

Rich Nigga Problems

Yella Beezy

I ain't tryna argue if it ain't 'bout a dollar
Yeah I'm out here grindin' hard like it's no tomorrow
Tryna stuff a hundred bands right down in my joggers
These bitches actin' like they love a nigga, these hoes need an Oscar
I got rich nigga problems
Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, whoa, whoa, whoa-oh
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I got rich nigga problems, if it ain't 'bout a dollar
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I got rich nigga problems, these hoes get so awful
Say you need to play your part, ayy lil bitch get off me
Why don't you come bring me a bag, that would be so thoughtful
Way a nigga pop these rubber bands, it's makin' me naseous
Every day I'm saucin', so turned up and flossin'
Hopped up out the Audi then took off in the Rari
All these hoes that turned me down, I'm gon' make you sorry
Got that draco by my waist ho, yeah, you better be catious
I'm coolin' with my feet up, bitch boy don't get beat up
Hit him with a haymaker and make him pick his teeth up
He love trappin' in designer, gettin' dope money in FILA's
I know how to stay down, no I can't fuck up my lil re-up

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Hey, rich nigga, hey, I can fuck your bitch nigga
Cliff nigga, fuck around with stiff niggas
Don't trip nigga, make your lil ho strip nigga
I'm lit nigga, put that shit on crip nigga
Ayy, I go gnarly
I'm not hurtin' and I'm not starvin'
Go retarded, lift my shirt and show my forty
Hey, drop top Porsches, hey, serve these fiends off in my Jordans
These all black Forces, let me run my bands up, had no Charleston
All white Lam, and I think I might just ride the horse one
Big Rolls Royces, that Bentley get to trottin', I ain't talkin' 'bout horses
I keep hearin' voices
Say kill these niggas and start extortin' 'em
My bitches they gorgeous
My trap stay rollin' bitch, just like Forgis

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