

I'm Rich Bitch

Young Jeezy

I don't give a fuck, I'm rich, bitch
3 cars and a truck, I'm rich, bitch
Hit the club an' tear it up

Chillin' at the light but my rims ain't spinnin'
I'm in a brand new coupe nigga, so I'm still winnin'
Nigga's sick with it, ain't shit you can tell 'em
645 mean it's quarter to 7
Lookin' like actin' oughta be a part of the Big Tymers

Black on burgundy, plush, she got the suede headliner
Shawty hit the club, and he lightin' up everything
Like the way his chain hang down to his dang-a-lang
(Chyuh)

And Jeezy what the rap game needed
Young rich thug nigga, and yeah I'm conceded
And I'm nothin' like them other guys
I'm the shit, bitch, you can't tell me otherwise

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So whatchu laughin' at nigga? I don't see shit funny
I wasn't rappin' bout it dawg, I was really gettin' money
I was really in the streets, I was really gettin' change
I was really stackin' paper, I really drove a Range

And that's Rover, nigga
Young Jeezy, straight soldier, nigga
Rabid stripes on the cutlass, it was so clean
Had outta state plug when I was 17

A young nigga that was way cool
I had brick fill when I was in middle school
Ay, 'cause if you sellin' they buy
Look I ain't exaggerating dawg, I ain't lyin'

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Ay, they say the nigga from the hood
If the nigga from the hood how he live so good?
And I love the way he shine bright
Spent so much paper just to tell the time
(Yeah)

You told me time is money
Dropped seventy on the Jacob nigga, time is money
I heard he never had a job
And if he never had a job, how he ball so hard?

See him throwin' grands off in magic city
But ain't never seen that man off on Rap City
He must've played in the Rose Bowl

'Cause he standing there, draped in all that real gold

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