

# The Cars

## Rich Boy

You Niggas Gon Learn Buck A Buckin D-Boy Squad Buck A Buckin Rich Boy[Verse 1:]

Im In That Phantom, Askin For That Grey Poupon, Look At My Arm Bitch, Ya See Da Charm Bitch.

Sweet Home Albama Yeah I Love Her I Still Try Ta Hug Her Even Though She Aint My Color.

Yeah Im Fucking Wit That-Home Boy But Aint Nothin Left -

See I Got Enough Heart To March Wit Martin Luther King,

Got Them Killers Right By Me And We Can Have A Party If Ya Niggas Wanna Try Me, Suprise, We Got Some Fireworks For Ya, Pop The Trunk Get The Gift Inside Lemme Show Ya, Niggas Treat That Coke Like A Joke A Cocane Citys Like A Murder Up In Copelnd, Pick Ya Brain Like A Buncha Snow Flakes, Yeah I Put

That Weight Down Now Its Real Estate[HOOK:]

Tell Me Watcha Know Bout Me Boy, Dats Me Ima Mothafuckin D-Boy. Tell Me Watcha Know Bout Me Boy, Dats Me Ima Mothafuckin D-Boy. Yeah, So, Go D-Boy, Yeah, So, Go D-Boy, Yeah, So, Go D-Boy, Yeah, So,

Go D-Boy[Verse 2:]

If It Aint The Truth Me And My Nigga Dont Write It, 9 Years from the day My Uncle Man Got Indicted, i thank god for the hard times when i suffer, he protect me like a mother nigga now im tuffer, cant forget about you prof i still see ya, im at the graveyard everyday i cant leave ya, i feel your soul when im writing with the pen, fuck what them niggas say you my brother till the end, nigga save a spot for me tell god im coming, niggas

killin fo that money but there leavin here with nothing, if it a game motherfucker ima win it as far as im concerned aint no competition in it, call me the gritty green cause im wanna lie, now my --- mommy better thank what she got fitnta get some shit just got a new house congratulations cause ya son made a million with his mouth

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