Rich Boy, Role Models

Parents should go out and play with their kids...
Cause we ain't no damn role models

(Verse 1: Rich Boy)
Right there in between Florida and Mississippi
Mobile Alabama this is Rich Boy city
And the bricks get flipped 'cause we close to the water
If ya ain't gettin' ya dope from me, nigga ya oughta
I f**ked the mayor's daughter, he hate it when I call her
But I'm still ridin' 'round in that Beamer that he bought her
(phone rings) There she go now
But I'm busy gettin' money on the other side of town
So I ain't a f**kin' john I'll split yo' wig
And I ain't got shit to do wit' yo' kids
Look, Rich Boy quit, doin' hardcore shit
Lil' nigga, f**k school, cop five mo' bricks

(Chorus: (David Banner))
I see you ballin', what's up
This is a motherf**kin' stick up
(We'll take yo' shit and think nothin' about it
We'll take yo' shit and think nothin' about it)
I'll fall off at the club wit' the thang on my waist
Lyrics
Lay down the whole place
(We'll take yo' shit and think nothin' about it
We'll take yo' shit and think nothin' about it)

(Verse 2: Attitude)
Let me welcome you to my world, Chevy's and dirt roads
Cheap liquor, pimp niggas that work hoes
Big trucks, niggas gettin' they swerve on
Country niggas ain't slow, f**k what you heard homes
Get a Swisher, lit it, switchin' on some killa shit
Poke out'cha chest, ball up ya fist buddy ya still a bitch

My niggas ignorant, foolish bunch of belligerants
We hit the V.I.P. pullin' bitches and spillin' shit
So if it seem like I'm buzzin' I'm sholliz
F**kin' wit' my country cousin and them, from Mobile
'Bama bred backwood niggas we so trill
Let the foot watch me and lil Rich gettin' in hoes' ears
What it is? Damn right, we ain't a role model
Half-pints to half a gallon, we drank the whole bottle
That's why them hoes holla, they know I'm 'bout a dollar
And they might, get to ride Impala, only if they swallow

(Chorus)

(Verse 3: Rich Boy)
I see the kids wanna rap like me
'Cause ya see me wit' the bitches livin' life on T.V.
Around in my hood, boys fillin' graves up
Niggas talkin' that shit, see the techs raise up
Hangin' wit' the convicts and my boy Attitude
I was f**kin' plenty bitches in the back of the school
Can't you tell motherf**ker I was raised by the streets
F**k you studio gangstas, niggas reppin' on beats
My uncle doin' fed down in Talladega bitch
It ain't shit you can tell me about Lil' Rich
You better take ya lil' kids to the pastor
Rich Boy ain't a role model for them bastards

(Bridge:)
We ain't role models (we be smokin')
We ain't role models (we be drankin')
We ain't role models (we be f**kin' these hoes)
We ain't role models

(Chorus)