

# Drop

## Rich Boy

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

My Mazeradi and Ferrari like to chill with my Mercedes  
See my Bentley, what I got when my two Phantoms had a baby  
I'm not crazy, why you lazy? I get so politely daisy  
Fuck you, pussy nigga, pay me my Lambo do 'bout 280I sellin', heard you tellin', thought you killin' while you stealin'  
Thought you dealin' while you chillin', you ain't ballin' with a million  
God made me super rich, the devil made you stupid, bitch  
You could be just like me if you quit with all that stupid shitWhy you actin' hard now you must want go see God now?  
The same niggas you were beefin' with are up in your yard now  
If you bout to run dogg, I guess you better start now  
Forgot to bring your gun so you got to use your heart nowIt's hard to get rich but it ain't shit to go to hell  
It's hard to sell dope but it ain't shit to go to jail  
It's hard to keep it real but it ain't shit for you to tell  
I smoked so much of this that I can't even hide the smellSo drop  
Drop, drop, drop  
Now drop  
Drop, drop, dropWe marijuana farmers, all our rides look like Transformers  
Tell the pretty girls to pull they titties out and dance for us  
You don't need a Gym Class, crack like Slim Fast  
Take a hit and loss a fuckin' hundred pounds quick fastSnow cone with a chain on and deep off or chain off  
My blunt goin' kick the game off, we never take the game off  
Find a hater, sign a hater, let him see my elevator  
Hundreds in my refrigerator, now they know we gettin' paper  
Find a hater, sign a hater, let him see my elevator  
Hundreds in my refrigerator, now they know we gettin' paperPullin' coupes and escalators, enemies on respirators  
Million dollar generators, 90 fast investigators  
For flashy cars, the prison bars, mnage trois  
The playin' cards I swear it's hard, now dropNow drop  
Drop, drop, drop  
Now drop

Drop, drop, drop

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