You Not

Rich Homie Quan

[Intro]
You not, you not, you not
I said you not that nigga I thought you was
I said you not, you not, you not, you not, you not[Hook]
I said you not that nigga I thought you was
You the type of nigga who be flexing for the hoes
I thought you had it, you not that nigga I thought you was
You not, you not, you not, you not, you not
That nigga I thought you was, I thought you was the plug
But you not that nigga I thought you was
I said you not, you not, you not, you not, you not
That nigga I thought you was
I said you tryna flex for these hoes, but you not that nigga I thought you was
I said you not, you not, you not[Verse 1]
You not that nigga who got it
You not that nigga who riding
You the type of nigga who be with that soft shit
You not that nigga who silent
All my niggas we violent, and all my niggas they riding
And what they better do in that interrogation room is be quiet
I thought you were the man round here
I got a Glock cocked, got you moving like hopscotch
It's like I'm making a nigga dance round here
Young nigga faking with the MCM bags round here
I bet it do the same motherfucking bull, bags ain't got no bands in them
Maybe put my mans on him
That nigga got fucked up and I ain't even have to lay a hand on him
A real killer never tell, so I don't even know what they saying over there
You not that nigga I thought you was
I seen you and your partner caught, I thought you was
Who you fooling homie
Tool on me, fuck you homie
ABC channel 2 homie
I done fucked around and made the news on you
Had to change shoes, waste food on em
This flashy shit ain't nothing new homie
I been me, you ain't you homie
And you ain't no thug, plus you ain't that nigga I thought you was[Hook][Verse 2]
You ain't never been around no dope

I'm in the hood every day, you can have my cousin loot
I got my homie Bone, still in paradise, he tryna get it gone
Shawty Gretchen at the home, you know I got it on me
Talking bout the 40 nigga, and I bust that motherfucker at your ass
Cause I don't know you nigga, and I ain't trying to
These hoes you be lying to
And you can first class me everywhere I'm flying to
My feet up, telling Evan cut the beat up
Spent 30 thousand on sneakers, who's style I took nigga, speak up![Hook]

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