

FOREIGN KEYS

Philthy Rich

I'ma call you back when I get out this studio, baby
Uh, KD, why, why do people call you KD?
I'ma call you back

Like my bitch bad, 'bout her bag, blowin' money fast
Hundred thousand on the Birkin, not a Prada bag
Bitch, I can't put you first if you put me last
Bitch, get your money first and bust the Date last
Bros over hoes, niggas know the motto
Don Juli, '42, Rosé bottles
My bitch on autopilot, San Diego, LA, Vegas
Overnight for twenty thou', a regular play for the Raiders
Head ex and heartbreak, she payin' for her problems
He had to buy his jewelry back when them niggas robbed him
Boob jobs and BBLs, lips beat Chanel's
Young nigga, get out the streets and get your CDL
Boss bitch, she just love to see her nigga win
I just met her at the win and broke her for a ten
New York, Miami for the weekend
Bitch, show me your motivation and your reason
Bentayga Lamb' truck
Rolls Royce Cullinan, Maybach truck
Crashed the Maserati, sold the DBX
New Rollie truck (Ayy), bitch, I need it next

New foreign off the lot, I can't do the lease (I won't do the lease)
Just slidin' through the set, that's what I do at ease (On God)
They pay me for the style I got 'cause I can't do it free (I can't do it)
And you don't get no signing parties signin' to the streets (Not at all)
That's on the biggest B
Lil' breast say if he be focused, he be big as me (Like macaroni)
I'm tryna see 'em biggen (Turn it up) so I can live in with you (On God)
We croppin' niggas out the frame, they don't see the picture (Fuck 'em)
And I can't miss another shot 'cause I miss my nigga (On God)
Bitch, I miss bro, this how this shit go (How this shit go)
Walk inside the party, niggas bounce like a six-four (Where they goin'?)
I bet the bitch know, live fast, sip slow
Back to back lows, droppin' fours in Calypsos (Skrtrt)
I'm too high for it, I'm on a sky tour
Every time them niggas diss bro, them niggas die for it (Get him out of here
)
Red dot on the Glock like a cyborg (Like a cyborg)
Go on high-speed, toss pole, then I buy more
Like what you got for me? Bitch, this my story
Know my bitch really with that shit, she would've popped Tory (She would've
popped his ass)
I might cut your water off 'cause you is not for me (On God)
Told them niggas they my sons and I'm not Mormon (And I'm not that)

Lil' bro don't play sports, but he up score
He ain't cashin' out on some diamonds, he gon' take yours
I don't fuck with good girls, I only fuck with whores
You is not pimpin' just because you broke the 304 (Nigga, what?)
I need a boss bitch, not a lost bitch
I put VVS in my mouth for the talk shit
I'ma catch pink eye plain with this dog shit
Two-fifty cash on me and my new house is federal

Old bitch chose, what a goofy, not irrepetible (She not irrepetible)
P, buy that bitch some medicine, 'cause I know she sick
Back to back Maybachs, me and Philthy Rich
It ain't come overnight, I had to take risks
We took the stairs to the top, not the elevator
She was my number-one fan, now she my biggest hater
Baskin Robbins on a bitch, I be drippin' flavor
You let the bitch run your show, huh? Keep it player
I'm gettin' a chauffeur 'bout my feats, feelin' like the mayor
I'm just tryna get elected and selected
Campaign strong, got me feelin' like the president
It's only million-dollar homes in my residence
Mulah