```
Yeah yeah
Turn my voice up a lil bit [x2]
Yeah
Turn my [x3]
Turn it up [x3]
Right there
I been through a whole lot of shit, but I didn't tell nobody
I remember I was poor and I was rich
I felt so sore and I felt so sick
Couldn't know why I felt embarrassed
I had to stack it from the floor to the ceiling
I got whores and I got bitches
Who wasn't there in the beginning
Might, might, might keep [?]
Slash that ball on my necklace
But I don't wanna take it there
You got issues you so extra (yeah you extra)
Yeah
Something bout you make you special (might be the smile)
Spend 500 on this bezel
Ooooh
Pull up on her in that Lexus
But I ain't got a Lexus
I really got a beamer and that bitch be swerving (skrttttt)
Rims stay fucked up, I stay hitting them curbs bitch (I do)
Uh uh
Ask that bitch about the head she gave me behind the curtains
Don; t talk on the phone in 3rd person
Them feds on my ass I'm nervous
I ain't change clothes in three days, but I'm still ain't dirty
I got this shagger you think it's a dozen roses
And I would've popped him if my ass wouldn't have been sober
It's finna be World War Three
Front line nothing but them soldiers
ABG, free motive
I told ya [x3]
Scars on my face because
I been through a whole lot of shit but I didn't tell nobody
I remember I was poor and I was rich
I felt so sore and I felt so sick
Couldn't know why I felt embarrassed
I had to stack it from the floor to the ceiling
I got whores and I got bitches
Who wasn't there in the beginning
Might, might, might keep [?]
Slash that ball on my necklace
But I don't wanna take it there (I swear I don't)
First time cool
Second time was alright I swear
Got a bando all to myself she can walk around it bare
Got a lot of hoes calling my phone
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Ion pick up cause ion even care

Lil kid seat in my big truck living like, Ric Flair
RIP Nut, boy that shit wasn't fair
Get wrong with me you'll be the victim there
March in nigga get your children snatched
I'm a big dog nigga you's a little cat (meowwww)
I loaded my trigger stay out my BI
I'll have your folks wearing picture of you on t-shirts
But it ain't gotta go there if you don't want to, nigga just say that
And this is real life nigga ain't no rewind or no playback
Im Rich Homie Quan have you ever heard of me
Look at my chain sack
You will never hear I ain't no lame jack
Just know

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Might, might, might keep [?]
Slash that ball on my necklace
But I don't wanna take it there

I don't wanna take it there I, I don't wanna take it there I don't wanna take it there She don't wanna take it there We not gone take it there I promise I won't take it to there I promise we won't take it to there [x4] RHO Rich Homie Baby RHQ What they call me? RHQ Quan [x7] Hold up, wait Tell them who run this shit Quan [x18] Rich Homie Baby