

Probation

Rich Homie Quan

Pray my don't get that call 'cause she gon' smell it on my piss
And my bitch know I've been f*cking she can smell it on my dick
I ain't gotta take no picture with money you can tell a nigga rich
Pay ten for this jacket in Milan look at the leather on this bitch
Look at that Plain Jane he got on now look at the bezzle on my shit
If I can't get her nigga I don't want her but never settle over no bi
tch
I ain't never fell in love with no bitch who ain't have my back like
I had hers
Shorty show me mad love, step into the bag for her

I've been counting up for so long my finger get cramps
I got that water tucked under my shirt my shit getting dim
And I know my bitch ain't pregnant she was having cramps
I don't know none of these niggas over here but I'm gonna adapt
trap to a cash room, setting up shop in a bathroom
Just like a you bad news, everything around me cash rules
Talk to broke nigga I can pop it I just made a deposit I was with my
dead dude
Don't give me no respond if I ain't ask you, naw little nigga I got h
er back too
A rich nigga still eating fast food, dish with a little can food
Too rich to vacay to Cancun, I would've wifed her but she ran through
Shooters on go when the van moves, I'm a stand up guy need a standing
ovation
I smoke too much I don't know why I took a pee for probation

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on my look at all this Louie we just bought
Lawyer on retainer hope my shooter don't get trialed
Heard that dope just locked up watch me loose it with a Need me to pu
ll some strings I get acoustic with that guitar
Run it up, run it up, run it up Count it up, count it up, count it up
Forensic can't get no DNA but they outlined him in my clothes that's
the G code, take a nigga hoe, yeah repo
The GPS lost with a week long
A nigga get popped home, cut the light out we gon' creep slow
And I pray my probation officer don't hear this song

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