

Riverdale Rd

2 Chainz

Yeaaaah, turn that maafaka up NOLAN. Woah, know what I'm saying, I wanna feel like I was in some muthafakin' danger. I got my mothafuckin' pistol in my pocket, ya dig? Yeah, in the booth, on some 5540 old national shit, you know what it is, nigga. We in the back, nigga, way in the back, nigga, serving sacks, nigga and serving Act. Mane, c'mon with the Kap, bruh.

AAAAAAHHHHHHH!Riverdale, he was there, she was there, you wasn't there

I was the same ol' nigga

Yeah that trap had raised a nigga

How could you blame a nigga?

Gold everywhere, gold over there, Trinidad James you niggas

Came on the set with hundreds to bet

But I still changed you niggas, yeahMy first foreign car, it was a Bimmer

My second foreign car, it was a Bimmer

My third foreign car, it was a Porsche

My fourth foreign car you can't afford

My pocket pregnant, don't want no abortion

My draws got them horses, my car got them horses

Rocking some Pradas like they was Air Forces

We had no choices

Riverdale, he was there, she was there, you wasn't there

I was the same ol' nigga

Yeah that trap had raised a nigga

How could you blame a nigga?

Gold everywhere, gold over there, Trinidad James you niggas

Came on the set with hundreds to bet

But I still changed you niggas, yeahYou wasn't there when mama was struggling

You wasn't there when mama was fussing

Told 'em ketchup, you too far in the mustard

I had a Chevelle and wanted a Cutlass

I went to work and I made an abundance

Gucci flip flops with the corns and bunions

Counting blue hundreds and smoking an onion

And she got an onion and I wanna rub it

We hanging off the Nat, see that's where my office at

We dressed all in black

We got 'em calling back, just went to the mall and back

When you was the quarterback, I had the quarter sacks

Riverdale, Riverdale, Riverdale, Riverdale, Riverdale

Riverdale Rd., nigga

He was there, he was there, you weren't there

He was there, she was there

Riverdale Rd., nigga

Abracadabra, I turned myself into a millionaire

I wore some Gucci to your mama house just to leave it there
Riverdale, he was there, she was there, you wasn't there
I was the same ol' nigga
Yeah that trap had raised a nigga
How could you blame a nigga?
Gold everywhere, gold over there, Trinidad James you niggas
Came on the set with hundreds to bet
But I still changed you niggas, yeah I know something you don't know
I'm gonna get some bands, yeah
I know something you don't know, yeah
I'm gonna get some bands Okay, from grams to Grammys
Okay, from fans to family
I went from trips we tryna plan
To cribs in South Miami
They got my vision fancy
My tigger finger antsy
I told the bitch she got to sit down
Just to understand me
They asking, "What's the plan, B?"
I don't have a Plan B
I told 'em this shit got to work
It's just like candy to me
I mean it's hard but it's sweet
I'm Drench God in the streets
I break the law in the sheets
I make her cum on repeat I know something you don't know
I'm gonna get some bands, oh yeah
I know something you don't know, yeah
I'm gonna get some bands
Riverdale, Riverdale!

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