ain't shit for you to tell
I smoked so much of this that I can't even hide the smell

So drop

Drop

Now drop

Drop

We marijuana farmers all our rides look like transformers
Tell the pretty girls pull they titties out and dance for us
You don't need a gym class, crack like slim fast
Take a hit and loss a fuckin hundred pounds quick fast
Snow cone with a chain on and deep off or chain off
My blunt goin kick the game off we never take a game off
Find a hater sign a hater let him see my elavator
Hundreds in my fridgerator now they know we gettin paper
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Pullin coupes and escaladers enimies on resperators
Million dollar generators 90 fast investagators
For flashing cars the prison bars manajaytwas the playin cards
I swear it's hard

Now drop