

# Ran It Up

Rich The Kid

Told y'all play with the kid right nahmean  
Rich on the beat one time

I put more rings in my fingers  
I got her white like a hanger  
Walkin' in trap with my banger  
A mansion I don't got no neighbors  
Pocket stuff got a check just to fuck it up  
Ran it up they been hatin' I don't give a fuck  
I put more rings in my fingers  
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My dick in her mouth a retainer  
Pull out the strap with a laser  
The Goyard got racks you a hater  
Run it up, got 50 racks, my pockets stuffed  
I got a Glock like a ranger, walk up on me you in danger  
Skrt, I was broke til' I went to vert  
Bend it over, that's yo bitch, I'm liftin' up her skirt  
You cuffing' a whole of top, I'm bagging queens on the block  
Rick owens it cost me a whole lot of guap

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If a pussy nigga hatin' I don't give a fuck  
If a pussy bitch hatin' I don't give a shit  
I'm just tryna' duck the police nigga crying shit  
I'm just tryna' duck them people in them crown vics  
Pour a four then slow, woah  
Told that bitch put her clothes up  
I8 got the doors up  
Sandwich on me, nigga cold cut  
Recording on the back of the bus I done poured up, (Swear)  
Make the lil bitch jump like a frog yeah nigga I told her

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Your main bitch the one you hate  
I need that lean like a patient  
I know that you said I wouldn't make it  
I got on Chanel, got on laces  
Give a fuck about magazines, pistol came with magazines  
They hating' on me I don't care, Fendi socks and underwear  
In love with the man in the mirror  
Hold up ran up a sack then brought it to the trap  
We forever on the map  
Breaking my wrist bring it back  
The Mazi paint it matte black

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