

# Role Models (feat. David Banner & Attitude)

## Rich Boy

Parents should go out and play with their kids  
Cause we ain't no damn role models  
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  
\*phone rings\* There she go now  
But I'm busy gettin' money on the other side of town  
So I ain't a fuckin' john 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 [Chorus]  
I see you ballin', 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 wit' the thang on my waist  
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'cha chest, ball up ya fist buddy ya still a bitch  
My niggas ignorant, foolish bunch of belligerents  
We hit the V.I.P. 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  
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 I'm 'bout a dollar  
And they might, get to ride Impala, only if they swallow [Chorus]  
I see the kids wanna rap like me  
'Cause ya see me wit' the bitches livin' life on T.V.  
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' plenty 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  
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 [Chorus]

Songwriters

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