

Fuck Wit Me

Rich Homie Quan

Stoopid

Yeah yeah ooh ooh

Yeah, aye, you know that money don't make you real right?

Ha, that shit just define the person you are, ya feel me?

Real nigga since day one man, aye I gotta give my all once again

Gotta put my heart in this shit

Get up if I fall once again

Save it up all, don't spend

First thing I bought was the Bent

Let me talk my shit

I been working hard on my craft

Long sleeve shirt

Boy you know it's something up my sleeve

And I ain't ever going out bad

Middle finger up

Boy you know you can't fuck with me

I could never let that bullshit you do get to me

Charge a nigga for the game I be givin' him some fee

Too much finger when I bang I throw up a bigger B

Swear my life is like a puzzle I need a missing piece

The more hater that I get boy that paper increase

The more money that I spend, the more friends decrease

Face card good we were somewhere eating free

Smokin' good gas pump five BP

Neighborhood stop sign we was in the street

Still goin' in top five missin' me

Better clock in, you don't work, you don't eat

I got old money put up boy stop playin' wit me

We were takin' everything, playin' for keeps

You never been a boss you not the man to me

Talkin' money yeah a hundred grand is cheap, to me

I gotta give my all once again

Gotta put my heart in this shit

Get up if I fall once again

Save it up all, don't spend

First thing I bought was the Bent

Let me talk my shit

I been working hard on my craft

Long sleeve shirt

Boy you know it's something up my sleeve
And I ain't ever going out bad
Middle finger up
Boy you know you can't fuck with me I was color blind I would still talk green baby (yeah)
Money talk Chris Tucker Charlie Sheen baby (yeah)
Would come flip a chicken but you know that we gravy (yeah)
Gotta scream my shawty name out wandering baby (Quan)
Spray a nigga shit like arsene baby (woo)
Dead people I got all these faces (aye)
Airport stamp I done went all these places (what)
Lawyer paid off she done won all these cases (my nigga)
Neck white man and my pocket I'm not racist
Turned my dreams into reality never thought I would make it
Have another kid that motivation
Momma house I got it in, in the basement
Wasn't no rushin' on money cause we were patient
Can't do it backward cause then that wouldn't make sense
Trap doin' numbers got another sold
Sendin' you all on the way wit another load I gotta give my all once again
Gotta put my heart in this shit
Get up if I fall once again
Save it up all, don't spend
First thing I bought was the Bent
Let me talk my shit
I been working hard on my craft
Long sleeve shirt
Boy you know it's something up my sleeve
And I ain't ever going out bad
Middle finger up
Boy you know you can't fuck with me I told yall niggas man
Ain't shit changed
but the extra zeroes in the bank account nigga haha
I'm so stretched out
I'm smokin' cigarettes now man

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