

## 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?

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

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