

# Rap War

Rio Da Yung OG

Money is not everything, it's the only thing  
(It's a Wayne beat)  
(Elijah, not another one)  
(His name's Pablo!)

Five racks on a fit, bitch, I act stupid  
V's in the green Bravis look like a crab moving  
Got the bitch sucking dick, while her ass moving  
Beat a C.O. bitch down, and send a rack to her  
On some bullshit, I done got into some rap war  
Bring your dogshit out, let's have a rap war  
I might buy a 'Rari truck before we start the tour  
I'm with them one niggas, the letter start with four  
Supreme forces, three hundred, would've cost four  
That's forty-three hundred on some shit that I barely wore  
He just shot you in the leg, bro, you barely sore  
I'm paranoid, answer the phone in my scary voice  
Back in 2013, we was the Larry boys  
Four karats each year, I'm with them Jerry boys  
If you ain't tryna drop shit, then what you said it for?  
Bitch, I'm reach now, and I would not cap, that's what I said it for  
You can't compare your man to me, he very poor  
Mix the Tris with Quagen, that's very demure  
I seen a nigga get his shit pushed back, I'm paranoid  
We run from the state police, we call them cherry boys  
Hit a left, then a right, there we never was  
Baby lost a demon, he will not spare you in the club  
I pulled off from my big bro, and left him with a dub  
I'm on my own shit, I swear, I'm tired of helping niggas up  
Seventy racks left wrist, I just got out of prison  
I keep it real, the bustdown ain't mine, Jerry left it with me  
I'm with my nephew Jaire, Sharon left him with me  
I got a hundred in the clip, but spare a nigga fifty  
KB got that trigger thang, share it to 'til it's empty  
It's fucked up, they tried to get a Biggie Bag, I left at Wendy's  
Bottle cap Balenci' belt, it was eleven-fifty  
Like, how we talkin' bout some shit that I never mentioned?  
You niggas can just dress better than me, was never better than me  
I might pop out in my city with a letter with me  
That's a whole M, hopping out the 'Rari truck with the chrome Timbs  
Real business man, nigga, you would never hit me  
Said my phone dead, matter fact, where the fuck my other phone at?  
Nigga, I got pussy when I was in jail, wasn't no phone sex  
And, I paid the bitch to bring me a pint of old red  
You ain't got more money than me, fucking bonehead  
We just dropped an eight, but you could never tell, cause it's a code red  
Yeah, you really killed a tour, your shows was dead  
Kidnap him, make him shoot himself in his own forehead  
I done drunk so much drank, feel like an old man  
Zero miles on a Maybach, it got flowed in, it got towed in  
Probably in the rack, with a switch on me, in the Low End

With some blow heads, man, haha  
Come on