

What?

I just told Richie we rich

Think I seen it all, I seen better days  
Got some remedies, so I don't feel a thing  
Got some enemies that wanna even things  
People who was down, but not down today  
Walkin' through Shibuya, my bitch anime  
Ninety-nine percent my past, will you stop askin' me?  
I could teach you how to spend ten racks so casually  
Everyday shit, imagine this on Saturdays  
The lean don't look the same mixin' in my arteries  
Two bad bitches, we touchin' all in harmony  
This thing in my bag, got a voice in my head, keep tauntin' me

Fifty floors up, just landed at John F. Kennedy  
43 bust, use your [?], John Kennedy  
Every weekend I was fuckin' on a bitch, playin' Trilogy  
Kiki in her feelings, I'm a demon, might fuck her in Tiffany  
Call me a three, Ed, Edd, and Eddy  
These hoes, they so petty, pretty  
You might tell your bitch she bad, but she gave you like no cudi  
I was down below with no money  
Still had hoes runnin'  
And my clothes was so bummy  
Suck me 'til her nose running  
I got used to road running  
My army leave you no thorn  
Feelin' like an ottoman 'cause no, I cannot fold on 'em  
What you need to understand, I never shut the door on 'em  
Stuck to the plan, we in high demand  
I won't show face for no money  
Bullets stealin', switch the slideshow  
I pour all the pain from this styrofoam  
I can't feel a thing that be high or low  
We got hollows for our problems

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