

Rich
Okay, okay
Yeah, we still Rich Forever (Rich Forever)
Yeah
(The ADHD)

I been wakin' up to racks, bitch (Bitch)
Quarter milli', need a rack lift
My lil' nigga let the MAC rip
Left a baby on her bottom lip (Lip)
Most of these hoes get hit and get flipped
Most of these niggas ain't real, can't trip
Pardon me, bought a Prada fit
Gettin' money, like a lot of it, okay

Walk through in Egypt for three-hundred (Three-hundred)
Pull out a bed then I sleep on it (I sleep on it)
Pulled out my dick and she eat on it (Eat on it)
She a lil' freak and she suckin', no teeth on it
I was dead broke, had to sleep on the couch
Pull out the Lamb' with the keys to the house
On the way to your bitch, had to re-route (Re-route)
And the money keep comin' like, "Fuck a drought" (Fuck it)
Baguettes, baguettes
Bitch see my neck and my wrist, is she ready?
Pop up on her, late night like Freddy
I'ma cut the bitch off, machete
My lil' nigga let the MAC rip
Seen a opp, hit the whole clip
Think he flexin', but this old drip
I'm tryna buy a brick with poker chips
Blow a bag, his ass can go to Barney's
I got too many racks on me (Woo)
I done said that my coupe is retarded
Like damn, I can't even start it, valet can't park it (Damn)
Gettin' more bag than a market (Bag)
Put on his head, a target
Nigga wan' run with the opps that he thought was the opps
We gon' mop him and chalk him

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