

Really Rich

Kankan

Yeah, uh, uh

Ha!

Uh, ay, uh, uh

Yea, look at my chain, it's shining, yea

That nigga rockin' fake diamonds

Hi there lil' bitch, I'm reclining, yea

Your bitch, she come out the colony

Look at these racks, yea, they changing the climate

Already rich nigga, yea I ain't signing, yea

That nigga rockin' SI

Rockin' them fake ass diamonds, yea

Everyday, I get fly, yea, I don't even need no stylist, yea

Everyday, I get high, yea, high as hell nigga I'm gliding

Lil' nigga, don't even try it

Send his ass to right where God is

In that brand new Tahoe, brand new tint

Yea, like the president

Yeah that's what we riding in

Bitch, this all black Bentley militant

I got racks lil' bitch, can't fit 'em in

We got roxi's, fuck a middle man

I'm off Codeine, I can't feel my hand

I got racks bitch why my money dance

All these racks I need a rubber band

That boy plottin' he need another plan

It's a light just how these diamonds dance

With this rich ass shit right on my hand

Rollin' sticks in Sprinter vans, that nigga hate he really a bitch

Bitch I feel these percs' they heaven sent

Double cup straight filled with medicine

I just scored on [?] and my racks can't function, make no sense

Been that nigga since I was a jit, I dropped out bitch I got rich

Yeah, I said free lil' [?] out that chain gang

Yeah, I got stacks on me, too rich nigga safe