

# Running Threw It

Rich The Kid

Walking with that rollie cost a fifty  
Bitches want to fuck me, I got millys  
Then I made, know they hate it said I would do it  
I trap that pack I got that sack and now I'm running threw it  
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She said that she fuck with the new me  
I fuck that bitch in my coupe  
You stupid you kissing that groupie  
Pouring the foreign, with a double  
I was riding through the six  
I got a trunk full of bricks  
Flexing hard take a pic  
Fucking your bitch and I smash  
Look at my rollie, like cash  
I'm walking around with a bag  
My foreign ain't got paper tags  
Got a pool like I'm Drake  
Got a mansion on a lake  
Rich nigga, eatin steak  
Chasin money always late  
Look at the time on the watch  
I fuck it you eating the box  
Fuck it, I'm losing the top  
Fuck it I'm doing the dab on em  
Hollywood I'm a fiend for that money

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You just be talking the trap  
I hit a bitch like a bat  
Fuck it you eating the Rich forever on the map  
I put them rings on my fingers  
Birds sing like singer  
I got them I used to trap out the beeper  
Fucking that bitch from the back  
She give me top like a hat  
Sticking my dick in yo cat  
My Bloods, they bagging like blaas  
I might off with your sack  
I'm taken they know me for that  
Walking with too many racks  
Old money like a cadillac  
I did a show in Bermuda  
She riding the dick like a scooter  
Pop a molly I'm a Buddha  
Money trapper, scary, Freddy Kreuger

I be running through the money  
Always prayers like Easter Sunday  
I was broke, jug the hunnid  
Money [?], what I wanted

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