

# don't i

Roddy Ricch

Ayy, draped my dog in that Jesus piece  
Pray to God he gon' touch a B  
Charge four hundred 'cause the talk ain't cheap  
I still got lil' niggas 'round that corner  
I'm still gon' be up if I die today  
I came through crashing like a tidal wave  
I got this shit on lock, don't I?  
And I got your bitch on lock, don't I?  
I got the dick make her toxic, don't I?  
I got the shit make 'em plot, don't I?  
I was in the Chi' town with Ye makin' Donda  
I gotta buy up the block, don't I?  
I got a lot of shit to pop, don't I?  
And she got that lil' WAP, don't she?  
I know how to hit a spot, don't I?  
She addicted to my expensive aroma

At the stove makin' Rice-A-Roni  
I don't take your advice, you can show me  
Had to put some privacy trees around the villa 'cause I know the neighbors too nosey  
Turned twenty-three, then I poured up an eight in my soda 'cause I miss Kobe  
Can't depend on you niggas, I move like I'm Jigga, I get the B's on my lonely  
That internet chat, you a chatty Patty  
On a golf course, but I ain't got no caddy  
I like when her head screwed on straight  
I make sure you gon' eat with your own plate  
Niggas talkin' that tough on the long shot  
I told my lil' bitch how to take care of a nigga  
I like when she text, "What you on, bae?"  
A lot of these niggas talk shit, but they ain't 'bout it  
I ain't Lil Baby, but I get four pockets full  
Roddy pulling up in the drop with the wolves  
I want my bitch to have money like Oprah  
You know she special, I'm picky and I chose her  
Starter kit came with an outer space rover  
She like to travel and travel and travel, so I flew her out and back to California

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Gunna

Real geek, turn your bitch to a stoner  
We real P's, that's why your bitch pulled up on us  
Don't fuck with suckers, we can never condone 'em  
Ain't a ho, but I came up off a corner  
We ride the Rolls truck whenever I wanna  
We count the rolls, I got new bigger pointers  
White pretty toes walking to the young Gunna  
My bitch hot and wet, she remind me of a sauna  
My car Neighborhood blue, the same color Kroger  
Keep icing my neck and my wrist like it's swollen  
The doc' tryna get the codeine out my colon  
This shit starting to sound like a hit, don't it?  
Fuck all that cap, Gunna gon' say some shit that will make you go turn up yo  
ur clique, don't it?  
All the time, I'm making sense, don't I?  
I go viral with a fit, don't I?  
I add bile to this shit, don't I?  
I'm inspired by the glist' of the wrist, you'd do the same if you rich, don'  
t lie  
Sixty K for the bracelet, spent over three million with Elliot, no lie  
Every state and every city, sold out  
Pick a target, I'ma hit it, don't I?

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