

Rich How I'm Dyin

Hotboii

I'm foreign whip riding
I fuck on the finest
I was born broke now it's rich how I'm dying
I came from below now my limits the sky
They know I was him don't need no bitch to remind me

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Nigga if you ever see your dreams go catch them
Still won't chase the girl of my dreams and I can catch her
I remember sleeping in the car, no house
Then got a house sleeping on the floor, no mattress
You can't even imagine
I ran it up the fastest
To the fact we used to be poor it don't matter
In the pink jays when it rain pour no channel
No santa, had to get it out the mud with no manners

New friends, no never
They want in I won't let them
Cause the feds on my trail I'm in the field with no hammer
No the rats they gone tattletale
The snakes they gone rattle
The fake they go blast shoot them up
And so where you get a lil revenue
It can dismantle you
In ways you never knew, yeah
I gave niggas hands they could never get up
Cause these niggas move backwards they telling a front
Heard he got a thing for them girls with a butt
Let that hoe pick his brain then we turn him to runts
Roll that boy up on stage it's three five in the blunt
Now my now my check house barat any time of the month
And you know a rat they gon' rat on them son
The snake and I'm sure they gone rat on us son
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I'm living my life who's to say I'm living wrong
I don't even know why these niggas on my flow
I know that it's fire like I rapped in the stove
They know when it's hot every rap hit your soul
Like a shirt turn a opp to a merch this a stick shift
Clip I can flip it in reverse
Trying to say it's my prime but I know my worth
Only fuck on the finest I'm foreign whip swerving

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