Old Quan

Rich Homie Quan

I told my girl and my mom that Money won't let that pain get to me Can't sell my soul, I try not to overdose From that pain medicine Try not to be vulnerable when I won't let my guard down And I can't let 'em in Never sell your soul, Quan, everybody want the old Quan But I'm tryna be a better me

Tryna keep my mind on that money, tryna keep my head straight up Mama told me don't leave that house, without that bed made up Gotta keep my lawyer on retainer, in case them feds take us We just gotta make that money, can't make that bread make us Do this shit for gang, gang Put a bullet in a nigga chest, same spot the chain hang I'ma boss, I can make time for what I want, I can arrange things So I climbed the sky, and then I looked up that when the rain came Then I, told 'em it can't be raised, yeah Forty foot in the plane, shit Y'all nigga blow your brain quick Daddy had a shop by Family Dollar We used to pull up on bank, kid The middle in my chest, where the pain at I told myself, keep it above I need to talk to somebody that I can trust

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Slowin' down, a roadblock, harder than a soul suck Never been a Ford nigga, ain't been no opp Haters talkin', it's over, dust off my shoulders Let the jury stow the solitaries in my ear, they're like boulders I was tryna go up, pocket rocket, load up She was tryna suck it soon as I met her, I don't even know her Twelve try to row her, child, don't stay down for a your nigga I was locked up at nineteen But shawty's lookin' around for a young nigga They sleep at home but they snorin' If I don't fuck, would've I done drugs? The shit be boring I bust a quickie on her last night, I tell her, "Good morning" I can't leave that out, 'cause they gon' add more to my story And it hurt my heart when I hit that Forbes list

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