

Count Me In

Rich Amiri

Oh, yeah, yeah, woah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, woah

Bring the guys out when we run down
When the sun down, havin' fun, oh
Spin and cut it off, now let's wind down
Took your racks out, you got none now
Stop sippin' Act', put the cup down
I had love for you, but it's none now
I had love for you, what's up with you?
Switched up, boy, you better cut it out, yeah
I took that ho to Belize, I took that ho to the moon, yeah
Said that she rockin' with me, why she ain't rockin' with you
Said that she got a nigga, I guess I'm killin' your boo
Take that boy out the picture, yeah, I'm killin' him too
Yeah, I got the chopper on me, I keep the toolie, be ridin'
Yeah, I got a milli' on me, my lil' girl better be honest
Ain't talkin' 'bout money, then why is you talkin'? Uh
Walk in that Louis, then Prada
I'm sippin' that Tris', it got me hypnotic, yeah
Sippin' that purple, I'm noddin'
I'm fuckin' his bitch, I think her name Claudia
When she come over, get naughty
I'm spendin' your band, I walk up in Follies, yeah
Louis, designer, I cop it

I bought me some ALYX, I bought my ho Cartier
She tell me she want it, she got it
I'm droppin' these niggas like Scotty 2 Hotty
Toolie, it'll take off your noggin
Talkin' 'bout money, then count me in
Talk 'bout some racks, baby, count me in
Talkin' 'bout racks, baby, count me in
Count me in, yeah

Bring the guys out when we run down
When the sun down, havin' fun, oh
Spin and cut it off, now let's wind down
Took your racks out, you got none now
Stop sippin' Act', put the cup down
I had love for you, but it's none now
I had love for you, what's up with you?
Switched up, boy, you better cut it out, yeah
I took that ho to Belize, I took that ho to the moon, yeah
Said that she rockin' with me, why she ain't rockin' with you
Said that she got a nigga, I guess I'm killin' your boo
Take that boy out the picture, yeah, I'm killin' him too
Yeah, I got the chopper on me, I keep the toolie, be ridin'
Yeah, I got a milli' on me, my lil' girl better be honest
Ain't talkin' 'bout money, then why is you talkin'? Uh
Walk in that Louis, then Prada
I'm sippin' that Tris', it got me hypnotic, yeah
Sippin' that purple, I'm noddin'
I'm fuckin' his bitch, I think her name Claudia
When she come over, get naughty
I'm spendin' your band, I walk up in Follies, yeah
Louis, designer, I cop it