Chains On

Roddy Ricch

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (Boy), ayy

I go to sleep with all my chains on
Rollie on me, sweatsuit and my J's on
I fucked her in the way she put my name on it
Your main bitch call my phone, "Why you ain't came home?"
We hop up in the lamb, skrrt-skrrt-skrrt-skrrt
Feds pull me over, I ain't even have the work
Mom call my phone like, "You need to come to church"
I just pray to God, I don't ever see the dirt

Made that ass twerk (Twerk), snakes on the bag and the shirt
Balmains on my ass and a skirt
Switched lanes, threw that ass, I ain't heard
Told my young nigga, "Go and get a bag," that ain't work
Planned it out, go and get it where it's at and disperse
Want to take a Benz on the road
Just in case I gotta drop a load
We was seven deep in the Sprinter van with the bag on me
You know I'm married to the bag, homie
Went out of state and got it on my lonely
I'm fightin' cases but I got it on me

I go to sleep with all my chains on
Rollie on me, sweatsuit and my J's on
I fucked her in the way she put my name on it
Your main bitch call my phone, "Why you ain't came home?"
We hop up in the lamb, skrrt-skrrt-skrrt-skrrt
Feds pull me over, I ain't even have the work
Mom call my phone like, "You need to come to church"
I just pray to God, I don't ever see the dirt

In the Chevy coupe like '04 with the doors up
I'm a hood nigga, baby you ain't gotta put your nose up
Put you in Fendi slides, you can put your toes up
She gave me head in the Bahamas while I rolled up
Chillin' in the Maybach, we pulled up
Say my government name, I'm like, "Hold up"
Fell in love with the Gucci and the Prada
Big boy plates at Benihanas
Count a hundred racks, how you do that?
Pulled up in a Beamer, all black
Fuck 12, fuck a judge and a rat
He tried to run, put the shells in his back

I go to sleep with all my chains on
Rollie on me, sweatsuit and my J's on
I fucked her in the way she put my name on it
Your main bitch call my phone, "Why you ain't came home?"
We hop up in the lamb, skrrt-skrrt-skrrt-skrrt
Feds pull me over, I ain't even have the work
Mom call my phone like, "You need to come to church"
I just pray to God, I don't ever see the dirt

Boy

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!