

# Worship

Rich Homie Quan

I've been known, I love ya'll for this  
I wouldn't wear it tho  
I know father died, mother died, got me?  
130 the producer  
Ayyy, rich I'm baby

15 thousand will get your partner knocked off  
16 thousand for them styled, tailored car bombs  
18, I was stealin' mama's money out her top drawer  
I could not get knocked off  
So, you know I had to grind  
So my folks won't have to work not more  
Still goin' in, made a promise, we wouldn't hurt no more  
Goin' to church on Sundays, what you worship for?

I was in the court  
They thought I wasn't gon' dip  
Used to hide money at my mama's house  
She didn't know it was in her crib  
I can't give no fucks no more, I gotta tell them how I feel  
I can't show no love no more, they gonna stab me once again  
Family in my business tryna see what I done spent  
You can't offer me nothing and I don't need no new friends  
I won't cover my tongue 'cause I don't care who I offend  
Turn a L to a win  
Turn a player to a pimp  
Everything double G on my end  
These bitches tryna cuddle me in my Benz  
Niggas tryna break me knowing I won't bend  
And I tell that's how the story goes  
And I came here just to vent  
And I hope you can understand  
(What about the critics bro?)  
I won't let 'em in

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Lie to me in my face  
But why would you stab me in by back?  
Proolly 'cause you thought I was dead  
I resurrected, I'm back, hoe  
Every time a bad bitch call, my problems call me back, though  
A lot of y'all niggas bit into my swag  
Proolly not dealing with that flow  
A lot of y'all niggas sound like my son  
Shoulda been calling me dad-oh

Rumor has it that I fell off  
Only thing I fell off was a basket  
Plug tried to send the bails off

I had to tell him, "Don't send it to the mansion"  
Your favorite rapper tried to steal the sauce  
I got that nigga stealing in the pantry  
At times I forget I done made it  
Still got a million in the mansion  
Still tryna make 'em understand  
Lot of discretion but I gotta keep a country head  
Never sell my soul for a bunch of bread

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You can't run from the truth shawdy, you feel me?  
I gotta be me, and fuck what anybody else think man  
I'm back to having fun on you niggas