

Yung Ralph, Rumors

[Hook:]

All these diamonds on me, now that's ridiculous
Haters got they eyes on me, now that's suspicious
I hear all the gossip, I hear all the rumors
I'm not worried bout ya, [?]

[repeat]

[Verse 1:]

Why they mad, cause I hit the clubs iced out
And I'm still on even when they turn the lights out
Diamonds on heat, and they sho be shinin
Keep my lopes on cause I don't want them to blind me
Yea, and I keep that tool

If it ain't on me it's on one of my dudes
See I'm really from the streets I jus hunt pro tools
I ain't braggin or flexin I'm bein honest to you
Now, these streets gon talk that the way it is
These haters gon hate, that's jus how it is
I get money everyday man that's how I live
Chopper knock ya ass out like some benadryl

[Hook]

[Verse 2:]

Since it's already cocked nigga jus blast
I'm a put bout 3 in a nigga ass
I don't care about a pussy nigga actin bad
I'm a leave his whole family cryin lookin sad
I'm a let the cutta cutta like you were some grass
One thing you don't need is me real mad
One thing I don't play with is my cash
You ain't michael jackson so you can't be too bad
Nigga say he want beef then he get beef
Must don't want peace cause he won't sleep
I ain't from miami but I keep heat
I ain't talkin to a sea when I say free
Nigga thinkin I'm a hoe that I can't be
Nigga look at how big my bank be
Niggas say they got a problem then solve me
I'm a get them niggas that robbed me
A nigga start then I finish, fuck the losing I'm winning
I ain't smiling or grinning this right here the beggining
And I will never be the pussy nigga that you are
Never let a robber put a curfew on my car