

RICH & STUFF

Grey

Had a daydream, it was awesome
All your best friends said I was obnoxious
So I killed them with some kindness
I bought 'em all brand spankin' new apartments
But back in the real world everyone's posing
She got a chauffeur, came with the Rollie
Cash is the savior, sacred and holy
Nobody knows me

I just wanna be rich enough
That I don't even have to give a fuck
All I wanna do is hit my plug
'Cause he got love
Blowin' all my homies up
I just wanna be rich and stuff
Rollin' pinners up in fifty bucks
Havin' everybody hit me up
Oh, yeah, I just wanna be rich

In my bedroom, there's a poster
Of a pop star sittin' on a sofa
In a big house, with the big chain
'Cause his band name turn into a brand name
But I gotta get past my limitations
Start livin' up to expectations
I wanna blow up, done bein' patient
I wanna make it

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