

## TOLD RICHIE WE RICH (PERCOCET 5MG)

Robb Bank\$

I got MDMA, Adderall, Bromo, Dragonfly, Codeine, Oxy's  
Like, Molly, I got some Ibuprofen, Asprin, I got Flintstone gum  
mies if you want  
Run that shit back  
I just told Richie that we rich, nigga  
Yee, yee, yee, yee  
All these bitch niggas  
Yeah, yeah, yeah-yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah-yeah, yeah (What it is, nigga)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah-yeah, yeah

Top notch, bitches love the speed racer  
Hot Topic, bitch I could not gage her  
I never learned how not to be a player  
Yacht Club, my hot tub filled with gators

Real Florida baby, I'ma wake the neighbors  
I told that bitch get out my ride before I make her, yeah  
I'm on Knob Hill Road, in a scraper  
My freak gon' slob up on my knob until her face hurt  
I told Richie we had accumulated millions  
I got a bad yellow bitch, Lisa Simpson  
Said "you a handsome devil," lucky that you Christian  
Can't fuck with fashion, then she got sac-religious  
I'm the Carter now, I'm way, way too official  
Femto starter kit for clones and my children  
And that bitch led you on, I'm shoppin' in my [?]  
My ex don't fuck me no more, said my dick vengeful (Yeah)

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Run that shit back  
Run that shit back (Ahh)  
I think I might be happy (Rich Gang)