

# Street Punk (feat. Lil Yachty)

## HoodRich Pablo Juan

[Intro: Lil Yachty & OG Maco]

Whole Hoodrich they family

OG Parker[Verse 1: HoodRich Pablo Juan]

We havin' bitches on bitches, money on money

Exclusive bitches, I got 'em from London

Thirty round, fifty round, shoot out a hundred

Count up them fifties, count up them hundreds

Fine bitch, she got an ass on her

But I'm so rich I might pass on her

Foreign, I do the whole dash on it

I'm ridin' 'round, I got too much cash on it

Rich nigga do what I want

I pull up in the Ghost like I haunt

Kickin' this shit like a punt

I don't lay up with that ho, I just dunk

[Chorus: HoodRich Pablo Juan]

Nigga you just a lil street punk

Nigga you just a lil street punk

Nigga you just a lil street punk

Shawty you just a lil street punk[Verse 2: Lil Yachty]

Nigga you just a lil pussy

But I tear a bitch for that cookie

All of my diamonds they VVS

All of your diamonds they look a lil dusty (bling)

Whole HoodRich they family

Fuckin' my bitch from Shamalee

Make that lil nigga regret it

Grew up, I can rent an Andretti

Doo doo doo, pop his ass if he set it

She wanna hop in the Bentley coupe

Keep talkin' down, I'ma send for you

I bought me a truck, took it to the shop

Told them to lift it an inch or two

Two hundred thou my right wrist

I'ma keep flexing like this

And my new main bitch an actress

Finna cop a crib next to Saks Fifth

[Chorus: HoodRich Pablo Juan]

Nigga you just a lil street punk

Nigga you just a lil street punk

Nigga you just a lil street punk

Shawty you just a lil street punk

Nigga you just a lil street punk  
Nigga you just a lil street punk  
Nigga you just a lil street punk  
Shawty you just a lil street punk (hah, lame ass nigga)[Verse 3: HoodRich Pablo Juan]  
You know I'm too rich for that bullshit  
These niggas beef on the internet  
Talkin' 'bout racks, we be spending that  
Juuged for it, need to go get your money back  
Lil Boat ballin' like the running back  
Riding 'round with like a hundred racks  
I need some more money, I can't relax  
Just add water to the dope like it's flapjacks  
I'm fresh to death, I got more bodies than Mad Max  
When I dress they don't know what I wear  
When I put on my jewelry they stare  
Stack the money up, it look like a chair  
Rockin' Christian Louboutin, doin' prayers  
Too many lil babies, got a daycare  
Thirty, fifty, hundred round, we don't play fair  
Me and Lil Boat got the money like Mayweather  
Cut off my old bitch, I know I could do better[Chorus: HoodRich Pablo Juan]  
Nigga you just a lil street punk  
Nigga you just a lil street punk  
Nigga you just a lil street punk  
Shawty you just a lil street punk  
Nigga you just a lil street punk  
Nigga you just a lil street punk  
Nigga you just a lil street punk  
Shawty you just a lil street punk (hah, lame ass nigga)[Outro: HoodRich Pablo Juan]  
Hah, lame ass nigga  
Hah, lame ass nigga  
Hah, lame ass nigga

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>