

# YRH (feat. Rich Homie Quan)

## Migos

Chasing the cheese macaroni  
Keep the pocket rocket on me  
Hell naw we don't fuck with no phonies  
You can tell yo' bitch we some young rich homies  
Young rich homies, young rich homies  
You can tell yo' bitch we some young rich homies  
Young rich homies, young rich homies  
You can tell broke nigga we some young rich homies Ok Now all my niggas violent, all my  
niggas violent  
We ain't even sign no deal yet, me & Migos we mobbin  
I'm like all my niggas violent, all my niggas violent  
No Master P but we bout it  
Say all my niggas violent  
No Master P but I'm bout it, bout it  
Tell Yo Bitch we the young rich homies betta slow yo roll jabroni  
Run up on the block they shoot sumn  
Walking around with that that tommy gun  
Young niggas in the hood love the molly satan  
When they pop it, they'll chew it like some bubble gum  
Can't fuck with the plug, that nigga be taxin  
So I had to make a mission like the famous Jett Jackson  
Got all these pocket rockets on my body, lookin like a young nigga got go go gadgets  
Look at yo bitch n' she ratchet  
Still beat the pot up like Cassius  
Make the work disappear like magic  
Hit the plug in china town, order up another package Ok Now all my niggas violent, all my  
niggas violent  
We ain't even sign no deal yet, me & migos we mobbin  
I'm like all my niggas violent, all my niggas violent  
No Master P but we bout it  
Say all my niggas violent  
Chasing the cheese macaroni  
Keep the pocket rocket on me  
Hell naw we don't fuck with no phonies  
You can tell yo' bitch we some young rich homies  
Young rich homies, young rich homies  
You can tell yo' bitch we some young rich homies  
Young rich homies, young rich homies  
You can tell broke nigga we some young rich homies Ok Now all my niggas violent, all my  
niggas violent  
We ain't even sign no deal yet, me & migos we mobbin  
I'm like all my niggas violent, all my niggas violent

No Master P but we bout it  
Say all my niggas violent Young, rich and we ruthless  
Wipe me down, no Boosie  
Blue diamonds, no Tookie  
I got J's nigga, like Pookie  
I'm cookin whipping them dueces  
Steven Spielberg, make movies  
You smoking on that boatweed and we smoking on them cookies  
Woke up in a mansion, but I went to sleep in them trenches  
Started off in them Honda Accords now I'm riding in them Bentleys  
Yo bitch fuck with a young nigga, I'm dunking her like Timothy  
Them bullets just like Ritalin, make a nigga calm down instantly Ask yo mama! Ask yo bitch!  
I grab the fork and I cook up a brick  
I grab the pint and I pour up 6 (I'm pouring it!)  
Activis, I don't do Quality (Lean)  
Lettuce and cabbage and broccoli (Cash!)  
I'm cooking up catfish, tilapia, (fishes!), and I got flounders  
Got yo bitch fucking on camera (Smash!)  
Hell nah we don't fuck wit no phonies and you can tell yo bitch we some young rich homies (yo  
bitch!!)  
Just left my jeweler, so much ice on my neck got pneumonia  
Guisepppe stepper, Christian Lubuiton's, and Maison Margiela  
(The stove hot the block hot middle of the summer wearing leather!)  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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