

Replay

Rich Homie Quan

Be quiet, bro, bro
Yeah, this that shit here, man
Nigga gon' feel, brah
You know what I'm sayin', like
I'm on a whole 'nother one, man
I'm so content with the person I am
I can give a fuck about what you think about me, honestly, bro
Huh, as long as this Rollie tick, I'm good, man I got two bitches on call, no three-way
You ain't cashed out, nigga, yeah, that's what the lease say
Four, five bitches walkin' with me all from Pre-Bay
No turntable, scratch that pussy like a DJ
No disrespect to Mannie Fre' but go DJ
Run that check up, a lotta niggas fled, D-Day
Fuck her two times, every mornin' that's a replay
Fuck her two times, every mornin' that's a replay Niggas are rollin' big, niggas are drama queen
I be in between that money like I'm corn-beef
Run it up and stack it, you makin' money backwards
I'm throwin' nothin' but Jackson, rip it out the plastic
These niggas actin', these niggas actors
He ain't know his daddy, these niggas bastards
These niggas hatin', these niggas leechin'
Fuck that bitch and everybody know it when they see me
Everybody know it, since I cut my hair I feel like everybody Quan, haha
Fuck your feelin's, everybody show 'em
I don't care 'cause everybody know 'em
The best nigga I got two bitches on call, no three-way
You ain't cashed out, nigga, yeah, that's what the lease say
Four, five bitches walkin' with me all from Pre-Bay
No turntable, scratch that pussy like a DJ
No disrespect to Mannie Fre' but go DJ
Run that check up, a lotta niggas fled, D-Day
Fuck her two times, every mornin' that's a replay
Fuck her two times, every mornin' that's a replay Hundred choppers in the trunk, gas smellin' like a skunk
Skinny jeans with a lump, some bankrolls, li'l nigga
Offsets on my whip, yeah, you know I'm ridin'
I ain't stuntin' that negative shit, so please don't kill my vibe
I don't know what it's gone for one of y'all niggas understand
They feelin' some type of way, when I walked in like the man
I stuck to the strips, stayed down 'cause I had a plan

I never let my left hand know what my right hand doin'
I'm for real, these niggas are underestimin' greatness
I'm for real, these niggas could never kill or never take it from me
All about that money
If it ain't 'bout money then it ain't 'bout nothin', lil' nigga
But I'm blowin' my money to keep these stacks clean
Killin' these niggas like I'm vaccine
You not Mad Max from choppers, you a Maxine
Naw naw, you a crack fiend, mom dukes my black queen I just wanna stack this money up high
I just wanna stack this money up high
Talkin' so high, I feel like I can fly
I'm talkin' so high, I feel like I can fly I got two bitches on call, no three-way
You ain't cashed out, nigga, yeah, that's what the lease say
Four, five bitches walkin' with me all from Pre-Bay
No turntable, scratch that pussy like a DJ
No disrespect to Mannie Fre' but go DJ
Run that check up, a lotta niggas fled, D-Day
Fuck her two times, every mornin' that's a replay
Fuck her two times, every mornin' that's a replay (hey that's a replay)
Hey, that's a replay, hey, that's a replay
Fuck her two times, yeah, that's a replay (fuck her two times, that's a replay)

Songwriters

DEQUANTES DEVONTAY LAMAR, JOHN CARRINGTON, JOHNNY DAVID MOLLINGS, LEIGH
VINCENT ELLIOTT, LENNY MOLLINGS Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>