

Rich as F**k (feat. 2 Chainz)

Lil' Wayne

Never talk to the cops, I don't speak pig Latin
I turn the penny to a motherfucking Janet Jackson
Tell the bitches that be hatin' I ain't got no worries
I just wanna hit and run like I ain't got insurances
Hoe whats yo name whats yo sign, Zodiac Killer
All rats gotta die, even Master Splinter

Yeah Murder 187

I be killing them bitches I hope all dogs go to heaven
And I got Xanax, percocet, promethazine with codeine
Call me Mr Sandman, I'm selling all these hoes dreams

Got a white girl with big titties, flat ass TV screen

I keep a bad bitch call me the BB King

You know I got that mouth out her
And put that bitch out like a house fire
I'm killing these hoes like Michael Myers

I eat that cat just like a lion

And I can't trust none of these niggas

Can't trust none of these hoes

I see your girl when I want, I got that ho TiVo'd

Got a red ass bitch with a red ass pussy

Nigga try me, that a dead ass pussyCuz y'all motherfuckers so blind to the factTo tell you the truth, I don't care
who's looking

All I know is I love my bitch

That pussy feel just like heaven on earthSix feet deep, dick shovel in dirt

R.I.P.-Rest in pussyLight that shit then pass that shit

We gon' get so smoked out

And then I went got locked up

Every night I dreamt I broke out

One Time for them pussy niggas

That's that shit I don't like

We eating over here nigga

Fuck around and have food fight

And that's 2 Chainz.

Look at you

Now look at us

All my niggas look rich as fuck

All my niggas look rich as fuck

All my niggas look rich as fuck

Look at you

Now look at us

All my niggas look rich as fuck

All my niggas look rich as fuckAll my niggas look rich as fuckAK on my night stand, right next to the bible

But I swear with these 50 shots, I'll shoot it out with 5-0

Pockets gettin too fat, no weight watchers no lipoMoney talks, bullshit walks on a motherfucking tight ropeAnd

I make that pussy tap out, I knock that pussy out cold

Nigga you get beat the crap out but that's just how the dice roll

These hoes want that hose pipe, so I give all these hoes pipe

She get on that dick and stay on, all night like porch lights

Lets do it, fuck talking, we out here we ballin

And I'm spraying that on these rusty niggas like WD40

We fucked up, we Truk'd up, no if ands or but fucksBitch niggas go behind yo back like nun-chucks and that's

fucked up

But my hoes down, my cups up, my niggas down for whatever

These bitches think they're too fly well tell em hoes I pluck feathers

I'm Tunechi, Young Tunechi, I wear Trukfit fuck Gucci

She's blowing kisses at me with her pussy lips, smoochesAnd that's 2 Chainz...Look at you

Now look at us

All my niggas look rich as fuck

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Look at you

Now look at us

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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