

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 bi
tch
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 ri
ch
Yeah, I said free lil' [?] out that chain gang
Yeah, I got stacks on me, too rich nigga safe