

Eat Rich

Busdriver

Driver!
(Look Out!)
Yeah
Oh Shoot!

I'm so hungry, man, I could eat the rich
Eat, eat, eat the rich

Check me out

Things are looking good, but I can't mess with your hair though
Ergo, the ladder climb is an air show
But thank God you like I'm fucking with that hood shit
And treat me like you think I wrote up the instruction booklets
The instruction booklets, the instruction booklets
Cause of my home, the hammers pop
But your selfies look like glamour shots
Before that endorphin high, I take orders like George Takei
And scorch the sky, poor guy, I'm a horse fly and that's because

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Let's eat, Kenny
Celebrate a little bit
Let us not eat them
Celebrate if you eat, nigga

On high booty cheeks, y'all are thieves
Swallow new acts, how to rap
Don't let them style with child proof caps
You there? I'm a rough approximation of Type A
And Type B at a dice game in a white tee with a nice chain
And snarky web presence you can't turn up in a text message
Without at least a million video views
Watch the millennials brood
Make sense of it all, there's diamonds in the loaves of bread
I'm looking for 'em in the hood like a floating head
Like a floating head, like a- like a floating head
My dinner prayers meant for an asteroid wake
I'm reading that shit from a fat boy's tape
I'm still eating, nigga, but it's all soy-based

I'm so hungry, man, I could eat the rich
Eat, eat, eat the rich

Let's eat, Kenny
That's right
Perfect Hair

Kenny Segal's drums sound like he's dropping desks
Your whole lot's a hot mess, I confess, we got that Aquafresh

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That's tight