

## 4 Phones

Rich The Kid

Got it on smash

They know I got cash, I ain't gotta brag no more (Woo, woo, woo, what?)  
I'm playin' with the money, I just might go snatch the boat (I just might go  
snatch the boat)  
I run through the check, but fuck it, the bag is close (Bag is close)  
I don't want the bitch, but fuck it, I had the ho (Yeah, yeah, yeah, woo!)  
I made a hundred thousand in the same clothes (Same clothes)  
I drop a whole quarter, now my neck froze (Neck froze, ice)  
Rich Forever, put my team on (My team on)  
Think I'm still trappin', I got four phones

Niggas is cap for real  
Ain't seen a half a mill  
My bitch ass thick so real (So real)  
I was trappin' to pay the bills (Woo)  
Money long need to pick-up truck (Pick-up truck)  
Lotta hundreds you can't pick 'em up  
Gotta make sure my niggas rich (Rich)  
In the Tesla but I had to switch  
Niggas fraud, really counterfeit (Counterfeit)  
Flip her over then she do a split  
They was lying but I'm really rich  
She be lying, you can't trust the bitch  
Want the money, yeah, the check that's it (That's it)  
Rubber bands all around my wrist  
Broke niggas they ain't talkin' 'bout shit (Shit)  
I was broke, had to hit that lick (Lick)  
I'm thinkin' 'bout the Wraith, I just might go snatch the Ghost  
I'm all into Forbes I ain't gotta brag no more (Ain't gotta brag, ayy)  
She give me top at the red light (Red light, what?)  
She get a bag if the head right  
Cuban links nigga iced out  
Pinky ring that's a lighthouse

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Nigga the block is hot (Hot)  
My niggas they trap a lot (Trap)  
My bitch got the ass out (Ass out)  
Fuck her, she tap out  
My money don't max out (Max out)  
What is the cap about?  
These niggas they cap a lot  
I'm dropping the top on spot  
She ain't tryna fuck, then she get kicked out  
Niggas keep talkin' they gon' get x-ed out  
Mama said don't have my house trapped out  
Got a little foreign, 'bout to blow the back out  
Too many shows, packed-out

He keep talkin' he can bring the racks out  
New Lamb, now I'm about to back out  
Want a Porsche but that shit was sold out  
Run a lil check, there's no more relaxin'  
I brought the Rich, you bought the Rollie  
Bitch probably lyin', said she don't know me  
I wanna ball like better than Kobe  
100 racks, blue cheese that's on me  
We ain't friends, no you're not my homie  
Rich Forever we got tall racks  
Broke bitch better fall back (Lil bitch)

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