

# RNB (feat. Megan Thee Stallion)

## Young Dolph

(Play me some pimpin', man)  
Baby  
Baby, baby, baby  
Oh, baby (Baby)  
Uh-huh  
Yeah, yeah, it's Dolph  
(What Juicy say? He be like, Shut the fuck up)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah Drive my Lambo' like a Chevy on some rich nigga shit (Skrtrt)  
You can't talk to my girl, she a rich nigga bitch  
Told the teacher I was gon' be on the rich nigga list (Told you)  
Black ass nigga, quarter mil' on his wrist (Hey)  
Black ass nigga with a bad ass bitch (Uh)  
I went got the bag and now everything lit (Uh)  
I went got the bag and now everything lit (For real, though)  
I went all the way through hell and back to get to this (Yeah)  
Ten toes, stayed down (Yeah), real hustlin' (Yeah)  
Cut a couple niggas' water off, but still love 'em (Fuck 'em)  
Young nigga, big heart (Big), big nuts (Big)  
G-Wagen or the double-R, which truck?  
Ball hard for the days when I didn't have it (Ayy)  
She bad as a motherfucker, but she still ratchet (Ayy)  
Started in South Memphis, ended up in a mansion (Ayy)  
Ain't no stylist needed here, crazy with the fashion (Uh-huh)  
I'm just poppin' my shit, nah, I ain't braggin' (Yeah, yeah)  
Pickin' up bags all in Paris (Yeah, yeah)  
Flood my neck out with some carats (Uh)  
My young niggas the neighborhood terrorists  
Drive my Lambo' like a Chevy on some rich nigga shit (Skrtrt)  
You can't talk to my girl, she a rich nigga bitch  
Told the teacher I was gon' be on the rich nigga list (Told you)  
Black ass nigga, quarter mil' on his wrist (Hey)  
Black ass nigga with a bad ass bitch (Uh)  
I went got the bag and now everything lit (Uh)  
I went got the bag and now everything lit (For real, though, yeah)  
I went all the way through hell and back to get to this (Ayy, ayy, yeah) Please don't wish me  
well if you used to give me hell  
Niggas spend they last to fake it when it's free to be real, huh  
Please don't come and tell me 'bout no story that you heard  
This is not Sesame Street, I do not kick it with no birds, ah  
Brown skin bitch in a black Lam' swervin' (Black Lam' swervin')  
I just blew a bag on all-black Birkin (On an all-black Birkin)  
I think that I might be way too real of a bitch (Way too real of a bitch)

Ayy, he told me watch my mouth, I told him, Nigga, watch your kids, huh  
This that rich bitch pussy, if it ain't, then he ain't lookin' (He ain't lookin')  
You can't take my nigga from me with your cleanin' or your cookin' (Or your cookin', bitch)  
Drive my Phantom through the hood on some rich nigga shit, ayy (Skrtrt)  
You can't fuck my nigga 'cause he with a rich bitch (Ah)Drive my Lambo' like a Chevy on  
some rich nigga shit (Skrtrt)  
You can't talk to my girl, she a rich nigga bitch  
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I went got the bag and now everything lit (For real, though)  
I went all the way through hell and back to get to this (Yeah)I went got the bag and now  
everything lit (The bag)  
I went got the bag and now everything lit (The bag)  
I went got the bag and now everything lit (The bag)  
I went got the bag and now everything lit (Woo)  
Shit, rocks around my neck, they match the ones that's on my 'fit (Damn)  
Seen a girl from high school in traffic, blew her a kiss (What up?)  
Too rich for a broke bitch, baby, nah, we don't mix  
I got bad bitches comin' by the twos like a TwixDrive my Lambo' like a Chevy on some rich  
nigga shit (Skrtrt)  
You can't talk to my girl, she a rich nigga bitch  
Told the teacher I was gon' be on the rich nigga list (Told you)  
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I went got the bag and now everything lit (Uh)  
I went got the bag and now everything lit (For real, though)  
I went all the way through hell and back to get to this (Yeah)

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