

Rarri

A-Reece

Wake up in the morning thanking God for everything
I ain't broke, I wouldn't want it any other way
Look at all this money, oh my God I'm hella paid
Imma keep stacking it up, too much ain't enough and

I want a Rarri (yeah, yeah)
I wants a Rarri (yea, yeah)
I want a Rarri (yeah, yeah)
I wants a Rarri (yea, yeah)
Brand new Ferrari (yeah, yeah)

I'm rollin' 5 a day
And I stay wide awake
But wake up any time of day
Nigga a lot has changed, nigga a lot has changed
Nigga a lot of changed
Chuck up a deuce to these hoes they Medusa
And what's on my mind's the cake
I move in silence yeah
Khale ke bolaya span' yeah
I never flew in a private jet
I know it's all about timing yeah
That's why I'm talking to God I say
"I want the money and not the fame"
Keep it one hundred I've got the faith
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