

Birdman

"Rich As Fuck"

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(Verse 1: Lil Wayne)

Never talk to the cops, I dont speak pig latin
I turn the penny to a motherfucking Janet Jackson
Tell the bitches that be hatin I ain't got no worries
I just wanna hit and run like I ain't got insurances
Ho whats yo name whats yo sign, Zodiac Killer
All rats gotta die, even Master Splinter
Yeah Murder 187
I be killing them bitches I hope all dogs go to heaven
And I got xanax, percocet, promethazine with codeine
Call me Mr Sandman, Im selling all these hoes dreams
Got a white girl with big titties, flat ass TV screen
I keep a bad bitch call me the BB King
You know I got that mouth out her, and put that bitch
out like a house fire
I'm killing these hoes like Michael Myers, I eat that cat
just like a lion
And I can't trust none of these niggas, can't trust none
of these hoes
I see your girl when I want, I got that ho TiVo'd
Got a red ass bitch with a red ass pussy, nigga try me,
that a dead ass pussy
Cuz yall motherfuckers so blind to the fact, to tell you
the truth I don't care who's looking
All I know is I love my bitch, that pussy feel just like
heaven on earth
Six feet deep, dick shovel in dirt, R.I.P.-Rest in pussy
Light that shit then pass that shit, we gon get so
smoked out
And then I went got locked up, every night I dreamt I
broke out
One Time for them pussy niggas, that's that shit I dont
like
We eating over here nigga, fuck around and have food
fight
And that's 2 Chainz..

(Hook x2: 2 Chainz & Lil Wayne)

Look at you, now look at us
All my niggas look rich as fuck
All my niggas live rich as fuck

All my niggas look rich as fuck

(Verse 2: Lil Wayne)

AK on my night stand, right next to the bible
But I swear with these 50 shots, I'll shoot it out with 5-0
Pockets gettin too fat, no weight watchers no lipo
Money talks, bullshit walks on a motherfucking tight
rope
And I make that pussy tap out, I knock that pussy out
cold
Nigga you get beat the crap out but that's just how the
dice roll
These hoes want that hose pipe, so I give all these hoes
pipe
She get on that dick and stay on, all night like porch
lights
Lets do it, fuck talking, we out here we ballin
And I'm spraying that on these rusty niggas like WD-40
We fucked up, we Truk'd up, no if ands or but fucks
Bitch niggas go behind yo back like nun-chucks and
that's fucked up
But my hoes down, my cups up, my niggas down for
whatever
These bitches think they're too fly well tell em hoes I
pluck feathers
I'm Tunechi, Young Tunechi, I wear Trukfit fuck Gucci
She's blowing kisses at me with her pussy lips,
smooches
And that's 2 Chainz...

(Hook x2: 2 Chainz & Lil Wayne)

Look at you, now look at us
All my niggas look rich as fuck
All my niggas live rich as fuck
All my niggas look rich as fuck

And yo nigga a ho

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