Role Models

Rich Boy

Parents should go out and play with their kids
'Cause we ain't no damn role models, real G's
Right there in between Florida and Mississippi
Mobile Alabama this is Rich Boy city
And the bricks get flipped 'cause we close to the water
If ya ain't gettin' ya dope from me, nigga, ya oughta
I fucked the mayor's daughter, he hate it when I call her
But I'm still ridin' 'round in that Beamer that he bought her
There she go now but I'm busy
Gettin' money on the other side of town
So I ain't a fuckin' clan I'll split yo' wig
And I ain't got shit to do wit' yo' kids
Look, Rich Boy quit doin' hardcore shit
Lil' nigga, fuck school, cop five mo' bricks
I see you ballin', yeah, what's up?
This is a motherfuckin' stick up
We'll take yo' shit and think nothin' about it
We'll take yo' shit and think nothin' about it
I'll fall off at the club, like the thang on my waist, yeah
Then lay down the whole place
We'll take yo' shit and think nothin' about it
We'll take yo' shit and think nothin' about it
Let me welcome you to my world, Chevy's and dirt roads
Cheap liquor, pimp niggas that work hoes
Big trucks, niggas gettin' they swerve on
Country niggas ain't slow, fuck what you heard, homes
Get a Swisher, lit it, switchin' on some killa shit
Poke out your chest, ball up ya fist, buddy, ya still a bitch
My niggas ignorant, foolish bunch of belligerents
We hit the VIP, pullin' bitches and spillin' shit
So if it seem like I'm buzzin', I'm sholliz
Fuckin' wit' my country cousin and them, from Mobile
'Bama bred backwood, niggas, we so trill
Well, let the foot watch me and lil' Rich gettin' in hoes' ears
What it is? Damn right, we ain't a role model
Half pints to half a gallon, we drank the whole bottle
That's why them hoes holla, they know them 'bout a dollar
And they might get to ride Impala, if them bitches swa
I see you ballin', yeah, what's up?

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We'll take yo' shit and think nothin' about it
We'll take yo' shit and think nothin' about it
I see the kids wanna rap like me
'Cause ya see me wit' the bitches livin' life on TV
Around in my hood, boys fillin' graves up
Niggas talkin' that shit, see the Techs raise up
Hangin' wit' the convicts and my boy attitude
I was fuckin' them the bitches in the back of the school
Can't you tell, motherfucker, I was raised by the streets?
Fuck you studio gangstas, niggas reppin' on beats
My uncle doin' fed down in Talladega, bitch
It ain't shit you can tell me about Lil' Rich
You better take ya lil' kids to the pastor
'Cause Rich Boy ain't a role model for them bastards
We ain't role models
(We be smokin')
We ain't role models
(We be drankin')
We ain't role models
(We be fuckin' these hoes)
We ain't role models
I see you ballin', yeah, what's up?
This is a motherfuckin' stick up
We'll take yo' shit and think nothin' about it
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