

House on the Hills

Left Boy

22 Rims on the Coupé de Ville, I go Oh Yes, I got no chill
747 and I got the bill, I go Oh Yes, I got no chill
I'm sorry that you can't relate to how I feel Oh Yes, I got no chill
Just a rich kid with a house on the hills

I was at the bar last night
With a chick with an ass so tight
Make a lemon go squish
I'm in a phantom panting like a panther
Pulling up to mansions dancing I'm rich
I got this gift I fucking rap so good and my look is sick
I got your chick bouncing up, up and down my dick
It's like a rollercoaster oh shit
Oh shit babygirl love the clip
Ratatata On some west coast shit
The dopest everybody fucking knows this
Kill 'em all send 'em red roses

Oh Yes, I got no chill Fuck your bitch at the hotel
Oh Yes, I got no chill Ten racks on black I got no chill
No chill Pull up in the Veyron No chill
Oh Yes, I got no chill Just a rich kid with a house on the hills

Back at it
Crack for the crack addict
Heard you on the radio
Rather hear static
Shit so whack can't understand it
I... drive automatic
And your new chick that's my last chick
Nickname Mr. Fantastic
Flex on your girl so elastic
Drop high flames spit acid
Top fresh clothes, hoes, secondary hoes
Non-stop gold drop legendary flows
Hard body I shook tight
LB, man tell 'em what the hook like

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