

Louie Coat

Rich The Kid

Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah (M-M-M-Murda)
Yeah, yeah

Fuck a bitch with my mask on (Mask on)
I ain't broke, I got racks on (Racks)
And the pussy was whack, sent her back home (Back home)
Tell my bitch, "Don't hit me on the trap phone" (What?)
Put a bitch in a jet or a big old boat
Want a bag for the pussy, then it must be dope (Must be dope)
Airport with a gun, I forgot I tote (I forgot I tote)
Why I spent seven racks on a Louis coat? (Rich)

She say the pussy is power
Give me head when I'm fresh out the shower (Give me head)
Bitch fuck me for an hour
Your bitch smell like clam chowder (Clam)
I'm in the club with the firepower
I took his lil' bitch, now he super sour (Super sour)
Young nigga ball like Dwight Howard (Dwight)
Young nigga high like a real tower
Hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on, pop a Molly, I sweat (Sweat)
I'ma fuck my lil' bitch on a big old jet (Big old jet)
I ain't did no show, I need a big old check (Big old check)
Back to the trenches we go, for sure (Go)
My plug got za for the low (Za)
I ain't even tryna rap no more
Niggas fake, where the real ones go? (The real ones go)
We used to trap out the hotel, motel (Trap, trap)
Now we sell albums for retail (Retail)
I could be selling that fish scale, fish scale (Fish scale, fish scale)
Check in my bio for details (Details)
Niggas livin' for the clout, I get it (I get it)
He'd die to be on Akademiks
Gettin' money like I motherfuckin' print it
In the Maybach, can't see in it (Skrtrt, skrtrt)
Roll out the red carpet when I'm walkin' (Walkin')
Baby mama broke, just stalkin' (Stalkin')
This is my real life, ain't just talkin' (Talkin')
I put a half a milli' in a coffin (Coffin)
'Cause I sleep with the money, I'ma die with the money (Die with the money)
Always laughin', but ain't shit funny (Ha)
Big old bankroll, ain't no twenties (Rich)

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Eighteen-wheeler, I'm gettin' my mack on
Told that bitch to bring that ass so it could come get smacked on
Granny hated my dogs and she was mad I was bringin' that cat home

Chief Sosa be standin' up straight just like a backbone
You old lil'-ass nigga (Huh?), your breath still got Similac on
Ask my brothers, on my brothers, bitch, I've been the backbone
Bitch, tryna call me like, tryna call a saxophone
Fuck I look like, an intern? (Huh?) Chief So' don't answer phone (No, no, no
)

She like, "Big head, you just actin' funny 'cause your bread got long"
Bitch, I'm on the phone with Elon 'bout a Tesla megadome (Beep)
These hoes know that I got mega-cock, so I get megadome
She was tryna suck my peepee ever since my dreads got long
House so big (Huh?), a nigga gotta talk through the megaphone

(Brrt)

Yo

(Yo)

Yo

(Yo, yo)

Ayy, Tadoe

Tadoe be like

Tadoe be like

Ridin' through the hundreds, the slums with the drums (Drums, huh?)
We ain't barbecuin', but she at my door with buns (Buns)
Boy, you look like twin, your ass is snitchin', boy, you're done (Done)
Why the fuck the SWAT team at the door about some guns? ('Bout some guns)
If you in the 'Raq, just keep a sticky on the run (Run)
Keep a sticky 'cause when shit get sticky, you can't run (Run)
If them blue and whites get behind you, niggas better run (Skrtrt)
Money got me doin' some shit that I never done (Bang)