

# Amen

## Rich Brian

I'm givin' my number to any bitch  
Lookin' like Ronda  
I'm gonna star, I'm takin' many pics  
I'm thinkin' 'bout havin' many kids  
Even some are gon' be like, "Goddamn that's a lot of kids"  
    Hit 'em with a, get 'em with out of the hits  
    I'm thinkin' will I put 'em out of the bitch  
    Out the suicide doors, kill 'em all rest in peace  
        Sip on La Croix the buzz that I missed  
        Talkin' 'bout somethin' that I never did  
        I talk to myself, and all my seven chicks  
            They love to go down, like [?]  
        I'ma rapper, but my name isn't Chance  
        Come to my show, people think I'm intense  
        Don't look at me, somethin' wrong with your lens  
        One day the money's gon' be for the Benz  
            Flow be so dirty, it needed a cleanse  
        I'm in my zone, I went through this shit alone  
        Didn't have no friends, talk to myself we always get along  
        I'm still learnin', I'm still fuckin' up  
            Correct me if I'm wrong  
        Talkin' business more than usual that means I'm out with Sean (88)  
        Never yellowin' my urinal, I'm always drinkin' on that Pellegrino  
I been rockin' my own merch, I'm makin' way more green than CeeLo  
I saw people from my school, they all turned out to be some weirdos  
    I don't need no education, Internet's my favorite teacher  
        Ayy, ayy  
        Told 'em, told 'em  
Told that bitch that I don't really give a fuck 'bout you  
    Told that man that he gotta quit, it ain't cool  
    Makin' up for the competition that I ain't do  
    As a teen, all the fighting and 'em wars virtual  
    Now I'm gettin' old, and my dick is gettin' older  
        Keep 7 bitches on my phone like a folder  
        Wonder what 18, man I was a toddler  
        Damn, home school felt like yesterday  
        I worked at my mom's cafe  
            Met a girl like every day  
            It's my only social place  
        They thought I was from LA  
        No I'm not, but now I'm here  
            Tryna fill my parents' plate

They call me up like every day  
People say I'm good, they say I get what I should  
Tell me not to worry, everything will go real smooth  
People think I'm Dory, I'm forgettin' 'bout my hood  
Man should I be sorry for just doin' somethin' new  
Man these dudes, gotta be more quiet than they think  
They be hella sure, but I always say Amen  
Do the shit for the people that look like me  
So the girls can't see them when they think of me  
And not that kid that throw that fit  
'Cause he didn't get straight A's all week

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>