

Area Codes

Roddy Ricch

I got different hoes, in different area codes (Woo, woo)
I feel like Luda, hop out with the shooters (Woo, woo)
If I'm gon' cuff that bitch, gotta make sure that her head right (Woo, woo)
Got a red beam, caught him sleepin' at the red light
These niggas been cappin', I can't do that shit no mo' (Woo, woo)
If a nigga wasn't real, he can't be around Ricch no more (No)
Hit it one time, I can't even fuck no more (Woo, woo)
Made a million, I don't even count no more (Woo, woo)

Rare talk, yeah, talk, I'm gettin' to the bag, nigga
Niggas call me Goyard Roddy 'cause a nigga hoppin' out my bag, nigga
Never fell in love with a bitch 'cause Ricch ain't goin' sad, nigga
I was just choppin' it up with Meek, now I hop out the Wag', nigga
Whippin' up dope, got the re-work, spilled it on my t-shirt
That Justin Bieber, she love my trap demeanor
How you niggas say you robbin', you ain't never make the news (Never made the news)
Countin' up 10 racks, then I got some brand new shoes
I got a brown skin bad as Meagan Good
Pullin' up Panamera when I'm in my hood
Niggas think I made a million off the jugg
Take care of my dawgs on death row like I'm Suge (Yeah, yeah)

I got different hoes, in different area codes (Woo, woo)
I feel like Luda, hop out with the shooters (Woo, woo)
If I'm gon' cuff that bitch, gotta make sure that her head right (Woo, woo)
Got a red beam, caught him sleepin' at the red light
These niggas been cappin', I can't do that shit no mo' (Woo, woo)
If a nigga wasn't real, he can't be around Ricch no more (No)
Hit it one time, I can't even fuck no more (Woo, woo)
Made a million, I don't even count no more (Woo, woo)

I just fucked her then I kicked her, no romancin'
She just like me 'cause my diamonds dancin' like a ballerina
If a nigga movin' by myself, then I gotta have a Nina
Told that bitch I only want her, I ain't never ever need her
Gotta get a Puma deal, waitin' on my call for memory
Slangin' that white girl, Miley Cyrus, but my plug Vietnamese
See all these niggas hate me 'cause I got these racks on me
And my diamonds water, bitch, I spent a dub for the submarine
I got a new broad in every city I've been steppin' in
I hopped on the private with Louis V luggage
I got a new bag and hopped in the Benz
Got the new Cartier glasses
I'm Crippin', lil' nigga, the navy blue tinted the lens
I just need Benjamins, I don't need no friends

I got different hoes, in different area codes (Woo, woo)
I feel like Luda, hop out with the shooters (Woo, woo)
If I'm gon' cuff that bitch, gotta make sure that her head right (Woo, woo)
Got a red beam, caught him sleepin' at the red light
These niggas been cappin', I can't do that shit no mo' (Woo, woo)
If a nigga wasn't real, he can't be around Ricch no more (No)
Hit it one time, I can't even fuck no more (Woo, woo)
Made a million, I don't even count no more (Woo, woo)