

# Safe (feat. Cyko)

## Rich Homie Quan

Yeah, get the money everyday and throw that bread in the safe, yeah

And if you come up short put yo' head on the plate, yeah

Had to grind and grind and go get it

Had to stay away from hoe niggas

More problems then it's more hittas

Yeah, get the money everyday and throw that bread in the safe yeah

And if you come up short put yo' head on the plate yeah

Had to grind and grind and go get it

Had to stay away from hoe niggas

More problems then it's more hittas

A lot of rubber bands in the safe boy

I don't buy nothin' I'm dirt cheap

Red carpet fresh yeah all the time

Brown suit call a nigga Louis XIII

No feelings can't let a bitch hurt me

Broke bitches are the only thing that hurt me

Gettin' money the shit we don't trip 'bout

Talk cash money shit I got a big mouth

Stop savin' these hoes with a cape on

This stick got a sna and a badge on

The TEC got my name on it Draymond

Money in the mattress every night 'cause I lay on it

Ballin' hard need a new court to play on

I can't fall off I'ma stay on

Big crib for all my Section homies

So many diamonds in the Patek it look like the fake gone

Paid yo' son to ask the people

Suck it like a vacuum cleaner

Smoke the dope pass it neither

Who gon' smoke pass the reefer

Two hundred of 'em in the back of the Regal

And I need a lawyer I'm talkin' a paralegal

I just get the money I can't get mad at people

Tryin' to get a brand new bag everyday

Rich Homie!

Yeah, get the money everyday and throw that bread in the safe yeah

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Had to stay away from hoe niggas

More problems then it's more hittas  
Yeah, get the money everyday and throw that bread in the safe yeah  
And if you come up short put yo' head on the plate yeah  
Had to grind and grind and go get it  
Had to stay away from hoe niggas  
More problems then it's more hittas  
Get the money everyday and throw the bread in the safe  
Niggas get wrong throw the lead in their face  
Had to go get the money go get the money go, you slow nigga  
I don't know nigga why you broke  
Traphouse go crazy, gotta grind like a broke lady  
I was there bro had to get on  
Couple niggas hatin' had to get gone  
I've been goin' hard man I can't stop  
Old money new money in the shoe box  
And I'm still with the same old day ones  
Same nigga never changed with the fame on  
Had to go get a chain with my name on it  
Wrist game came with the rain on it  
Rollie so wet I can paint on it  
Real trap nigga got the thing on me  
Had to really be a man, had stand on my two feet  
You don't understand why I ride with the heat  
Money comin' in they gon' hate on it  
They don't wanna see me win better pray on it  
They don't wanna see me win better pray on it  
I'ma go and get the bag keep the weight on it  
And if it come up short put yo' head on the plate  
I need everything put the bag on my main yeah  
Yeah, get the money everyday and throw that bread in the safe  
yeah  
And if you come up short put yo' head on the plate yeah  
Had to grind and grind and go get it  
Had to stay away from hoe niggas  
More problems then it's more hittas  
Yeah, get the money everyday and throw that bread in the safe yeah  
And if you come up short put yo' head on the plate yeah  
Had to grind and grind and go get it  
Had to stay away from hoe niggas  
More problems then it's more hittas

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