

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 t
oo 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 lonel
y
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 Cali
fornia

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Gunna

Real geeker, 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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