

All of Em

Rich Homie Quan

Five hundred in these jeans I got on
Fell asleep, I had a dream I was on
It get lonely in this million dollar home
Thirty-five for the Wocky, I want all of 'em
These bitches don't speak no English, I want all of 'em
When I'm goin' through shit, my mom who I call on
Gave her five hundred thousand for a mall run

Still walkin' through this bitch, I'm feelin' like man (Rich Homie)
I had me and Dre countin' up rappers' advance (Dre)
Bust Patek in Miami, water on the sand (Water)
I put that pistol in her purse, they thinkin' she a tran (Why?)
'Cause the dick on it longer than the average man (Ayy)
Now the group chat wanna fuck me 'cause she told her friends (Why?)
They taught me every fuckin' dog got a day comin' (I know it)
They don't know I'm still spendin' some type of way money
Tah, money on his head, better hide your boy
I'll pay up two hundred K a year on child support
Neighbors called the police because I bought a Porsche (398)
That's a Ferrari in the yard, that is not a horse
Ayy, mama punishment cost more than your mortgage
How the fuck they leave my name off the Forbes List?
Forty million dollars, two years, I'm scorchin'
I done lost endorsements
Went to Magic City, requested for me a Courtney
How much you got on you?

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Two-fifty times two, made her spend it on a weekend
Five hundred ain't nothin', spent it on belts in Nieman
Scratch her off the list, another body, she a free pick
I ain't know that rapper baby mama was that freaky
Tall, not Swiss on the keys like Alicia
Skeleton AP in the dark look like a demon
Money on his head, funny, nobody done seen him
She been on a diet lately, I been tryna feed her
I cashed out for the difference between you and me
I was payin' for all of the utilities
You let them bitches in your head and that caused you to leave
Me and you both know it'll never be how it used to be
Bought a brand new watch, we still losin' time
Should've kept 'em out our business, we were doin' fine
Rolls-Royce suicide, this shit do or die
I'm tryna stand in it, plus I like to stand on you
I ain't count the money in my pants, homie
I probably got like

Five hundred in these jeans I got on (Five hundred)
Fell asleep, I had a dream I was on (I had a dream)
It get lonely in this million dollar home (It get lonely)

Thirty-five for the Wocky, I want all of 'em (No, no)
These bitches don't speak no English, I want all of 'em (I want all of 'em)
When I'm goin' through shit, my mom who I call on (My mom who I call on)
Gave her five hundred thousand for a mall run

Five hundred on a mall run
Five hundred on a mall run
Five hundred on a mall run
Five hundred on a mall run
Five hundred on the mall in cash
Five hundred in the mall in cash
Five hundred in the mall, cash money
Yeah, yeah, yeah, ayy