

Intro

Rich Homie Quan

Yeah, you know, if you thought I was going to stop goin' in
You can ask double R, nigga
That's Royal Rich

Could've been a doctor
But I chose streets
I could've been a lawyer
But I chose streets
Could've been anything I wanted to be
But I chose streets
(Nah, but be honest) Hm, the streets own me

Hey
Started with it, I ain't start with paper, started with nothin', uh
Droppin' out the hot bars that'll let me hit the ground runnin', uh
House [?], thirteen when a young nigga just don't know how to put it, yo
I was drivin' at fifteen got tired of the bus, ha
For the yellow cheese, I was gettin' cheese for the guy that wasn't, and
Nigga wouldn't try me in high school cause I had alot of buzzin' Fuck that,
I'm a take shit like bloods and
Talk like Thug when you see me in public
You the predicate, nigga, I am the subject
And I'm still goin' in but

Hey
Some type of way, we ain't go, yeah I'm got 'em for a plat Then, my hair the
whip [?], platinum, marijuana, got me ciroc
Got a black card, Visa cards, I don't like to walk around with cash
I might kiss in the front, just know I don't kiss no ass

I ain't drop no mixtape in two years, but I been still on that roll
I been here for 25 years, thank God I'm still here
But I know I gotta go, know I gotta go
You ain't gotta go

Get money, don't play my nigga, I ain't never change, still goin' in
Who the fuck said I wasn't gon' drop no mixtape?
Who the fuck y'all think I'm is?
Got alot of money, got alot of bitches, got alot of places that I still ain'
t been
But I got more problems than all of that
Doughboy, I'm still goin' in

Still goin' in, still goin' in
I said I'm still goin' in, I'm still goin' in
I'm still goin' in, when I start?
Hey Doughboy, when I start?
Royal Rich

I done made so much money, I got like four bank accounts
I put this pistol to your head, give you somethin' to think about
I ain't on vacation, I was chilling, they thought I was in a drought
Fuck around for real, how I make this transaction?, if it's for the right am
ount
I got my hands honestly know that I flew Had more drug dealers, had nothin'
but two
My money got stacked from the floor to the ceiling

Yeah, yeah, yeah, the ceiling
I ain't have no more room in the attic, we filled it
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Wanted for murder, but school done meant to be
All I done did was kill, I'm a rapper now but

Still goin' in x7, aye
I told y'all niggas man
R.F style for life