

# Elevators

Renni Rucci

Damn Flaw, this what I been prayin' for  
Uh

Bad bitch alert, I'm a walking money bag (Cash)  
Get a nigga for his bands, then I go and pop tags (Woo)  
We some boss ass bitches, wrap our hair in Louis rags (Yeah)  
Still wearin' pack hair, bitch, that's a gag (Say what?)  
Let me tell you bitches what a boss do (Okay)  
Never let a nigga double cross you (Uh-huh)  
Always let 'em know you got the sauce too (What else?)  
And if he cheatin', fuck his friend, that's a boss move (Woo)  
I'ma go to work on you soft ass hoes (Yeah)  
That's a '15 Charger, bitch, the whole hood know  
You ain't foolin' nobody playin' rich bitch roles  
Wearin' old ass Gucci, ho, them last year's clothes  
Ho, we turnt in this bitch, you drinkin' Belaire rose  
We on Don in the VIP smellin' just like boss  
AP on my wrist, got a bad bitch froze  
My IG doin' numbers, watch a bad bitch pose  
I drop down and give a nigga fifty when I'm twerkin'  
Make a nigga jaw drop when he see me in person  
Make a nigga drop bands, make accounts start hurtin'  
Make him buy a Louis purse and I ain't even start flirting  
Missed church on Sunday, bought some Saint Laurent  
New Gucci lookin' crazy, they done changed the font  
In a Ghost with my mama's sister, that's my aunt  
Rolled by my ex like, "Hold up, let me stunt," bumpin' up on

Elevators, elevators  
Bad bitches, we like elevators, elevators  
Every year we get another hater, 'nother hater  
'Cause we goin' up like elevators, elevators (You heard that?)  
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Bad bitches, we like elevators, elevators  
Every year we get another hater, 'nother hater  
'Cause we goin' up like elevators, elevators

I'm in love with Benjamin Franklin, I'm addicted to him  
Tat him on my titty with love 'cause I'm stickin' to him  
He in my ride, pants cursin' my mind, I'm so connected to him  
He told me buy a brand new bag, I'm 'bout to listen to him  
Ooh, take me shopping, buy me what I want  
Take me out to Vegas, fly me where you want  
Spend it on me at expensive restaurants  
I like Ace of Spades, lobster tails, and butter on croissants  
Don't give a fuck, ho, I know I got an attitude  
We goin' up, elevator on latitude  
Instagram doin' numbers, check my damn views  
I see your track slippin', bitch, you need some damn glue  
Rich bitch, thick bitch, and I got hands on me  
Hatin' bitch in her feelings 'cause her man on me  
All white everything like the Klan on me  
Drumline in my purse 'cause I got the bands on me (That bag)  
I got the bands on me (Cash)  
That's why your man on me (Give me that)  
These Gucci, ain't no Vans on me  
Foolin' out at Lenox, throwin' money like a fan on me, bitch