

Fall Threw

Rich The Kid

Wheezy outta here

I got me some twins, identical (what?)
I cannot crash the Bentley coupe (Skrrt)
Count up the racks, it's nothing new
The pussy on drip, tell her fall through (Fall through)
Pinky ring, that's an igloo (Igloo)
Stack the racks, the money tall as you (Woo, woo)
Count a hundred when it's nothin' to do (Woo)
Pussy on drip, tell her fall through

I'm fuckin' this bitch on the bed (On God)
I told her, "Proceed with the head" (On God)
I'm countin' these racks on you speds (On God)
I'm puttin' my shit on her legs (On God)
I told the lil' bitch it's the kid (The kid)
I told the lil' bitch I'm the best (Yeah)
I came with the nine and the TEC (The nine)
I'm keeping the photo of the bitch (Woo)

I'm fuckin' with Rich 'cause I'm rich (Woo)
I told her "I'm keepin' it rich" (Woo)
Yeah, bitch, I cannot
Afford you 'cause you a lil' thot-thot (Thot-thot)
I came with two nines like I'm Rondo (Rondo)
Then I hit the nine with the jackpot (jackpot)
Yeah, I got the crockpot (I got the)
Yeah, I'm smokin' like magmas (I got, ooh)

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Pull off in that Lambo quick (Skrrt)
Hundred racks and a TEC in this bitch (What?)
Quarter mil' on my necklaces (Ice)
Tell your bitch to stop textin' me (Bitch)
I've been livin' so reckless (So reckless)
I done crashed the Bentley (Skrrt)
But my pockets ain't empty (Ain't empty)
Why are you flexin'? It's rented (It's rented)
I might do the whole dash, for sure (What?)
The McLaren got suicide doors (Suicide doors)

I'm payin' cash, no lease (Lease)
She keep the pussy on fleek (Fleek)
She keep the Gucci on fleek (Gucci)
I fuck her, it's nice to meet (Yeah)
No, you can't get a bite to eat (Woo)
Chase a check, I don't like to sleep (Rich)

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You couldn't even afford a T-Rex (Nah)
Got pointers in all the Rolex (Yeah)
She swallow, that shit in her neck (Damn)
I fuck her too good on the X (The X)
Fuck the police who tryna arrest (Arrest)
Tryna make a rich nigga stress (Stress)
Yeah, I'm drippin' like sweat (Drippin' like sweat)
Niggas ain't drippin' like that (Niggas ain't drippin' like that)
Put 200K in the bag (The bag)
Pull out the latest Maybach (Maybach)
YSL ain't going out sad (Not going out sad)
Yeah, we on the map (We on the map)
Ride with the stick on my lap (The stick on my lap)
These lames ain't giving me dap (Nah)
You need to get rid of the cap (Rid of the cap)

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