

Glasses

Rich Boy

Put your glass up in the air (glass up in the air) oh oh
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Glass up in the air (glass up in the air), oh oh
Put your glass up in the air (glass up in the air) oh oh

Picture me in a Benz, witness me ball again
Making a leg band, she beggin me put it in
Get a cup, fill it up, look at me, fresh as fuck
Keep a 45 tucked, nigga tryina plot on us
Bottles pouring, diamonds blowing, champagne overflowing
In the club toasting, we leaving with gang trophy
32 inch chrome gold, keep the rims frozen
Private yo doors open, I'm like a Jamaican smoker

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Baby get that ass up, make em blow that cash up
If you balling my nigga then get your fuckin glass up
Alligator crop, top shut down the parking lot
Valet in the front, tonight, the whole city hot
Playing with gang chips, championship whips
Throbbing on hips, with model bitches with gold lips
Step into the club with my niggas where the freeze at
She can't be scared, she bounce, baby throw it back
Take a look at me, look at the MVP
Flash you on the beat, she wanna leave with me
Tolt me up, get your glass up, another cup
Roll it up, in the VIP, they know it's us

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