

Get Rich (feat. Iamsu!)

RJ

Huhh Look
Niggas rap rich but I been broke
Last night I had a dream bout a kicked doe'
I used to cross state lines just to get dope
Wanna press my line gotta fish for it
I'm alone in a crowd don't touch me, smoking I'm frustrated
Lie to my girl & she bring it up months later
Nah I ain't a ho I just crush a lot
Ball soft re rock till' I whip the watch
Mustard hit me from the yacht drunk laughing at chop
They said it's grind time a gang of niggas want yo spot
Look, a gang of these new niggas wanna be Pac
That's why a gang of these lil' niggas gone get shot
It's hard to grow up
Niggas ain't fucking with you so what
Sit yo ass down get ya dough up
I don't ever judge with my nose up
Imma blow upppppppp, Oooooh about money on that note
Bitch I'm 100 to the point you taxed for it
If I ever need ya hand I'll ask for it, until then Imma on my shit like...
Ooooooooooooh oooh ooh, I'mma get rich on you
And I'mma be richer than you, I'mma get rich like
Ooooooooooooh oooh ooh, I'mma get on you, and I'mma be richer
than you, cuz I'm on my shit like...
Ooooooooooh oooh ooh I'mma be richer than you
Two or three bitches came trough, I'm tryna fuck something
I told her back it back it up for a Young G
Remember hoes used to call a nigga ugly
Two chains on mouth full of gold theeth
OG Chiefed up, try me get creased up
Couldn't leave the cut even with a knife on
So bad had to hit it with the lights on
Body like a stereooooo, Im finna take her home
She told me keep that shit a secret just for me to know
She got a ass so fat I gotta hold that
I'mma throw this money on it no tax You can quote that, sign sincerely yours
I swear I grind all the time, make me need it more
x2
And we never going back so I know it's clear

Call to tell her every night so I know it's there
Only find truth in your account and in your mirror
Counting checks cause I'm deaf nigga Kobe stare
Ooh the pussy so tight I had to clame her
Got yo deal on yo side fail call Kramer
Danger, Dying is cheap living ain't free
Niggas is cool but niggas ain't me
AP whippin' the jury till' the court come
Get to the millions as a civilian gotta be worth something
I only like bitches who go and find bitches they all getting fined even when they fine bitches
10 Summer like motherfucking Chi sentence
You ain't getting business girl stay out of my business
Why would they sit and ignore calls from niggas
Don't call us back or broke richer than all y'all niggas it's Razor...

x2

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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