Rich As Fuck

Lil' Wayne

Never talk to the cops, I don't speak pig latin
I turned the pen into a motherfucking Janet Jackson
Tell the bitches that be hatin' I ain't got no worries
I just wanna hit and run like I ain't got insurance
Ho, whats yo name whats yo sign, Zodiac Killer
All rats gotta die, even Master Splinter
Yeah Murder 187
I be killing them bitches I hope all dogs go to heaven
And I got Xanax, Percocet, Promethazine with Codeine
Call me Mr.Sandman, I'm selling all these hoes dreams
Got a white girl with big titties, flat ass TV screen
I keep a bad bitch call me the BB King
You know I got that mouth out her, and put that bitch out like a house fire
I'm killing these hoes like Michael Myers, I eat that cat just like a lion
And I can't trust none of these niggas, can't trust none of these hoes
And I see your girl when I want, I got that ho TiVo'd huh
Got a red ass bitch with a red ass pussy
Nigga try me, that's a dead ass pussy
Since y'all motherfuckers so blind to the fact,
To tell you the truth I don't care who's looking
All I know is I love my bitch, that pussy feel just like heaven on earth
Six feet deep, dick shovel in the dirt, R.I.P. Rest In Pussy
Light that shit then pass that shit, we gon' get so smoked out
And then I went got locked up, every night I dreamt I broke out
One time for them pussy niggas, that's that shit I don't like
We eating over here nigga, fuck around and have food fight
And that's 2 ChainzLook at you, now look at us
All my niggas look rich as fuck
All my niggas live rich as fuck
All my niggas look rich as fuckLook at you, now look at us
All my niggas look rich as fuck
All my niggas live rich as fuck
All myAK on my night stand, right next to tat bible
But I swear with these 50 shots, I'll shoot it out with 5-0
Pockets gettin' too fat, no weight watch no lipo
Money talks, bullshit walks on a motherfucking tight rope
And I make that pussy tap out, I knock that pussy out cold
Nigga you get beat the crap out but that's just how the dice roll
These hoes want that hose pipe, so I give all these hoes pipe

She get on that dick and stay on, all night like porch lights
Let's do it, fuck talking, we out here, we ballin'
And I'm spraying that on these rusty niggas like WD-40
We fucked up, we Truk'd up, no if's and's or butt fucks
Bitch niggas go behind yo back like nun-chucks and that's fucked up
But my hoes down, my cups up, my niggas down for whatever
These bitches think they're too fly well tell them hoes I pluck feathers
I'm Tunechi, Young Tunechi, I wear Trukfit fuck Gucci
She's blowing kisses at me with her pussy lips, smooches
And that's 2 ChainzLook at you, now look at us
All my niggas look rich as fuck
All my niggas live rich as fuck
All my niggas look rich as fuckEy yo, fuck all y'all bitches
Straight up
Any bitch out there that ain't never wanna give me no pussy
Fuck you in your asshole bitchAll my niggas live rich as fuck
All my niggas look rich as fuckAnd your nigga a ho

Songwriters
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