

# Type of Way

## Rich Homie Quan

My niggas been hustlin' trying to make him something  
Ain't no telling what he'll do for the paper  
Soufflé, I'm straight, I steak my plate  
Sade, I'm a smooth operator(I drop the top of my whip baby!)  
That car I'm driving make you feel some type of way  
That custom Breitling make you feel some type of way  
This bitch I'm with got me feelin' some type a way  
Is it because my homies rich you feel some type of way?  
Some type of way, make you feel some type of way  
Heard she wana fuck me, know you feel some type of way  
Mr. CEO is what my title say  
Me and my homies G'd your ho, he feel some type of way  
Okay, now let's be real I know you feel some type of way  
When I get to biting on her ear she make that Tyson face  
I drop down to my knees thankful for life today  
No naps just long sleep; hibernate  
I can tell if he tell if he 12, right away  
Go through hell cause I care, move you far away  
Drop you off late, know he feel some type of way  
I got hoes like golf trynna make what Tiger makes  
I got a hide away, and I go there sometimes, to give my mind a break  
I find a way, to still get through the struggle, what I'm tryna say  
And I ain't lying today when I tell you that I love...My niggas been hustlin' trying to make him  
something  
Ain't no telling what he'll do for the paper  
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Sade, I'm a smooth operator  
(I drop the top of my whip baby!)  
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Some type of way, make you feel some type of way  
Heard she wana fuck me, know you feel some type of way  
Mr. CEO is what my title say  
Me and my homies G'd your ho, he feel some type of wayShe got a Georgia peach on her rear  
end like a licence plate  
No rookie, girl scout cookie got me high today  
I probably make, more money in six months  
Than what's in your papa's safe  
Look like I robbed a bank  
I set it off like Queen Latifah, cause I'm living single

I'm feeling cautious, I ain't scream when they served a subpoena  
I heard that he the leader, come follow my tribe today  
I fucked her now he heated, he feel some type of way  
Don't know how to say, ain't the hardest man working?  
Attention we pay, there's always a man lurking  
No man perfect, but God  
My head, I nod  
Rich, homie, ugn...My niggas been hustlin' trying to make him something  
Ain't no telling what he'll do for the paper  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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