

Cheat Code

Rico Nasty

Like, this is some professional, like
And this, this shit is in different areas
What the fuck?
This ain't no homemade shit
Ummm, uh, Rico
Kenny!
What the fuck?

People keep tryna test my gangster
Pull up on your block with a mask like Jason
I don't really got no patience
I can never wait on a nigga to come save me, yeah (What, what)
This pussy gon' drive you crazy (Uh)
Ridin' in a new all black Mercedes (What)
Eyes real low so my vision's too hazy (What)
In a black Benz like it's Driving Miss Daisy (Huh, yeah)
Rico, are you crazy? (woah, um?)
I don't know, maybe (Woah)
Take the air out you, Tom Brady
I do this shit on the daily, I don't ask for shit, I demand it
Windows rolled down, hotboxin' in traffic
Sauce keep leakin' on me, yeah, I need a bandage
Fans get behind me, then my niggas gon' handle 'em
Sit down if you can't stand it

All these bitches sound like Rico
Big money, been had a cheat code
Bitch, I ball hard, no free throw
Got my own money, I don't need yours
All these bitches sound like Rico
Big money, been had a cheat code
Bitch, I ball hard, no free throw
Got my own money, I don't need yours

Damn it, I'm cripplin'
Treat you like guns, put you up if I ain't feeling you
I just wanna know why all these bitches so predictable (Woah)
I can never be typical
Don't come out the house unless I'm wearin' something whimsical
From where I made it out, they lookin' at me like a miracle (Yeah)
Don't say shit that you don't mean 'cause I'm literal
If you put your money up to mine, your money miniature
Game over, waste it, finish it, rub it in your face if you ain't listenin'
Diamonds on me wet, I'm like a fisherman
I do the shit you can't do with no middleman
People keep sayin' that I'm rude, I don't give a shit
Stop comparin' me to bitches I'm better than
Rico goin' hard again, go ahead and tell a friend
I be the tension all in the room like an elephant
Walk up in the club and make it rain like the weatherman
Money layin' everywhere, I ain't ever playin' fair
You don't wanna take it there, she told me to go to hell
I told her, "I'll see you there", life was a nightmare
Turned it to a fairy tale, five star hotel
No more motel, eat no oxtail
Bitches on my coattail, singin' to the money like I was Adele
I like it all to myself, I don't share, say she ain't like me, bitch

I don't give a fuck

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All these bitches sound like Rico
Big money, been had a cheat code
Bitch, I ball hard, no free throw
Got my own money, I don't need yours (Woah, woah)

All these bitches sound like (Huh, yeah)
Big money, been had a cheat code (Huh, what)
Bitch, I ball hard, no free throw (Huh, yeah)
Got my own money, I don't need yours (What)
Why these bitches sound like Rico? (Huh, yeah)
Big money, been had a (Yeah, what, what, what)
Bitch, I ball hard, no free throw (Huh, what)
This ain't no homemade shit