

Rich Talking

Babyfxce E

(Helluva made this beat, baby)
(If you ain't got a beat from Bam, you don't trap enough)

I ain't askin' you to tip your hat (Nope)
We got every weight class, come and pick your match (Come on)
Bitch got an attitude, like hold on, fix your act
How the fuck is you a vintage pourer, never sipped no Act'?
You ain't really into fast shit, you never drift no 'Cat
We know that lil' Charger, better go and tint your Scat
GRB enhancement in effect, I bet I get right back
O-double-S-L-T, on some shit like that
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On some shit like that, on some shit like that

Pull up in the 'Cat, they like, "Damn, I want some shit like that"
Gave Saks Fifth five thousand so my 'fit like that (Nigga)
I threw a switch on the Glock, that's why it spit like that
He was bein' a class clown on the 'net, the chop dismissed his ass
Forgot the Glock up at the crib, I'm finna stick his ass
My nigga got more shit up out the pot than a Brillo pad
I got my shit and put it up, you would've spent your bag
I went to drop some shit for my bitch with her expensive ass

Better wear a helmet, cuddy hop out tryna temple tap
Lil' brodie took the robber route, he tryna bezel snatch
Pull up in that Lam' silent, masked up, Hannibal Lecter
Come and buy a 201 from us, we got scannable testers
I don't do the most UPS'ing, I'm a casual catcher
L after L, now the letter after the annual total
Scam master, I can automatic or manual socials
Fuck me up sometimes up in the head like I'm actually global
Used to barely deuce, it fuck me up it's a six in the soda
On my lone wolf, I buckle down and trip to Minnesota
Feelin' like Lonzo on my bullshit
Dead guys in the fronto, why ain't the 'Wood lit?

Draco hangin' out the poncho, on my hood shit
Sellin' red in Chicago on my Bull shit
This ain't on half a movie scene, this a full clip
Nigga, real shit, yeah, come on
Just got another Scat, it's a used one, though
Slide down the block by myself usin' cruise control
Glock 21, bullets lookin' like some Tootsie Rolls
I just got two offers 300K and I refused 'em both, nigga
Ayy, who really wanna do it, though?
Shots came so fast at his ass, it confused lil' bro, nigga
My streams a month look like computer codes
Drive T-Rex on somebody grass, lil' nigga, we don't use the roads
I got two Glockes, but I ain't use 'em both
My shit keep goin' over they heads, man, I think I got a confusing flow
These niggas be boostin' like they put me on
I done made more money in this rap shit than your student loans

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