

# Dat \$tick

Rich Brian

12 in the morning, pop shells for a living  
And berry gon' smell blood trail every minute  
Rogue wave on you niggas, no fail when I hit 'em  
Every time I see a pig, I don't hesitate to kill  
'em  
Ain't nobody give a fuck about a rule  
Either get diplomas or a tool, I'ma cool with my youngins  
No bool when I'm sprayin', this K at you fuckas  
Fuck a gang affiliated with nothing but my name  
Man, I don't give a fuck about a mothafuckin'  
po  
I'ma pull up with that stick and hit yo' motherfuckin' do'  
Man, I don't give a fuck about a mothafuckin' po  
I'ma pull up with that stick and hit yo' motherfuckin' do', yeah  
People be starving  
And people be killing for food with that crack and that spoon  
But these rich mothafuckas they stay eatin' good  
Droppin' wage livin good  
Holdin' steel Glocks, but you been a bitch, suck a thick cock  
Fuck a Crip walk, hit the strip like in Bangkok  
Never ever see me ever trip 'bout a lil broad  
See me on the TV screamin', "Bitch, you a damn fraud"  
And you don't wanna fuck with a chigga like me  
When I pull up in that Maserati  
Better duck 'fore ya brain splatter on the concrete  
I'ma hit you with that .45, bullet hit yo neck round the bow tie  
Lookin' like a thriller, film a bitch  
I'ma go right back with the clip and I know you be shakin'  
Don't test me or I might just click at yo noggin  
Man, I don't give a fuck about a mothafuckin' po  
I'ma pull up with that stick and hit yo' motherfuckin' do'  
Man, I don't give a fuck about a mothafuckin' po  
I'ma pull up with that stick and hit yo' motherfuckin' do', yeah

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>