

4rm Me to U

Rich Homie Quan

Yeah, Aye
Catour fuck it up

Gotta sit on this mic 'cause I can't keep my thoughts inside me
And I keep them hoes at my spotlight like Michael Lowrey
Got a bad lil bih from Paris, met her at the Eiffel Tower
Bought a brand new watch for my birthday but I ain't put no ice
around it (no no)
I can't change the person I am baby but I can change the way th
at I live (rich homie)
And if a thing happened for a reason, baby I can't change nothi
ng I did (uh uh)
If I could change anything baby wouldn't've made you never abor
ted that kid
But I did and it's on my mind still (I'm sorry baby)
I been tryna find a way to forgive (tryna find a way)
You, want, diamonds off in my ear
Shinin' they know I'm clear, behind me they in the rear
We kickin' pimpin' over here, no lame bitches over here

I say them bitches ain't gettin' paid on they face a lot of hat
e but I ain't trippin' cause they do a lot of shade throwin'
Me and my buddy hit a lick last week, we had to split it all th
is money boy, I told him let's get paid homie
I do this shit for gang gang gave all of my niggas chains and r
ight now I swear I feel just like a slave owner
All these nigga takin' swag hell yeah the homie mad come to thi
nk about it, they ain't ever pay homage

I put a lot these niggas on and I still ain't got my credit but
I ain't mad though
Cause I could've been mad broke, I watch my momma work a double
just to feed all her kids cause that bag slow (she got like th
ree of em)
Gotta make that cash flow, but I couldn't let my momma struggle
, so I got me a job, but she ain't no my job require, a gun cau
se I rob
She ain't ever understand what was back in the kitchen, residue
on the floor, she ain't know about the shootout in her truck (
fa fa fa), I told her I was involved
She ain't know about the co-defendant I had, kept it one hundre
d took the charge (I didn't take shit)
You the only one put somethin' on my books when I was in jail a
nd I starved (when I was locked up)
Cut from a different cloth, I'm as rare as they come, and I'ma
keep ballin' on these bitches like my hair is gone (rich homie
baby)

I say them bitches ain't gettin' paid on they face a lot of hate but I ain't trippin' cause they do a lot of shade throwin' Me and my buddy hit a lick last week, we had to split it all this money boy, I told him let's get paid homie I do this shit for gang gang gave all of my niggas chains and right now I swear I feel just like a slave owner All these niggas takin' swag hell yeah the homie mad come to think about it they ain't never paid homage

At this point, yeen got to bro, haha nahmsayin, I watch myself put you niggas on, ya feel me, so at this point I'm dead nigga, homie