

# Rich As Fuck (feat. 2 Chainz)

Lil Wayne

Never talk to the cops, I don't 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  
Hoe 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, I'm 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 pussyCuz y'all motherfuckers so blind to the factTo 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 earthSix feet deep, dick shovel in dirt  
R.I.P.-Rest in pussyLight 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 don't like  
We eating over here nigga  
Fuck around and have food fight  
And that's 2 Chainz.  
Look at you  
Now look at us  
All my niggas look rich as fuck  
All my niggas look rich as fuck  
All my niggas look rich as fuck  
Look at you  
Now look at us  
All my niggas look rich as fuck  
All my niggas look rich as fuckAll my niggas look rich as fuckAK 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 lipoMoney talks, bullshit walks on a  
motherfucking tight ropeAnd 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 WD40  
We fucked up, we Truk'd up, no if ands or but fucksBitch 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, smoochesAnd that's 2 Chainz...Look at you  
Now look at us  
All my niggas look rich as fuck  
All my niggas look rich as fuck  
All my niggas look rich as fuck  
Look at you  
Now look at us  
All my niggas look rich as fuck  
All my niggas look rich as fuck  
All my niggas look rich as fuck

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