

Rich The Kid, Real Niggaz

Aston Martin, Panamera
Bad bitches, hit 'em with the hamma
Maserati, deuce Ferrari
I got horse bitches, I'm the life of the party
Got the 3.5, and my night just started
I heard she 'bout to get high, so I'm a light this spark
And I be goin' so fast, check my mileage
And I be blowin' on gas, like I work at Pilot
Autostart my car, ho
[?] my barcode, check money, Wells Fargo
Then I might Louis V my wardrobe
I drop half a ten, on my earlobe
I don't fuck with you, I fuck with real niggas
If you lame as hell, then I don't deal with yah
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Louis V my everything, True Religion my everything
I hit the mall and I cash out, bitch really, I could buy anything
Aston Martin, new Ferrari
She love the way I kick it like I knew karate
In the bed with three hoes, blowin' out them zero's
Your bitch is a ocean like where the fuck is Nemo?
All I know is foreign but my bitch red
I do not understand what that bitch said

Rich Homie, Rich The Kid, Trouble rich, trouble kid
So much flavor, you unable to catch it like I [?]
Fucked so many bitches you would think I was born with a couple dicks
Duct tape the mob, I swear to God, I would never switch
Aston Martin, ain't got me now
But I've been stackin' all of this paper up to spread it 'mongst the fam
Push start it, too retarded
Still ride with that yappa, middle finger to them coppers