

# Differences

## Rich Homie Quan

The difference between me and you is  
I'd rather get money and try and flip me something  
You can't tell me nothing  
Yeah, yeah, yeah[Hook]

The difference between me and you is  
I'd rather get money and try and flip me something  
You can't tell me nothing

The difference between me and you is  
You'd rather sit on your ass  
Begging from another man holding out your hand  
The difference between me and you  
Is I would never love her  
I would never trust her

And she tell me that the difference between me and you  
Is I'm go get a nigga, I swear like hell I go get a nigga I was up all night counting them benjamins  
Haters eavesdropping say they saw me in the benz  
Bitch you guilty until proven innocent  
She wanna fuck with me so she can get these benefits  
I ain't stupid I ain't crazy,  
Must be out of your mind

Know I got my back and I ain't talking spine, no vertebrae  
But I heard you say that you and me  
You see the difference is there could never be  
Two of me

I swear they phony they tryna clone me  
I told the arm to feed me 20's  
Cause that's all you can get when you get plenty  
Rich homie baby[Hook]

The difference between me and you is  
I'd rather get money and tryina flip me something  
You can't tell me nothing

The difference between me and you is  
You'd rather sit on your ass  
Begging from another man holding out your hand  
The difference between me and you  
Is I would never love her  
I would never trust her

And she tell me that the difference between me and you  
Is I'am go get a nigga, I swear like hell I go get a nigga The difference is I paid attention whatever I say they

listen

I'ma idol pay attention

I ain't seen em in a minute

Teasing gotta pay him visits,

And I get stupid on these tracks some say I'm ig'nant

Got em sayin quan getting it

Bot you know my palm itching

Labels talking to me them folks come on with it

I know what the difference is see me I'ma foreign whip it

Show em what the business is, oh and my phone ringing

I inhale and my nose bleeding

Smoked a whole zip for no reason

Two doors but not four people backstreets, and we slow creeping

O, okay, they bring the guns out them bullets

Make you run fast

Venn diagram compare a contrast

Lyrics provided by

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