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
https://damnlyrics.com/