

New Munny

Rio Da Yung OG

(Ooh, Sav killed it)
Bitch
What up, Sav?

Slide on the opps with this chop, I'm an operator
Yeah
Dish the K to my brother Ri', we playin' hot potato
Sixteen lines of Wockhardt, I'm finna drop an eighter
Shells leave the meat in your lap, I'm a taco maker
Remain the same nigga from years ago, just with a lot more paper
Shit, I been stackin' hard
Hit the road with eleven bricks and a pack of R's

My nigga in the Chi swipin', they call it crackin' cards
Hey Mike, 'member when I popped dog up for actin' hard?
Shot him on the sidewalk, they found his body in the backyard
We don't walk around with dog shit, we got black cards
Mike always rappin' 'bout some food, fat bars
I'm rappin' 'bout scales and dog food and crack bars
He was tough 'til I whipped the pistol out, now he a track star
That ain't Wocky, bro, that's bullshit lean, that's wack-hardt

It ain't straight drop, I melt the dope down and cook it back hard
I can't show no love to a bitch, I got a black heart
FARFETCH shoppin' online, I got a packed cart
Mixin' ACT with the Wockeisha, that's Act-hardt
Bitch, put my dick in your mouth, that part
Paint the streets with a nigga brain, that's black art

It's the hundred K in blue hundreds for me
Bitch, act grown and take the dick, stop runnin' from me
Bitch bad, pussy blew out, stop humpin' for free
If you ain't tryna get your brains blew out, stop comin' for me
I got six crackheads with eight hundred all comin' for me
Nowadays, a thousand dollars a hundred to me
Eighty racks on me, finna eat a steak McMuffin with cheese
How the fuck you ain't got no pape'? What, you hustlin' for free?
Mike my brother, he ain't gotta give me shit, I'm bustin' for free
Thousand oranges, finna take the Greyhound bus to the V
You tryna get three hundred for a gram, come to the T
Empire called and said they got two hundred for Dum N Dumbber 3
I can't eat, just popped a nigga in his head, my stomach weak
Yeah, she suck good dick, but iI wasn't talkin' 'bout her, that's my other f
reak
I'm strapped too, so if you hit me in my head, I'm taking somethin' with me
Room so expensive, when I check out in the morning, I'm taking somethin' wit
h me
I ain't gon' lie, if I was Kevin Federline, I would've stuffed Britney
No disrespect, but if I was Bobby Brown, I wouldn't've fucked Whitney
What the fuck, you roll a gram up? Why your blunt skinny?
What the fuck you buy from Somerset? Bro, your trunk empty
Just made a sale with my mom dukes, I had Lump with me

Cut a nigga hard with a diamond, play tough with me
I just left the strip club with like eight drunks with me
A verse and video from RMC cost eighty-one fifty
I just popped two thirties, I ate one sixty

I got a store bag on me now full of money, weigh one-fifty