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
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 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
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Me and my homies G'd your ho, he feel some type of way Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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