

## RR P.R.E.

Kankan

Uh

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Free all my niggas just locked in that jam, just locked in that, hmm

Free all my niggas that's locked in that jam, that shit just

Okay, we slidin' in black trucks, my young niggas masked up

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If they waitin' for one of these dumbass niggas to tweet, they they gon' act  
up

Okay we slidin' in black trucks, my young niggas masked up

Stackin' my money so goddamn tall, I ain't even see it, out of reach

We in the mall, just me and my win, he keepin' his finger on the trigger

Yeah, I spend a hundred ball right up in Saks, same day, make that shit back  
, huh

Just off of show, just off a tour, nigga, just off a rap

Yeah, fuck a image, my lil' niggas spinnin', yeah, they tryna get shit whack  
ed

Yeah, I'm prayin' to God, yeah, 'cause I keep sinnin', that codeine keep bri  
ngin' me back

I'm beatin' the odds, so we just keep spinnin', I'm hittin' the gas in the '  
Cat

Yeah, you could tell by my voice, yeah, that I'm high off dope

Nigga, my first watch, yeah, I went AP, that's why they call me the GOAT

I'm with real killers, I don't need security, they treat me like Pope or som  
ethin'

Yeah, all 2020, I was up in Amiri, yeah, triple cup poured up

All 2020, I was up in Amiri, yeah, triple cup poured up

All 2020, I was up in Amiri, yeah, double cup filled

All 2020, I was up in Amiri, yeah, triple cup poured up

All 2020, I was up in Amiri, double cup

We on that, "Yeah, twin, hop out on niggas"

He bring that chop out on niggas

Got a bad bitch in my roster, nigga

I'm a rich junkie, I dropped out, nigga

I took codeine, it got me hostile, nigga

Gotta keep a beam when I pop out

Count that shit up, yeah, these hundreds too clean

Nigga, know I took the rich route

New magazine, a movie, we shootin' the clip out

Yeah, nigga, fuck causing a scene, we gettin' that money, then moving out

I'm dope sick off this codeine, yeah, I got the pint, yeah, it's in route

I feel like Dolph, nigga, PRE, ReallyRich paper route

Yeah, yeah, yeah (I feel like Dolph, nigga, PRE, ReallyRich paper route)

Feel like Dolph, nigga, PRE, ReallyRich paper route

Yeah, Double R, yeah (Feel like Dolph, nigga, PRE, ReallyRich paper route)

Double R, ReallyRich, yeah

Free all my partners still sittin' on the murder

I put that lamb chop right on the curb

Double R, ReallyRich, litttest on Earth

What's up in my cup, probably spent on a shirt

Up in the Bentley, I fly with the birds

Play with my name, bet I'll make the S swerve

Super lit and I ain't never did merch

Chrome Heart cross, I ain't never went to church

Kissin' my bottle, she like, "What's the point?"

Don't worry 'bout what I'm doin', bitch, roll up this joint  
Now his bitch call me, this bitch be annoyin'  
Fuck it, we rich, bitch I'm lit in this Marni  
Fuckin' a rich bitch, she turned out borin'  
Don't fuck with these rap niggas, they be corny  
Cut off this bitch when she put me on cam  
Fuck all these niggas, I'm turnt in a Lam'  
Fuck all these niggas, they know who I am  
SRT engine, it's up in the Ram  
Fuck all that tweetin', we tired of this, fam  
We clearin' shit out, we ain't playin' around  
Mask on, down man, you dunk, it's the game  
I'll kill your ass, man, fuck all this fame  
We kill your ass, give a fuck 'bout this fame  
Runnin' through groupies, ain't sayin' no names  
I'm steady with two hand, it grrrt insane  
AP too crazy, should've kept that ho plain  
I got the mula, I go buy a Wraith  
Baby, that codeine, now I need a ring  
Yeah, huh, I need a ring  
Yeah, I'm sippin' real codeine, this ain't no plain  
Yeah, I need a ring  
I'm sippin' real codeine, this ain't no plain