

## Feel It

Rich The Kid

I'm 'bout to get some money and I feel it  
I promise you are fucking with the realest  
She said that ass is real but let me feel it  
You niggas stay the fuck up out my business  
The syrup creeping on me and I feel it  
Tryna get some money, I can feel it  
You bitches stay the fuck up out my business  
I promise you are fucking with the realest

Ok I'm cashing out  
I got them haters, stack that paper at my grandma's house  
They was sleepin' on me, I'm gon' make 'em feel it  
Drop the ceiling  
I'm too worried 'bout that paper, why you chasing bitches?  
I been steady winning  
Bout to get some more money, I can feel it  
I promise you are fucking with the realest  
Bobbie-head bitches, they keep calling me  
You don't benefit so stay the fuck away from me  
I just got some pictures, she gon' whip it, put 'em in the kitchen  
She gon' let me feel it, I'ma kill it, I don't leave no witness  
Rich nigga, I ain't worried 'bout nothing but these Benjamin's  
Ain't talking on the phone, I know they listening

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'Kay she really bad, really bad, bitch bad  
Ten chain swang, she gon' throw it back  
Wrist in the water, I can bring it back  
On that Motorola talkin' 'bout the racks  
I been known she freaky, she want Waffle House  
Bought that bitch a biscuit, put it in her mouth  
We fucking in the mansion, then I kick you out  
I don't got no bitches sleeping at my house  
In all black like John Wick, I'ma whip a brick  
Jumpman, had that trap house jumping ever since  
Ran up in your spot and I don't leave a print  
I got lot of money, you can't have a cent

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