Nice Guy

Rich Quick

They tell me I'm a nice guy but I don't wanna be a nice guy
When I look up at the night sky my heart won't break my fear won't go away
They say my marks made, pack my bags
Hitch that saddle and took that drag
One day Imma touch the sky
And when I do I'll be tryna find youMake my heart break
Get um where I fit in and it's gonna take a killin'
Till I finally make a livin'
Willin' sittin on about half a million
All my sons all my loved ones chillin'
See me, I'm not him.
I climb, rocks out that wine box
This hear is the new me
Won't stop now
I propose a toast to my foes and got down
Now may I twist this flow
Till ya'll might say my 'ish could blow
Just goes to show you won't grow till you
And I don't wanna be a nice guy no mo'
They tell me I'm a nice guy but I don't wanna be a nice guy
When I look up at the night sky my heart won't break my fear won't go away
They say my marks made, pack my bags
Hitch that saddle and took that drag
One day Imma touch the sky
And when I do I'll be tryna find youThey say nice guys always finish last
Instant karma get ya partna pass on the grass
But then he sips himself a glass
One that's passed on from his past
That's when he packs up and leaves
Gasses up and rolls up his sleeves
That's his luck, he's out the door and he don't really wanna be a nice guy no mo'
So they tell me I'm a nice guy but I don't wanna be a nice guy
When I look up at the night sky my heart won't break my fear won't go away
They say my marks made, pack my bags
Hitch that saddle and took that drag
One day Imma touch the sky
And when I do I'll be tryna find youThey say that I'm a nice guy
I'm a nice guy
And nice guys always finish last oh oh ohThey tell me I'm a nice guy but I don't wanna be a nice guy

When I look up at the night sky my heart won't break my fear won't go away
Ya'll say my marks made, pack my bags
Hitch that saddle and took that drag
One day Imma touch the sky
And when I do I'll be tryna find youMy heart break
I can't take this so I make this escape
They get a little bit afraid
Little plain, basic mistakes plague my existence
Made my choice to stay mainly in this land
Maybe this ish ain't crazy
It's just they see me and I'm not him
I hot box to the top and stop them
I'll box any box you put me in
Hot to death you can't stop my fresh.
So with that said I'm ready to go
and I don't really wanna be a nice guy no mo'So they tell me I'm a nice guy
I don't wanna be a nice guy
When I look up at the night sky my heart won't break my fear won't go away
Ya'll say my marks made, pack my bags
Hitch that saddle and took that drag
One day imma touch the sky
And when I do I'll be tryna find you

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