Basement

Rich Homie Quan

Something fishy been goin' on with these niggas lately
Can't put my finger on it, but I know they hatin'
All my life I been boney, I'm Slim, but not shady
All them cars you drive outdated
Money in the attic, got em guns in the basementMight duct tape you and leave you in the basement
Hold you for ransom until you fork em over that payment
I got guns in the living room, dare you play with it
I'm in the street like the pavementEnd up dead in my basement
New money, I'm talkin', new money, I'm walkin'
Just got a new fit lookin' like I need to be laying in the coffin
Yo bitch, she swallow, that ain't my problem
I'mma duct tape a hoe, make her ass be quiet
Might shoot this bitch cuz that hoe don't stop hollering
Might pay me, boy, this shit don't make sense
But I gotta make it
Money, I got everything I have, they think I'm crazy
But I'm not, I ain't with them childish games, I ain't trying to play them
I put that on my unborn baby
If you come off in my basement
Cuz you might get duct taped tight
I dont harass girls if you in this basement
You might get fucked like
Enough say, enough said
I mean she love me, I love head
I get money
And I can smell --
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End up dead in my basement
My partner crossed me
I swear to God, he took me in a maze that nigga lost me
This shit be happening too often

These niggas ain't rapping, they just talking
And she making me sick, I'm nauseous
Black and gold diamonds, like New Orleans
Wanna be in your place, that smile in your face
No I don't know you, you see me in public
You say we related, you stuck in the hood, while I had to upgrade it
Mansion with acres, straight from the bottom I had to come out of the basement
Young nigga made it, Quan, go crazy
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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