

Bankroll (feat. Young Ralph)

Rich Homie Quan

[Hook: Rich Homie Quan]

Got a Pocket full of Hundreds and a closet full of clothes
With a Phone full of hoes and they trippin'
And yeah I know some partners and they throwed with some shawty by the door
With some killer niggas standing by the kitchen
And all my niggas got a bankroll, bankroll, bankroll on em'
Bankroll, bankroll, bankroll on em' All my niggas keep a bankroll, bankroll, bankroll on em'
I can't go nowhere without no bankroll on me[Verse 1: Gucci Mane]
I got yo Ho on the score you know my unc on dope
A lil' short hand chopper under my peacoat
So how these hoes gon' stop the guap when the cops can't stop
I dropped my Iphone cracked it and my top subtracted
And i spend my money faster
I got on seven diamond rings like your pastor
I was ridin round with bricks in my trunk man
Same year that Jordan dropped the jumped man
I was in the county playin' tomp by the bunk man
[?] I gives a damn
Sellin gram after gram never credit card scam
Want some credit let a nigga hold your credit card mam
Give me pussy ass and mouth so I call the bitch P.A.M
Since Im saving all my money you should me young S.A.M
I been serving niggas debbie since a very young man
Got a stash box with a tammy gun in my damn van[Hook][Verse 2: Young Scooter]
4g auto straight 8 im on a high speed chase
200 on the interstate cause I can't catch no case
Tryna hit up gucci land but he won't pick up the phone
Thankin like El Chapo we can't loose no loads
I like to stack my money up I can't stand bankroll
36 ounces in the brick I add 4 more
Thats a 40 ounce brick you get it for 24
Old school like magic I no look past dope
I drop a brick just like buffalo just dropped T.O
I ain't never seen drop bricks drop out the float
Old school G.T.O bricks stuffed in the dope
And I don't stop at red lights everything is a go[Hook][Verse 3: Bankroll Fresh]
Im a motherfuckin stoner I put that shit on my momma
Got my pistol with me now, you try me, bitch im a gun you
You ain't no boss you pussy boy you a motherfuckin runner

Fuck the Jury, the judge ,the prosecutor and your honor
I can make cocaine, vacay straight to columbia
Cadillac station wagon 4g's all up under
Got em' in, Got em' in, Got em' in,Got em' in
What you wanna spend im ridin' with that elephant
From the burg with these young niggas they got hearts in then
Im in the streets pussy niggas and no such thang as freinds
I might just pull up on your block with a ho block and a fo pot
Drop a fo walk what you wanna car key the door locked
Shooters gone pop[Hook]

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