

Bricks & Bad Bitches

Riff Raff

1000, 2000, 3000, 4, I'm on my way out the front door
It's time to rescope, Gotta get paid today
And only cause I need more money, People starving on minimum wage
Them bitches in the system know that's the only way
Most of us leave us baddest [?], hustling trying to make sure the kid's straight

Young and gifted, phone number unlisted
Ain't had a lot of money, nobody really listen
Moved out on my own, Nobody really missed me
Money making mission plus I thank a little different
People with power like helping, when they investing
Play with the wrong investor they going teach you a lesson
I started Glock testing, purchased Smith and Wesson
Cause the paper's in the dresser and the haters started flexing
I let homies stay with me, I paid all the rent
My name start making noise, they smile in my face
"Man Riff Raff you the shit", but behind my back, "Bitch ass white boy"
Then my house got broke in, cut off my pretend friends
Bought some new rims
And I started flippin' Benz
It feel good eating steak
Takin' myself on dates
\$40, 000 in the bank
Like a young Bill Gates

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