

Rich Shooters

Shy Glizzy

Bow, bow
Rich shooter, uh, rich shooter
Yeah, damn
Yeah, hundred round goon
Uh, bitch I'm Herwin on the spoon
I'm dope

Fuck your shooter, heard his pistol on safety
I might double wrap and bubble wrap your wife and baby
I've been poppin' rubber bands, rubber bands done drove me crazy
I can't fuck with rappers, I ain't been feelin' rappers lately
In and out of jail, I swear them crackers drove me crazy
I might smoke a nigga, I might give his mother daisies
Rest in peace Bob 'cause that's how Bob raised me
He was fuckin' with that dope, Medellin, we was wavy
Fuck a deal, 'cause the bricks and scales really paid me
Coulda been in Mercedes, fuck 12 tryna frame me
Outside with the junkies, jungle 50s, we go monkey
I really dropped niggas broad day
I'ma show 'em how the mob play
Get up close, personal, my shit face to face (Face to face)
You could pick a time, you could pick a place, I'ma beat the case (Fuck nigg
a)
Finesse plug, finesse buy you through everything (I do everything)
I know one thing, I ain't ever buyin' no weddin' ring (Fuck that bitch)
Y'all was ridin' dicks, I was outside doin' better things
First time I called my mother locked up, she said, "You better swing"
Attempted murder, I was 15 with a 17 with a big dream
I run all in this shit (Man, why?) 'Cause the bitch green (Man, fuck that ni
gga)

I appreciate your moments 'cause I never had nothin'
Used to be a crash dummy, nah, now get that fast money
I remember she was stallin', now she got that ass jumpin'
Me, my niggas, we be ballin', we can't wait to buy somethin'
I'm a rich shooter, baby, I'm a rich shooter
We some rich shooters, baby, we some rich shooters
3 got the Macky and that bitch came with a ruler (Goddamn, goddamn)
We the fuckin' rich shooters, fuck these niggas, they some losers

I was built to win, no I can't ever ever lose
Bitch, they call me Jefe with a mothafuckin' tool (Young Jefe, holmes)
They act like they don't fuck with me, they watch my every move
Bitch, it's me and Q Da Fool, we ain't cool with you, too
You ain't no fuckin' stepper, where your mothafuckin' weapon?
First gun I ever shot it was a .38 special
It's GG to the world, bro, we're on another level (GG for life)
And it's long live 30, bitch, I scream that shit forever (30, 30)
Bitch I'm ridin' on Tre-7 in a fuckin' R8 (Skrtrt)
You can come and get an eight ball or get a whole plate
I don't need a damn extendo, F&N is on my waist
And I don't even send a memo, I just get your ass erased
We like the UPS for bills, yeah, do the mail
My bitch, she like Chanel, got all the bags and all the heels
Where I'm from they like to kill, keep that chopper by the wheel
I seen some nigga tell, bow, bow, go to Hell

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