

## Reflecting

Rich Homie Quan

30 you a fool for this one

Sittin' back reminiscin' on my past I'm focusin' on the money reflecting on my accomplishments

Knock me down, I got right back up and laughed  
I know that I made 'em mad, showed these folks I done, done this shit  
Counted me out and I know they wasn't in my favor  
I had to pick up my money, call bae like what the fuck is goin' wrong?  
Tell me like, what the fuck did I do wrong?  
Gave you my all bae no question

Mama told me never leave, gotta get it how you live  
And that ocean view out front, you know it compliment the crib  
I can't smell none of my money, put it up in vacuum seal  
Doin' da dash in the Bentley, tryna get home to the kids  
Quarter millie Bentley parked it in the middle of the six  
Quarter millie worth of jewelry that two chains by my wrist  
That old skool was lookin' silly, threw some thangs on that bitch  
Paint wet, migo did it, ain't no stain on that bitch  
Hand him all that paper like your date and name on that bitch  
When that money start gettin' low, they get to changin and shit  
I didn't know I would be successful, now I'm famous and shit  
Umbrella for the pain, I can't get no rain on these kicks  
They black ballin' niggas I don't want my name on that list  
Fuck the problem I don't got time to explain to no nigga  
Droppin' bombs on a fuck nigga head if he scared  
No need to repeat it cause I said what I said

Sittin' back reminiscin' on my past I'm focusin' on the money reflecting on my accomplishments

Knock me down, I got right back up and laughed  
I know that I made 'em mad, gotta show these folks I done, done this shit  
Counted me out and I know they wasn't in my favor  
I had to pick up my money, call bae like what the fuck is goin' wrong?  
Tell me like, what the fuck did I do wrong?  
Gave you my all bae no question

Million dollar dreams it ain't hard to understand, when I'm talkin' now  
I can't tell another lie when I got my hand on that bible  
Counted up went on that plane with two hands [?]  
We just flew in from Japan, couldn't understand what they was talkin'  
Fishtailin' out the club boy my tires burnin rubber  
State to state I'm catchin' bags I can't get tired of this hustle  
And then we start goin' broke yeah that's a sign we in trouble  
Cause that my money don't waste time cause I know mine [?]  
I done came a long way from my mama basement (basement)  
Made a couple million caught some cases (cases)  
Spray yo nigga like we do that fragrance (fragrance)  
Yesterday Ferrari but today Benz (nah nigga)  
Money that the only thing that make sense (talk nigga)  
Why would I put in twenty to make ten (fuck it nigga)  
Cut off all ties and relations (cut em nigga)  
Roll up all my problems now I face it (Rich homie baby)

Sittin' back reminiscin' on my past I'm focusin' on the money reflecting on my accomplishments

Knock me down, I got right back up and laughed

I know that I made 'em mad, showed these folks I done, done this shit  
Counted me out and I know they wasn't in my favor  
I had to pick up my money, call bae like what the fuck is goin' wrong?  
Tell me like, what the fuck did I do wrong?  
Gave you my all bae no question