

Tryna Get Rich

Rob Stone

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Rolling up grams of the potent
That's all a nigga be smoking
Grew right by the Ocean
The diamonds extravagant on me
Ride in a whip & I own it. Yo whips all be broken

My Maison margiela the coldest
She blew me, I do it, I blew on her face in the morning
I pulled out the wraith in the morning
Ain't got a wraith but I want it
I'm racing for money

My brothers all in it, we want it
Ain't playing no games bout no them hunnids
My face worth a bundle

I get it In the whip and do donuts
Live in the moment
I'm all in my bitch When I'm home

And I'm taking my rip from the bong tonight
Sipping my drink got me zoning right

Bus full of women
Who all wanna give it up to me
They losing they phone tonight

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