

# Decimals

Roddy Ricch

CJBeatz

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

I need my decimals

I hear 'em, they talk in the city, they sayin' I'm next to blow

Lock it, re-rock it, this shipment, we got it from Mexico

He play with the green, I turn that nigga to a vegetable (Woo)

'Cause I need my decimals (Yeah)

You can't tell me nothin', I already know (I already know)

Young hothead nigga, I was always tryna go

And we don't call niggas, nigga we just put the tap on the toe

Ask fortune later, then I gotta go (Then I gotta skrrt)

I get to the money, 'lil nigga

Twenty fifties and the hunnids, 'lil nigga

I be out here, countin' hundred thousands

You ain't ever had no money 'lil nigga

Got a Fanta from the 7-11, I'm 'bout to pour another four

Get it backward, then I go

That bitch opened up the door

I gave her the trap block, told her, "Meet me at the pen"

We was runnin' out the pens, trade the Chevy for a Benz

Painted white, thought a young nigga would be livin' out like this

I don't know these nigga's pressure, this a Rollie, that's my only friend

I was pushin' out the bales and I'm gon' drop a fifth

Where we was at was the bale, mama put that on the wrist

See me hoppin' out McLaren's, she gon' look at the powder rinse

See the way I count the bands, you know that I was bound for this

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I have the decimals, yeah, I'm havin' digits on digits (Hey)

I got your ho in my home, playin' dome for me

'Cause she like the way that I kick it (Oh)

I'm makin' moves with the money

I'm ballin', the trap and the shit, I pick up my payments (Huh)

Shawty can be one of the baddest bitches

But she pay with the pimps, treat her like a pidgeon

I work all day on a Saturday, makin' moves

If you broke, you irrelevant

If you mad at me, why you textin' then?

I swear that white go so flashy and flexible

We are the best and I'm actin' incredible

I want the meals and the bitch like I'm exceptional

I want to make a withdrawal out the bank

There ain't nothin' left in there (Oh)

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Yeah, yeah