

# Think About It

Rich Homie Quan

Damn man (Nard & B)  
I done just woke up  
A f\*ckin' 'nother day, another dollar, another bitch  
(Trenchwerk) and another bankroll, hey

I take my hustle state to state, say I go different places  
I shake a lot of hands, do shows and I see different faces  
I smoke a blunt then close my eyes because my mental racing  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, think about it  
I pulled the floor up, put marble down, it need renovatin'  
Open the safe, see them rubberbands on them bigger faces  
I done bought everything that I ever wanted but it's still empty spaces  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, think about it

I watch my cousin the kitchen, he like a slave whipped (he whip it up)  
My uncle died from that needle, yeah it was AIDS nigga (my Uncle Roy)  
Turner Field might be gone but I'm still brave nigga (say what)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, think about it  
That money counter count it for me, I'ma made man (that money baby)  
I told my buddy, "Don't reneg," like a spades hand (I don't renig)  
These Cartiers but they used to be some Ray Bans (rich homie)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, think about it  
Everyday I'm Sunday fresh, I talk that shit just like a preacher (I talk tha  
t shit)  
Niggas merge into my lane just like a car without a blinker (skkkrrrt)  
They don't hear what I'm sayin', they like a car without no speakers (that r  
ight too)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, think about it

I take my hustle state to state, say I go different places  
I shake a lot of hands, do shows and I see different faces

I smoke a blunt then close my eyes because my mental racing  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, think about it  
I pulled the floor up, put marble down, it need renovatin'  
Open the safe, see them rubberbands on them bigger faces (it's the biggest)  
I done bought everything that I ever wanted but it's still empty space  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, think about it

Reservations at Chops, Lamborghinis no tops  
Menages for lunch, Ferraris out front  
We might f\*ck on the lake, so much paper to make  
Rubberbands on the hundreds, sip Rosé in the bank  
I made her quit her job, Moschino, she's a star  
Versace in the fall, Gucci, I keep her raw  
She so clean and Celine, p\*ssy cute as could be  
I like to take photos, I just to keep 'em for me  
Flatline, f\*ck her 'till that p\*ssy dead (the biggest)  
Keep her off that social media a couple day  
She went and got it tattted, said a nigga name  
She know I got her back, I mean a million ways

I take my hustle state to state, say I go different places  
I shake a lot of hands, do shows and I see different faces  
I smoke a blunt then close my eyes because my mental racing  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, think about it  
I pulled the floor up, put marble down, it need renovatin'

Open the safe, see them rubberbands on them bigger faces  
I done bought everything that I ever wanted but it's still empty space  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, think about it