

# 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 Glocks, 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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