

Money Machine

Rich The Kid

I remember sellin' CD's for another nigga to make my money, ya dig?
I ain't goin' back broke, nah, nah
Check
SipTee, I'm him
Check
Ah (Yeah), yeah
Yeah, yeah, ayy

I was trappin' out that basement (Trap)
Mama said, "Stay on that grind, boy, be patient" (Boy, be patient)
I was runnin' to the money, had to chase it (Chase it)
I had made a couple racks, I couldn't waste it (Racks, racks)
Now I'm laughin' to the bank, got a big bag (Bag)
Freaky little bitch, she gon' ride like Six Flags
How the fuck I ran these millies up but I had skipped math?
How the hell I got this water on me like a full bath? (Drip)
Let me call my doctor (Doctor), I'm so sick (Sick)
When I pull up in that 'Rari, they take a pic (Skrtrt)
How the fuck I got a Bentley truck? They said I wasn't shit
How the fuck I made it rappin'? I done really went legit, damn

I'm a college dropout that signed a deal
And I know they didn't believe that I'd make it for real
I did sleep on the floor, but I never did miss a meal
'Cause mama made a way for a nigga, that's for real
I had been broke, had no hope
Niggas went down when I sold CD's at the store
Lost real niggas that I can't see no more
Looked at my past, I ain't goin' back broke

Money machine shit (Machine shit)
I done seen my nigga dead, you ain't seen shit (You ain't seen shit)
Bitches tellin' me they love me, that don't mean shit (That don't mean shit)
I done spent a couple milli on that lean shit (Lean shit)
That's some fiend shit (No cap)
How the fuck I made it rappin'? I was trappin' out the back (Back)
Tryna pull up Magic City and tried to hit me with a MAC
They'll hit you for a rack (For a rack)
From the bottom, I done made it, that's a fact (That's a fact)
Now I walk around, pockets on blue bills (Bills)
Fuck a bougie bitch but I be in the trap still (Trap)
And my niggas rich forever, tryna make a hundred mil' (Mil')
Tell her, "Turn around, bend it over," baby, how it feel? (Hey)
I'm the boss, I been cashin' (Cashin')
Plain jane Patek, I don't do no flashin' (No flashin')
I told my mama, "What you tryna get, that Aston?" (Skrtrt)
She said, "I just want the bands and some cashin'"
Then I started laughin' (Ha)

Look, then I started laughing, yeah, uh-uh

Fuck my ex, fetched with my niggas, I do not care how she feel, though
Know she prolly get jealous, she should've kept it real though
I know real freaks that called on FaceTime to use a dildo
I ain't hungry, I've been eatin', I'm tryna touch a mil' though
And I'm still the same nigga that I was without this chain on
I'm just out the way, so ain't no one to put the blame on

And I know she hide her face 'cause that's exactly where I came on
Sold my PlayStation, I ain't the one you gon' run game on
Cracked the code on 'em
VVS hangin' on my chest, that boy done froze on 'em
No paparazzi, all these diamonds strike a pose on 'em
You gave 'em trust and now you mad because you told on you
Yeah, you told on you
Cracked the code on 'em
VVS hangin' on my chest, that boy done froze on 'em
No paparazzi, all these diamonds strike a pose on 'em
Gave 'em trust and now you mad because you told on you
Yeah, you told on you

SipTee, I'm him
Money machine shit
Money machine shit, money machine shit, ah