

Rich Boy "The Cars"

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You Niggas Gon Learn Buck A Buckin D-Boy Squad
Buck A Buckin Rich Boy

[Verse 1:]

Im In That Phantom, Askin For That Grey Poupon, Look
At My Arm Bitch, Ya See Da Charm Bitch.

Sweet Home Albama Yeah I Love Her I Still Try Ta Hug
Her Even Though She Aint My Color.

Yeah Im Fucking Wit That-Home Boy But Aint Nothin
Left -

See I Got Enough Heart To March Wit Martin Luther
King,

Got Them Killers Right By Me And We Can Have A Party
If Ya Niggas Wanna Try Me, Suprise, We Got Some
Fireworks For Ya, Pop The Trunk Get The Gift Inside
Lemme Show Ya, Niggas Treat That Coke Like A Joke A
Cocane Citys Like A Murder Up In Copelnd, Pick Ya
Brain Like A Buncha Snow Flakes, Yeah I Put That
Weight Down Now Its Real Estate

[HOOK:]

Tell Me Watcha Know Bout Me Boy, Dats Me Ima
Mothafuckin D-Boy. Tell Me Watcha Know Bout Me Boy,
Dats Me Ima Mothafuckin D-Boy. Yeah, So, Go D-Boy,
Yeah, So, Go D-Boy, Yeah, So, Go D-Boy, Yeah, So, Go
D-Boy

[Verse 2:]

If It Aint The Truth Me And My Nigga Dont Write It, 9
Years from the day My Uncle Man Got Indicted, i thank
god for the hard times when i suffer, he protect me like
a mother nigga now im tuffer, cant forget about you
prof i still see ya, im at the graveyard everyday i cant
leave ya, i feel your soul when im writing with the pen,
fuck what them niggas say you my brother till the end,

nigga save a spot for me tell god im coming, niggas
killin fo that money but there leavin here with nothing,
if it a game motherfucker ima win it as far as im
concerned aint no competition in it, call me the gritty
green cause im wanna lie, now my --- mommy better
thank what she got fitnta get some shit just got a new
house congratulations cause ya son made a million
with his mouth

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