

Fuck Wit Me

Rich Homie Quan

Stoopid
Yeah yeah oooh oooh
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, ayeI 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
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Middle finger up

Boy you know you can't fuck with me If 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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