

Same Year

Rich Homie Quan

Yeah we gon call this stadium music, ya nahmean
I think that's how,
Atlanta appropriate
30 you a fool for this one Money don't make you real no
Money don't make a nigga real
I was real as fuck when I ain't have shit (yeah yeah)
I ain't took a loss since my nigga
Vick was quarterbackin' for the Falcons (yeah yeah)
When I needed me a spot to hide it
I would stash the shit in the mattress (woo oohh)
And I ain't start until I jumped off the porch felt like I was fast yeah
I lost my freedom and grandma the same year (the same year)
I got back out, made a million the same year (same year)
My record like that gun boy that pistol clean (fa-fa-fa)
Can't mix feelings wit yo business ain't no in between
Ain't no in between when we fuckin' baby
(Ain't no in between)
I hit dance moves in that pussy like I'm Usher Raymond
(Like I'm Usher baby)
Bitch grab on my chain, scream Rich Homie Baby
(Rich homie baby)
Talk is cheap so we have million dollar conversations
Police tried to judge me cause I swerve
I done relapsed on the drink
Got a nigga slurrin' 'bout his words
They can't understand anything I say
Got some niggas waitin' on the work
Waitin for me to put them thangs in motion
Concentration stuck on the money
Tunnel vision gotta stay focused
When I was locked in jail I had a motive
Get the money never go broke
Gotta start livin' by that quote
Since then I done made the most
Since then I done had to prove it
Hater wrong they said I couldn't do it
Give it all gas and I damn near bust the motor (that right too)
Money don't make you real no
Money don't make a nigga real

I was real as fuck when I ain't have shit (yeah yeah)
I ain't took a loss since my nigga
Vick was quarterbackin' for the Falcons (yeah yeah)
When I needed me a spot to hide it
I would stash the shit in the mattress (woo oooh)
And I ain't start until I jumped off the porch felt like I was fast yeah
I lost my freedom and grandma the same year (the same year)
I got back out, made a million the same year (same year)
My record like that gun boy that pistol clean (fa-fa-fa)
Can't mix feelings wit yo business ain't no in between
Business man business man, paper,
I wasn't never late goin' to work
Simon says give that boy the work
Neighborhood always played the curb
Broke as hell only fifteen, gotta make it work by the first
Hit the mall friday let's ball,
Bitch you know it ain't nun for me to splurge
I bought the shit when all on serve
Stayed down I had to wait my turn
I lost a couple shipment through the mail,
after that a lesson what I learned
Nothing giving everything earned
My patna switched on me, yeah he turned
Big money talk and now I'm cool
you couldn't walk a mile in my shoes Money don't make you real no
Money don't make a nigga real
I was real as fuck when I ain't have shit (yeah yeah)
I ain't took a loss since my nigga
Vick was quarterbackin' for the Falcons (yeah yeah)
When I needed me a spot to hide it
I would stash the shit in the mattress (woo oooh)
And I ain't start until I jumped off the porch felt like I was fast yeah
I lost my freedom and grandma the same year (the same year)
I got back out, made a million the same year (same year)
My record like that gun boy that pistol clean (fa-fa-fa)
Can't mix feelings wit yo business ain't no in between

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>