

## C-Note f/ Botany Boys

### "Young, Independent, & Rich"

Visit "[Young, Independent, & Rich](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Third Coast nigga...

[Hook - 2x]

'Burbans, Bentleys, drops and hoes  
Third Coast we living lavish, flashing rocks and fo's  
See that Roley on my wrist, homie that ain't shit  
Cause we young, independent and rich

[C-Note]

I'ma pull out this summer, in a platinum stretch  
Hummer  
Letting the screens fall like rain, bang like thunder  
Botany Boys/Screwed Up Click, we Third Coast fa sho  
Boys be beating down your block, and bitch we beating  
down your do'  
Acting bad up in a Jag, plenty starch in my jeans  
I'm putting diamonds in your face, when I step on the  
scene  
Diamond rings like a king, it's a Botany thing  
In every city that I'm seen, we got them hoes on ding  
And Cloverland Cloverland, mayn it's on for life  
My blades cut like a light, my wrist is covered in ice  
Candy paint from Ike, twenty karats in my grill  
Way before we get a deal, I got's to stack me a mill  
Diamonds all in your face, player haters wanna take my  
place  
Look C-Note on a paper chase, look at the glock up in  
your face  
I'm making niggaz catch out, when I pull it out  
Got it dropping like it's hot, welcome to the South

[Hook - 2x]

[D-Red]

Stacking on the cabbage, living lavish on a hill  
Wrecking grain leaving stains, from a G'd up skill  
Now what's the deal on teach that, niggaz hate we gon  
scratch that  
Benz and 'Burbans we gon flip that, and paper we got  
that  
Botany is the block, we rock in all spots

Toting glocks sitting sideways, in a candy blue drop  
On them hops, Clover piece wrecking the scene  
Gripping the grain chopping up lanes, flipping a Cheve  
that's clean  
Hitting the spot where gangstas play, and keep it on  
the low low  
Serving caviar yeah, puffing on a sack of endo  
Independent and rich, still breaking down bricks  
Botany be the click, Cloverland I represent  
To the fullest, where G's multiply by the seconds  
Ain't no banging on records, even some real chin  
checkers  
Mic wreckers blade flippers, grain grippers  
Bitches on my zipper, D-Red the realest nigga

[Hook - 2x]

[Will-Lean]

You see the rocks on my hand, the yacht by the sand  
19 inch monoblocks, with dots on rubberbands  
Jumping out the Lex Land, to a stretch Navi van  
Big Shots sitting on top, representing Cloverland  
Stacking fans stacking grands, from Houston to  
Pakistan  
Southside worldwide, like exotic let dance  
Leaving em in a trance, hypnotized from my diamonds  
Bezelynes you never seen, steady shining and  
grinding  
Leaning and blinging, while busters steady fiending  
and dreaming  
Plotting and scheming, my bitches jocking and  
creaming  
Leaving em wet, Will-Lean putting it down for my set  
Drop the top on the Vette, pop the bottle of Moet  
Double quick Rolex man, these boys be stunting  
Multi-millionaire hunting, that's keeping the crowd  
jumping  
Botany Boys stay bumping, we gon finish this shit  
Cause we young CEO's, independent and rich  
Diamonds shining, man these boys be stunting  
Multi-millionaire hunting, that's keeping the crowd  
jumping  
Botany Boys stay bumping, we gon finish this shit  
Cause we young CEO's, independent and rich nigga

[Hook - 2x]

Visit [C-Note f/ Botany Boys](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

