

## Cream

Roddy Ricch

Yung Lan on the track  
DIM Beats  
Hunnid bands for a kilo, nigga

I spent my whole life chasin' the bag and runnin' from coppers  
And a nigga been drownin' myself in these codeine problems (Yeah)  
Spent a couple thousand on my feet, then ran it back up in a week (Yeah, yeah)  
I got these Jordans on my feet, 'til it get bloody underneath (Yeah, yeah)  
Wanna fill this safe up 'til its buussin' out my jeans, dawg  
Cash rules everything around me, dawg (Ayy)  
I remember I wasn't havin' no money, now I'm the richest in the yojects  
I had to take the safe up out the wall and put the faces in my pocket

I ain't even have no gas, I had to pursue the duffel, yeah  
While I'm in the trenches, I did everything for the profits  
I wanna pull up to the hood day fly as fuck, red guts in the Masi'  
All my brothers gotta eat, and if I got a full plate, he know that he got it  
I ain't even got a plug, nigga had to run it up, turn into the socket  
Had to go and run the play  
Niggas know that I'm the wave, like I'm a tsunami  
If the nigga want it all, I gotta be my own boss like I'm John Gotti  
A nigga can't play me out of my position  
I just might fuck around and catch a body  
See me a bag, and I done went at it  
Had to go serve a lot of drug addicts  
Gotta turn a Rollie into a Patek  
Flex the money like a nigga ain't have it  
I just pray to God that all my traps don't ever get no static, yeah  
'Cause if a nigga try to take what's mine, I gotta cause havoc, yeah

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I been tellin' my bitches, they just gotta play they position  
Blue faces in the Rollie, you know I been Crippin'  
'Member days when I was down for a minute  
Now a nigga blow a thousand at Lenox  
Doin' everything that they said that I didn't  
At the Lear and it's only beginnin'  
My name in the seats, they know it ain't rented  
Wear my red bottoms like they're Air Forces now  
I'm the youngest, richest, flyest, nigga outta Comp-town  
Made my own lane, now all these niggas wanna copycat off of my sound  
I just made \$250, 000, I don't know how  
I had to get me some racks  
I had to get me some packs, yeah yeah  
I just be livin' what I'm talkin'  
I ain't gotta do no rappin' cappin' now  
I know she with me for the dollars

That's why all these hoes be around  
She remember when a nigga was broke  
Now she wanna fuck me now

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